POEMS

AND TRANSLATIONS.

BY

THOMAS STANLEY
ESQVIRE.

Quæ mea culpa tamen, niſi ſi luſiſſe vocari
Culpa poteſt: niſi culpa poteſt & amaße, vocari?

Tout vient a poinct qui peut attendre.

Printed for the Author,
and his Friends, 1647.

TO
My moſt honour'd AUNT, the LADY *DORMER*.

MADAM!

the bluſhes I betray,
When at your feet I humbly lay
Theſe Papers, beg, you would excuſe
Th' Obedience of a baſhfull Muſe,
Who (bowing to your ſtrict command)
Truſts her own Errours to your hand,
Haſty Abortives, which (layd by)
She meant, ere they were born 'ſhould dye:
But ſince the ſoft power of your Breath
Hath call'd them back againe from Death,
To your ſharp Iudgement now made known,
She dares for Hers no longer own;
The worſt She muſt not, theſe reſign'd
She hath toth' fire, and where you find
Thoſe your kind Charity admir'd,
She writ but what your Eyes inſpir'd.

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips
Greateſt Admirer, and
moſt humble Servant,

THO. STANLEY.

TO
His much esteemed Kinsman, *THOMAS STANLEY* Esq. On his Ingenious *POEMS*, and *Translations* out of *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*.

IF what we know be made our selves (for by
Devesting all materiality,
And melting the bare species into
Our Intellect, our selves are what we know)
Thou art in largnesse of thy knowing mind
As a Seraphick essence unconfin'd.
Content within these narrow walls to dwell,
Yet canst so far that point of flesh out-swell
That thine Intelligence extends through all
Languages, that we Europæan *call.*
What Colossean strides do'st thou enlarg!
One foot fixt in Sequanas *watry barge,*
Do'st in Po *to ther lave, teaching each Swan*
A note more dying then their Idiome can.
Next Tagus *Nymphs receive of thee new dresses,*
Composing in Thames *glasse their golden Tresses.*
Yea more, I've seen thy young Muse bath her wing
In the deep waters of Stagira's *Spring.*

So

So that to Plato's *universall soul*
Thou Tetrarch *art, and Europ do'st controwle.*
Nor do thy Beames warme by reflex alone;
Those that emerge directly from the Sun
Of thy rich Phant'sy, warme our loves as well
As those whom other languages repell:
Thou the divine Alts thus do'st imitate,
As well conserve an Author, as create.
On then brave Youth, Learnings full System, go
Enlarg thy selfs to a vast Folio;
That the World in suspence where to bestow
That Admiration which it late didowe
To the larg knowing Belgick *Magazine,* [H. Grot.]
May justly pay it Thee as his Assigne.
If future houres with laden thighes shall strive
To fill as well thy Intellectuall hive
As those are past, the Court of Honour *must*
To crown thee, ravish Garlands from his dust.

Another.

To his deare Kinsman *Thomas Stanley Esquire*; On his Ingenious *POEMS*, that he would likewise manifest his more *Serious Labours.*

THou natures step here treadest in,
Do'st show us but thy Soules fair skin.
What Phancy more then Intellect did spin.

Thus Nature shewes, the Roses paint,
Doth us but with the Shrine acquaint,
Not the reserv'd soul of the mistick Saint.

Thy Sayles, All see swelling with hast,
Yet the hid Ballast steeres as fast
His steady course as the apparent Mast.

For though carv'd works only appeare,
We understand a Pilaster
Doth them together with the fabrick beare.

And that thy lightning Intellect,
Though in the Clouds yet undetect,
Can Natures bowels peirce with its Aspect.

Melting through stubborn doubts his way,
Whilst Phancy guilds things with her Ray,
And but oth' surface doth of Nature play.

Thus whilst thy Intellect doth wear
Thy Phant'sys dresse, his motions are
In Epicycles, *not his proper sphere.*

Together let this double signe
Distinctly in their own Orbs shine,
Castor *alone, bodes danger to the* Pine.

WIL. HAMMOND.

To

To his Noble freind *Thomas Stanley* Elquire; upon his admired *POEMS.*

BEauty, the firſt refulgent Beame
That from th' eternall Sun did ſtreame,
In thy diviner boſome places
Her ſelfe and all her brighter Graces.
To thee Celeſtiall Love reſignes
His Agat ſhaft, in poliſht lines
Commands thee, with thy point of light,
All her admir'd perfections write.
This Prototype then in thy mind,
To thy faire Miſtreſſes confin'd,
Thou courteſt with harmonious layes,
One orient Sun in various rayes;
Doris, Celinda, Charieſſe,
So many mirrors to expreſſe
The ſweet reflex of that divine
Idea in thy breaſt doth ſhine;
So that no coy ambitious Dames
May here imagine earthly flames;
Thou not the Roſes of their cheek
But th' inward Saint in them do'ſt ſeek,
For theſe myſterious lines afford
A heavenly rapture in each word;

Emperiall Cherubims do ſing
In thy quaint ſongs, thy ſonnets bring
All the glorious Saints of bliſſe
With dove-like innocence to kiſſe;
And we that read, thy POEMS *ſtile,*
In amorous toyes, heavens ſerious ſmile;
That now our raviſht ſoules dare ſay,
Theſe high conceptions to diſplay,
The flaming Seraphins inſpire
Thy ſprightly Muſe with Lyrick fire.
Or elſe thy ſelfe we muſt conceive
An Angell which his Orbe does leave,
To dwell with mortals here below,
And teach us what we faine would know,
The harmony and beauty which
His Star-embeliſht ſpheare enrich.

WILL. FAIRFAX.

To his honoured freind *Thomas Stanley* Eſq. On his unimitable POEMS.

THe Stagirite, who Poeſy defines
An imitation, had he read thy lines,
And thy rich Fancy known, he would have then
Recall'd that learned error of his Pen,
And have confeſt in his convicted ſtate,

Nought thoſe could equall, this would imitate,
Which from no under ſuppliment doth ſpring,
Nor any ſtand, but its own height, take wing.
And but that we ſhould ſeeme ſo to miſprize
The Influence of Charieſſa's *eyes,*
We ſhould not think Love did theſe Flames inſpire,
Rather that thou taught'ſt Love this noble Fire;
And by a generous way thy Hopes t'improve,
Shewd'ſt her, before thou didſt how thou could'ſt love;
And the old common method did'ſt invert,
Firſt mad'ſt her Miſtreſſe of thy Braine, then Heart.
Some Phancyes growth may from their ſubjects take,
Thine does not ſubjects find, but ſubjects make.
Whoſe numerous ſtraynes, we vainly ſtrive to praiſe,
'Leſſe we could ours high as thy 'Phancy raiſe;
Larg praiſe, we might give ſome with ſmall expence
Of Wit, cry Excellent! how praiſe Excellence?
The Painters fate is ours: his hand may grace
Or take a bad, ſcarce hit a beauteous face.
Nor can our Art a fitting value ſit
Vpon thy noble Courteſie of Wit,
Which to ſo many tongues doth lend that ſtore
Of pleaſing ſweetneſſe, which they lack'd before.
Th' Iberian, Roman, *and the fluent* Greek,
The nimble French, *and the ſmooth* Thuſcan *ſeek*
For ſeverall Graces from thy Pen alone,
Which that affords to all theſe tongues, in one.
Whoſe forraign wealth transferr'd, improv'd by thine,
'Doth with a fair increaſe of luſter ſhine;
Like Gems new ſet upon ſome richer foyle,
Or Roſes planted in a better ſoyle.

If

If 'bove all Lawrells then thy merit riſe,
What can this ſprig (which while 'tis offer'd dyes)
Adde to the Wreath which does adorn thy Browes?
No Bayes will ſuit with that but thy own Boughes.

EDVV. SHERBVRNE.

To his honoured freind *Thomas Stanley* Eſquire, upon his Elegant *POEMS.*

A Palſie ſhakes my pen, while I intend
A votive to thy Muſe; ſince to commend
With my beſt skill, will be as ſhort of thee,
As thou above all future Poëſie.
Thou early miracle of Wit and Art,
That haſt prodigiouſly ſo got the ſtart
Of Ages in thy ſtudy, Time muſt be
Old once agen in overtaking thee.
I know not where I am, when I peruſe
Thy learned loves, how willingly I looſe
My ſelfe in every grove, and wiſh to be
(Might it contribute to thy wreath) a Tree.
Carew, *whoſe numerous language did before*
Steer every geniall ſoul, muſt be no more
The Oracle of Love, and might he come
But from his own to thy Elizium,
He would repent his immortality
Given by looſe Id laters, and dye
A Tenant to theſe ſhades, and by thy ray
He need not bluſh to court his Cælia.
Thy numbers carry height, yet clear, and terſe,

And

And innocent, as becomes the ſoul of Verſe:
Poets from hence may add to their great name,
And learn to ſtrike from Chaſtity a flame.
But I expect ſome murmuring Critick here
Should ſay, no Poëms ever did appeare
Without ſome fault, this I muſt grant a truth,
And Sir, let me deale plainly with your youth,
Not error-proof yet, ſomething may admit
A cenſure, if you will ſecure your wit,
I Know the only way to bring't about,
Accept my love, and leave this coppy out.

IAMES SHIRLEY.

To my honoured Noble freind *THOMAS STANLEY Eſq.* On his *Poems.*

WHo would commend thee (friend!) and thinke ('tmay be
Performed by a faint Hyperbole
Might alſo call thee but a man, or dare
To praiſe thy Miſtris with the tearm of faire,
But I, the choiceſt of whoſe knowledge is
My knowing thee, cannot ſo groſſely miſſe.
Since thou art ſet ſo high, no words can give
An equall character, but negative.
Subſtract the earth, and baſeneſſe of this age,
Admit no wildfire in Poetick rage,
Caſt out of learning whatſoever's vain,
Let ignorance no more haunt Noblemen,
Nor humour Travellers, let wits be free
From over-weening, and the reſt is thee.

Thee

Thee noble soul! whose early flights are far
Sublimer then old Eagles soarings are,
Who light'st Love's dying Torch with purer fire,
And breath'st new life into to the Tejan Lyre,
That Love's best Secretaries that are past,
Liv'd they, might learn to love, and yet be chast,
Nay, Vestalls might as well such sonnets hear,
As keep their Vowes, and thy Black Ribband wear;
So chast is all, that though in each line lye.
More Amoretto's then in Doris eye;
Yet so they're charm'd, that look'd upon they prove
Harmlesse as Charicsa's nightly love.
So powerfull is that tongue, that hand, that can
Make soft Ionicks turn grave Lydian;
How oft this heavy leaden Saturnine
And never elevated soul of mine,
Hath been pluck'd up by thee! and forc'd away,
Enlarged from her still adhering clay!
How every line still pleas'd, when that was o're
I canceld it, and prais'd the other more!
That if thou writ'st but on, my thoughts shall be
Almost engulf'd in an infinity.
But dearest friend, what lawes power ever gave
To make ones own free first-born child his slave,
Nay Manumise it, for what else wil't be
To strangle, but deny it libertie.
Once lend the World a day of thine, and fright
The trembling children of the sullen night.
That at the last we undeceiv'd may see
Theirs were but Fancies, thine is Poetry.
Sweet Swan of silver Thames! but only thee
Sings not till death, thou in thy infancy.

I. HALL.

Upon *Oronta.*

FLames rescued fair Oronta *from the power*
Of an insulting Thracian Conquerour,
The fame of which brave action Preti's *Rime*
Freed from the greater Tyranny of Time;
Yet in that freedome shee lesse glories, then
In being thus made Captive by thy Pen.

Edw. Sherburne.

FArr brighter now in thy Poetick fire
Oronta *seemes then in her fatall Pyre;*
For there her beauty lost, her vertue shines,
But thy admir'd expression both combines;
And Cyprus, *whose best glories here are seen,*
Is prouder of her Virgin then her Queen.

Will. Fairfax.

POEMS

POEMS

The Gloworme.

STay faireſt *Charieſſa*, ſtay and mark
This living ſtar of earth, whoſe fainter ſpark
Of fading light, its birth had from the dark.

A ſtarre thought by the deceiv'd paſſenger,
Which falling from its native orb dropt here,
And makes the earth (its centre,) now its ſphere.

Should many of theſe ſparks together be,
He that the unknown light farre off ſhould ſee
Would think it a terreſtriall Galaxie.

Take't up fair Saint ; ſee how it mocks thy fright,
The paler flame doth not yield heat, though light,
Which doth deceive thy reaſon, through thy ſight.

But see how quickly it (ta'ne up) doth fade,
To shine in darknesse onely being made,
By th' brightnesse of the light turn'd to a shade:

And burnt to ashes by thy flaming eyes
On the chaste Altar of thy hand it dies,
As to thy greater light a sacrifice.

The Blush.

SO faire *Aurora* doth her selfe discover,
A sham'd o'th' aged bed of her cold lover,
In modest blushes, whilst the treacherous light
Betrayes her early shame to the worlds sight;
Such a bright colour doth the morning rose
Diffuse, when she her soft self doth disclose
Half drownd in dew, whilst on each leaf a tear
Of night doth like a dissolv'd pearl appear;
Yet 'twere in vain a colour out to seek
To parallel my *Charieſſa's* cheek;
Lesse are conferr'd with greater, and these seem
To blush like her, not she to blush like them:
But whence (fair soul) this passion? what pretence
Had guilt to stain thy spotlesse innocence?
Those only this feel who have guilty bin,
Not any blushes know, but who knows sin:
Then blush no more; but let thy chaster flame
That knows no cause, know no effects of shame.

To Charieſſa, *beholding her self in a Glasse.*

CAst *Charieſſa*, cast that glasse away,
Nor in its cryſtall face, thine own survey;

What

What can be free from loves imperious laws
When painted ſhadowes real flames can cauſe?
The fires may burn thee from this Mirrour riſe,
By the reflected beams of thine own eyes;
And thus at laſt fall'n with thy ſelf in love,
Thou wilt my Rivall, thine own Martyr prove;
But if thou doſt deſire thy form to view,
Look in my heart, where love thy picture drew,
And then if pleas'd with thine own ſhape thou be,
Learn how to love thy ſelfe in loving me.

The Breath.

FAvonius the milder breath o'th' ſpring,
When proudly bearing on his ſofter wing
Rich odours, which from the Panchean groves
He ſteals, as by the Phenix pyre he moves,
Profuſely doth his ſweeter theft diſpence
To the next roſes bluſhing innocence,
But from the gratefull flower a richer ſcent,
He doth receive then he unto it lent.
Then laden with his odours richeſt ſtore,
He to thy Breath haſts: to which theſe are poore,
Which while he ſportively to ſteal eſſaies,
He like a wanton lover bout thee playes,
And ſometimes cooling thy ſoft cheek doth lie,
And ſometimes burning at thy flaming eye:
Drawn in at laſt by that breath we implore,
He back returns farre ſweeter then before,
And Rich by being rob'd, in Thee he finds
The burning ſweets of Pyres, the cool of Winds.

To Charieſſa,

Deſiring her to burn his verſes.

THeſe Papers *Charieſſa*, let thy breath
Condemne, thy hand unto the flames bequeath,
'Tis fit who gave them life, ſhould give them death.

And as in curled flames to heaven they riſe,
Each trembling ſheet ſhall as it upwards flies,
Preſent it ſelfe to thee a ſacrifice.

Then when above its native orb it came,
And reacht the leſſer lights o'th' ſky, this flame
Contracted to a ſtarre ſhould wear thy name.

Or falling down on earth from its bright ſphear,
Shall in a Diamonds ſhape its luſtre bear,
And trouble (as it did before) thine eare.

But thou wilt cruell even in mercy be,
Unequall in thy juſtice, that doſt free
Things without ſenſe from flames, & yet not me.

The Picture.

THou that both feel'ſt and doſt admire,
The flames ſhot from a painted fire,
Know *Celia's* image thou doſt ſee,
Not to her ſelf more like is ſhe:
He that ſhould both together view
Would judge both pictures, or both true,
But thus they differ, the beſt part,
Of Nature this is, that of Art. *Imi-*

Imitatio Catulliana.

NUmber the ſands that do reſtrain
And fetter the Rebellious main:
Count thoſe pale fires that do diſpence
To us both light and influence:
The drops of the vaſt ſea divide,
Theſe in themſelves be multiplied,
That all when added into one,
May by our kiſſes be out-gone,
By which when number they ſurmount,
Wee'l teach Arithmetick to count.

The haſty kiſſe.

A Kiſſe I begg'd, and ſhe did joyn
Her lips to mine,
Then as afraid ſnatch'd back their treaſure,
And mock'd my pleaſure;
Again my *Charieſſa*, for in this,
Thou onely gav'ſt deſire, and not a kiſſe.

The cold kiſſe.

Such icie kiſſes Anchorites that live
Secluded from the world to dead ſculls give;
And thoſe cold Maids on whom Love never ſpent
His flame, nor know what by deſire is meant,
To their expiring Fathers ſuch bequeath,
Snatching their fleeting ſpirits in that breath.
The timorous Prieſt doth with ſuch fear and nice
Devotion, touch the holy ſacrifice.

Fie *Charieſſa*, whence ſo changd of late,
As to become in love a reprobate,
Quit, quit this dulneſſe, faireſt, and make known
A flame unto me equall with mine owne.
Shake of this froſt for ſhame that dwells upon
Thy lips, or if it will not ſo be gone
Let's once more joyn our lips, and thou ſhalt ſee,
That by the flame of mine 'twill melted be.

Amori Notturni.

A Dialogue between *Philocharis* and *Charieſſa.*

Char.

WHat if night
Should betray us, or reveal
To the light
All the pleaſures that we ſteal?

Phi.

Faireſt, we
Safely may this fear deſpiſe,
How can ſhe
See our actions that wants eyes?

Cha.

Each dimne ſtarre
And the clearer lights we know
Nights eyes are;
They were blind that thought her ſo:

Phi.

Phi.

Thoſe pale fires
Onely burn to yield a light
T' our deſires,
And though blind, to give us ſight.

Chor.

By this ſhade
That conceals us might our flame
Be betraid,
And the day diſcloſe its name.

Phi.

Deareſt Faire,
Theſe dark witneſſes we finde
Silent are,
Night is dumbe as well as blind.

Chorus.

Then whilſt theſe black ſhades conceal us,
We will ſcorn
Th' envious Morn,
And the Sunne that would reveal us.
Our flames, ſhall thus their mutual light betray,
And Night, with theſe joyes crown'd outſhine the Day,

Opinion.

WHence took the Diamond worth? the borrowed rayes
That Chryſtall wears, whence had they firſt their praiſe?

Phi.

Why ſhould rude feet contemne the ſnows chaſt white,
Which from the ſunne receives a ſparkling light,
Brighter then Diamons farre, and by its birth
Decks the green garment of the richer earth?
Rivers then Chryſtall clearer, when to ice
Congeal'd, why do weak judgments ſo deſpiſe?
Which melting ſhew that to impartiall ſight
Weeping then ſmiling Chryſtall is more bright.
But phancy thoſe firſt priz'd, and theſe did ſcorne:
Taking their praiſe the other to adorn:
Thus blind is humane ſight: Opinion gave
To their eſteem a birth, to theirs a grave.
Nor can our judgements with theſe clouds diſpence
Since reaſon ſees but with the eyes of ſenſe.

To Celia.

Excuſe for wiſhing her leſſe fair.

WHy thy paſſion ſhould it move
That I wiſht thy beauty leſſe?
Fools deſire what is above
Power of Nature to expreſſe;
And to wiſh it had been more,
Had been to outwiſh her ſtore.

If thy flames within thine eye
Did not too great heat inſpire,
Men might languiſh and not die,
At thy then leſſe ſcorching fire,
And might on thy weaker light
Gaze, and yet not looſe their ſight.

Nor

Nor would'ſt thou leſſe fair appear,
For detraction addes to thee;
If ſome parts leſſe beauteous were
Others would much fairer be:
Nor can any part we know
Beſt be ſtyl'd, when all are ſo.

Thus this great exceſſe of light.
That now dazles our weak eyes,
Would, eclips'd, appear more bright;
And the only way to riſe,
Or to be more fair, for thee
Celia, is leſſe fair to be.

The Magnet.

ASk the Empreſſe of the night
How the hand which guides her ſphear,
Conſtant in unconſtant light,
Taught the waves her yoke to bear,
And did thus by loving force
Curb or tame the rude ſeas courſe.

Ask the female Palme how ſhee
First did woe her husbands love;
And the Magnet, ask how he
Doth th' obſequious iron move;
Waters, plants, and ſtones know this,
That they love, not what love is.

Be not then leſſe kind then theſe,
Or from love exempt alone,
Let us twine like amorous trees,
And like rivers melt in one;
Or if thou more cruell prove,
Learne of ſteel and ſtones to love.

Ce-

Celia *ſleeping or ſinging.*

ROſes, in breathing forth their ſcent,
Or ſtars, their borrow'd ornament,
Nymphs, in the watry ſphear that move,
Or Angels, in their orbs above,
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the ſlow ſilent wheels of night,
The ſhade which from the ſwifter ſunne
Doth in a circular motion runne,
Or ſouls that their eternall reſt do keep,
Make far more noiſe then *Celia's* breath in ſleep.
But if the Angel which inſpires
This ſubtil frame with active fires
Should mould his breath to words, and thoſe
Into a harmony diſpoſe ;
The muſick of this heavenly ſphear
Would ſteal each ſoul out at the eare,
And into plants and ſtones infuſe,
A life that Cherubins would chooſe,
And with new power invert the laws of Fate,
Kill thoſe that live, and dead things animate.

The Idolater.

THink not pale lover he who dies
Burt in the flames of *Celia's* eyes
Is unto love a ſacrifice.

Or by the merit of this pain
Thou ſhalt the crown of Martyrs gain,
Thoſe hopes are as thy paſſion, vain.

For

For when by death from theſe flames free
To greater thou condemn'd ſhalt be,
And puniſh'd for Idolatrie;

Since thou (loves votary before
Whilſt he was kind) doſt him no more,
But in his ſhrine, diſdain adore.

Nor will this fire (the Gods prepare
To puniſh ſcorn,) that cruell fair
(Though now from flames exempted) ſpare.

But as together both ſhall die,
Both burnt alike in flames ſhall lie,
She in thy breaſt, thou in her eye.

The Return.

BEauty whoſe ſoft Magnetick chains
Nor time nor abſence can untie,
Thy power the narrow bound diſdains
Of nature or Philoſophie,
That canſts by unconfined lawes
A motion though at diſtance cauſe.

Drawn by the ſacred influence
Of thy bright eyes, I back return;
And ſince I no where can diſpence
With flames that do in abſence burne,
I rather chooſe midſt them t'expire
Then languiſh by a hidden fire.

But if thou the insulting pride
Of vulgar beauties dost despise,
Who by vain triumphs Deifide,
Their votaries do sacrifice,
Then let those flames, whose magick charm
At distance scorch'd, aphroch'd but warm.

Palinode.

BEauty, thy harsh imperious chains
As a scorn'd weight I here untie,
Since thy proud Empire those disdains,
Of reason or Philosophy,
That would'st within tyrannick laws
Confine the power of each free cause.

Forc'd by the potent influence
Of thy disdain I back return,
Thus with those flames I do dispense,
Which though they would not light, did burn;
And rather will through cold expire
Then languish at a frozen fire.

But whil'st I the insulting pride
Of thy vain beauty do despise,
Who gladly would'st be deifide,
By making me thy sacrifice;
May love thy heart, which to his charm,
Approch'd seem'd cold, at distance warm.

On a Violet in her breaſt.

SEe how this Violet which before
Hung ſullenly her drooping head,
As angry at the ground that bore
The purple treaſure which ſhe ſpread,
Doth ſmilingly erected grow,
Tranſplanted to thoſe hills of ſnow.

And whileſt the pillows of thy breaſt
Do her reclining head ſuſtain,
She ſwells with pride to be ſo bleſt,
And doth all other flowers diſdain,
Yet weeps that dew which kiſt her laſt,
To ſee her odours ſo ſurpaſt.

Poor flower! how far deceiv'd thou wert,
To think the riches of the morn,
Or all the ſweets ſhe can impart
Could theſe or ſweeten or adorn,
Since thou from them do'ſt borrow ſcent,
And they to thee lend ornament.

Song.

WHen I lie burning in thine eye,
Or freezing in thy breaſt,
What Martyrs, in wiſh'd flames that die,
Are half ſo pleas'd or bleſt?

When thy ſoft accents, through mine eare
Into my ſoul do fly,
What Angel would not quit his ſphear,
To hear ſuch harmony?

Or

Or When the kiſſe thou gav'ſt me laſt
My ſoul ſtole in its breath,
What life would ſooner be embrac'd
Then ſo defir'd a death?

When I commanded am by thee,
Or by thine eye or hand,
What Monarch would not prouder be
To ſerve, then to command?

Then think not freedome I deſire,
Or would my fetters leave,
Since Phenix-like I from this fire
Both life and youth receave.

Song.

CElinda, by what potent art
Or unreſiſted charm,
Doſt thou thine eare and frozen heart
Aginſt my paſſion arm.

Or by what hidden influence
Of powers in one combin'd
Doſt thou rob love of either ſenſe,
Made deaf as well as blind.

Sure thou as friend united haſt
Two diſtant Deities,
And ſcorn within thy heart haſt plac'd,
And love within thine eyes.

Or thoſe ſoft fetters of thy hair,
A bondage that diſdains
All liberty, do guard thine eare
Free from all other chains.

Then my complaint how canſt thou hear,
Or I this [illegible] paſſion fly,
Since thou impriſoned haſt thine ear
And not confin'd thine eye ?

Song.

FOol take up thy ſhaft again ;
If thy ſtore
Thou profuſely ſpend in vain,
Who can furniſh thee with more?
Throw not then a way thy darts,
On impenetrable hearts.

Think not thy pale flame can warm
Into tears,
Or diſſolve the ſnowy charm
Which her frozen boſome wears,
That expos'd unmelted lies
To the bright ſunnes of her eyes.

But ſince thou thy power haſt loſt,
Nor canſt fire
Kindle in that breaſt, whoſe froſt
Doth theſe flames in mine inſpire,
Not to thee but her I le ſue,
That diſdains both me and you.

Delay.

Delay ? Alas there cannot be
To Love a greater Tyrrannie:
Thoſe cruel Beauties that have ſlain
Their Votaries by their diſdain,
Or ſtudied torments, ſharp and witty,
Will be recorded for their pitty,
And after-ages be miſled
To think them kind, when this is ſpred.
Of deaths the ſpeedieſt is deſpair,
Delayes the ſloweſt tortures are;
Thy cruelty at once deſtroyes,
But Expectation ſtarves my Joyes,
Time and *Delay*, may bring me paſt
The power of Love to cure, at laſt;
And ſhouldſt thou wiſh to eaſe my pain,
Thy pitty might be lent in vain;
Or if thou haſt decreed, that I
Muſt fall beneath thy cruelty,
O kill me ſoon! Thou wilt expreſſe
More Mercy, ev'n in ſhewing leſſe.

The Repulſe.

NOt that by this diſdain
I am releas'd,
And freed from thy tyrannick chain,
Do I my ſelf think bleſt;

Nor that thy Flame ſhall burn
No more; for know
That I ſhall into aſhes turn,
Before this fire doth ſo.

Nor yet that unconfin'd
I now may rove,
And with new beauties pleaſe my mind;
But that thou ne'r didſt love:

For ſince thou haſt no part
Felt of this flame,
I onely from thy tyrant heart
Repuls'd, not baniſh'd am.

To looſe what once was mine
Would grieve me more
Then thoſe inconſtant ſweets of thine
Had pleas'd my ſoul before.

Now I have not loſt that bliſſe
I ne'r poſſeſt;
And ſpight of fate am bleſt in this,
That I was never bleſt.

The Tombe.

WHen, cruell Fair one, I am ſlain
By thy diſdain,
And, as a Trophey of thy ſcorn,
To ſome old tombe I am born,
Thy fetters muſt thy power bequeath
To thoſe of death;
Nor can thy flame immortall burn,
Like monumentall fires within an urn;
Thus freed from thy proud Empire, I ſhall prove
There is more liberty in Death then Love.

And when forſaken Lovers come
To ſee my tombe,
Take heed thou mix not with the croud,
And (as a Victor) proud
To view the ſpoyls thy beauty made
Preſſe near my ſhade,
Leaſt thy too cruell breath or name
Should fan my aſhes back into a flame,
And (thou in this fire ſacrific'd to me)
We might each others mutuall martyr be.

Or ſhould my duſt, thy pity move
That could not, Love,
Thy ſighs might wake me, and thy tears
Renew my life and years:
Or ſhould thy proud inſulting ſcorn
Laugh at my urn,
Kindly deceiv'd by thy diſdain
I might be ſmil'd into new life again:
Then come not near, ſince both thy love and hate
Have equall power to love or animate.

But if cold Earth, or Marble muſt
Conceal my duſt,
Whilſt hid in ſome dark ruines, I
Dumb and forgotten lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will ſleep with me;
And they that ſhould this triumph know
Will or forget, or not believe it ſo:
Then to encreaſe thy glories, let me reſt
(Since by thine eye ſlain) buried in thy breaſt.

To one that pleaded her own want of merit.

DEear urge no more that killing cauſe
Of our divorce;
Love is not fetter'd by ſuch laws,
Nor bows to any force:
Though thou denieſt I ſhould be thine,
Yet ſay not thou deſerv'ſt not to be mine.

Oh rather frown away my breath
With thy diſdain,
Or flatter me with ſmiles to death,
By joy or ſorrow ſlain;
'T is leſſe crime to be kill'd by thee
Then I thus cauſe of my own death ſhould be.

Thy ſelf of beauty to deveſt
And me of love,
Or from the worth of thine own breaſt
Thus to detract, would prove
In us a blindneſſe, and in thee
At beſt a ſacrilegious modeſtie.

But (Deareſt) if thou wilt deſpiſe
What all admire,
Nor rate thy ſelf at the juſt price
Of beauty or deſire,
Yet meet my flames and thou ſhalt ſee
That equall love knows no diſparitie.

Song.

FOoliſh Lover, go and ſeek
For the damask of the Roſe,
And the Lilies white diſpoſe
To adorn thy miſtreſſe cheek.

Steal ſome ſtar out of the ſky,
Rob the Phœnix, and the Eaſt
Of her wealthy ſweets deveſt
To enrich her breath or eye.

We thy borrow'd pride deſpiſe,
For this wine (to which we are
Votaries) is richer farre
Then her cheek, or breath, or eyes.

And ſhould that coy Fair one view
Theſe diviner beauties, ſhe
In this flame would rivall thee,
And be taught to love thee too.

Come then break thy wanton chain,
That when this briſk wine hath ſpred
On thy paler cheek a red,
Thou like us maiſt love diſdain.

Love, thy power muſt yield to wine;
And whilſt thus our ſelves we arm,
Boldly we defie thy charm,
For theſe flames extinguiſh thine.

The Innocence of Love.

SEe how this Ivy (Dear) doth twine
Her wanton arms about the Vine,
And her coy lover thus reſtrains
Entangled in her amorous chains ;
See how theſe neighb'ring Palms do bend
Their heads, and mutuall murmurs ſend
To one another, whiſp'ring there
Their loves into each others eare.
Then bluſh not (Fair) that flame to ſhow
Which like thy ſelf no crime can know:
Thus led by thoſe chaſt guides, we may
Embrace and kiſſe as free as they.
And like thoſe bleſſed ſouls above,
Whoſe life is harmony and love,
Let us our mutuall thoughts betray
And in our wills our minds diſplay;
This ſilent ſpeech is ſwifter far,
Then the ears lazy ſpecies are;
And the expreſſion it affords
(As are our flames) 'bove reach of words.
Thus, *Doris*, we of theſe may learn
A Paſſion others not diſcern ;
Nor can it ſhame or bluſhes move,
Like Plants to live, like Angels love:
Since All excuſe with equall Innocence
What above Reaſon is, or beneath Sence.

The killing Kiſſe.

WHen on thy lip my ſoul I breath,
Which there meets thine,
Freed from their fetters by this death
They both unite and joyn;
Thus without bonds of ſence they move,
And like two Cherubins converſe and love.

Spirits to chains of earth confin'd
Diſcourſe by ſence;
But ours that are by flames refin'd
With thoſe weak ties diſpence;
Let ſuch in words their minds diſplay,
Our lips, not tongues, each others thoughts betray

But ſince my ſoul from me doth fly,
To thee retir'd,
Thou canſt not both retain, and I
Muſt be with one inſpir'd;
Then, *Doris*, either juſtly mine
Reſtore, or in exchange let me have thine.

Yet if thou doſt return mine own,
Oh tak't again!
For 'tis this pleaſing death alone
Gives eaſe unto my pain:
Kill me once more, or I ſhall find
Thy pity then thy cruelty, leſſe kind.

Speakin

Speaking and kiſſing.

THe aire which thy ſmooth voice doth break
Into my ſoul like lightning flies,
My life retires whil'ſt thou doſt ſpeak,
And thy ſoft breath it's room ſupplyes.

Loſt in this pleaſing Extaſie,
I joyn my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee,
Which I ſo gladly did reſigne.

Forbear, Platonick fools, t' enquire
What numbers do the ſoul compoſe;
No harmony can life inſpire
But that which from theſe accents flowes.

The Snow-ball.

D*Oris*, I that could repell
All thoſe darts about thee dwell,
And had wiſely learn'd to fear,
'Cauſe I ſaw a Foe ſo near;
I that my deaf eare did arm,
'Gainſt thy voices powerfull charm,
And the lightning of thine eye
Durſt (by cloſing mine) defie,
Cannot this cold ſnow withſtand
From the whiter of thy hand;
Thy deceit hath thus done more
Then thy open force before:
For who could ſuſpect or fear
Treaſon in a face ſo clear,

Or the hidden fires deſcry
Wrapt in this cold out-ſide lie;
Flames might thus involv'd in ice
The deceiv'd world ſacrifice;
Nature, ignorant of this
Strange Antiperiſtaſis,
Would her falling frame admire,
That by ſnow were ſet on fire.

A Depoſition from Beauty.

THough when I lov'd thee thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer ſo,
Thoſe glories do the pride they wear
Unto Opinion ow;
Beauties, like ſtars, in borrow'd luſtre ſhine,
And 'twas my Love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye,
Do now, with mine, expire;
The brighteſt glories fade and die
At once with my deſire;
Loves fires thus mutuall influence return,
Thine ceaſe to ſhine, when mine to burn.

Then (proud *Celinda*) hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd;
Since by thy ſcorn thou doſt reſtore
That wealth which love beſtow'd;
And thy deſpis'd diſdain too late ſhall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

Love

YEt ere I go,
Diſdainful beauty thou ſhalt be
So wretched, as to know
What joys thou fling'ſt away with me.

A faith ſo bright,
As Time or Fortune could not ruſt;
So firm, that Lovers might
Have read thy ſtory in my duſt.

And Crown'd thy name
With Laurel verdant, as thy youth,
Whileſt the ſhril voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

This thou haſt loſt;
For all true lovers, when they finde
That my juſt aims were croſt,
Will ſpeak thee lighter then the winde.

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy ſhrine,
But ſuch as would betray
Thy faith, to faiths as falſe as thine.

Yet if thou chuſe
On ſuch thy freedom to beſtow,
Affection may excuſe,
For love from Sympathy doth flow.

Song,

CAſt off for ſhame ungentle maid
That misbecoming joy thou wear'ſt,
For in my death, (though long delaid)
Unwiſely cruel thou appear'ſt.
Inſult ore Captives with diſdain,
Thou canſt not triumph ore the ſlain.

No, I am now no longer thine,
Nor canſt thou take delight to ſee
Him whom thy love did once confine,
Set, though by death, at liberty.
For if my fall a ſmile beget,
Thou glorieſt in thy own defeat.

Behold how thy unthrifty pride
Hath murthered him that did maintain it;
And wary ſouls who never tride
Thy Tyrant beauty, will diſdain it:
But I am ſofter, and that me
Thou wouldſt not pity, pity thee.

In Anſwer to a Song,
Wert thou much fairer then thou art, &c.

WErt thou by all affections ſought,
And fairer then thou wouldſt be
Or had thine eyes as many darts, (thought:
As thou believ'ſt they ſhoot at hearts,
Yet if thy love were paid to me,
I would not offer mine to thee.

Ide

:de ſooner Court a feavors heat,
Then her that owns a flame as great,
She that my love will entertain,
Muſt meet it with no leſſe diſdain.
For mutual fires themſelves deſtroy,
And willing kiſſes yield no joy.

I love thee not becauſe alone
Thou canſt all beauty call thine own,
Nor doth my paſſion fuel ſeek
In thy bright eye, or ſofter cheek:
Then faireſt, if thou wouldſt know why
I love thee cauſe thou canſt deny.

Song.

OH turn away thoſe cruel eyes,
The ſtars of my undoing.
Or death in ſuch a bright diſguiſe,
May tempt a ſecond wooing.

Puniſh their blinde, and impious pride,
Who dare contemn thy glory;
It was thy name that deifi'd
Thy name, and ſeal'd thy ſtory.

Yet no new ſufferings can prepare
A higher praiſe to Crown thee;
Though my firſt death proclaim thee fair,
My ſecond will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canſt entice
No other for thy fuel,
And if thou burn one victime twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel.

A une Dame qui chantoit.

BElle voix dont les charmes desrobent mon ame,
Et au lieu d'un eſprit m'animent d'une flamme.
Dont ie ſens la ſubtile, & la douce chaleur,
Entrer par mon oreille & gliſſer dans mon coeur.
Me faiſant esprever par cette aimable vie,
Nos ames ne conſiſtent que d'une harmonie.
Que la vie m'eſt douce la mort m'eſt ſans peine,
Puiſq' on les trouve toutes deux dans ton haleine.
Ne m'eſpargne donc pas ſatisfais tes rigueurs,
Car ſi tu me ſouffres de vivre, ie me meurs.

Eidem.

CErnis ? cernis uti ſaxa ſequentia,
Vt ſilvaſq; tuum dulce trahat melos,
Lyde docta movere
Rupes ſiſtere flumina ?

Cernis, qui teneram pectore combibunt,
Vocem languidulos reddere ſpiritus.
Funus tramite vitæ,
Expertos pretioſius.

Tu præbes animam carmine frigidis
Saxis, tu cupidos exanimas viros,
Mutans voce ſuavi,
Fati jura volubilis.

Annotations

Loves Heretick.

HE whoſe active thoughts diſdain
To be Captive to one foe,
And would break his ſingle chain,
Or elſe more would undergo;
Let him learn the art of me,
By new bondage to be free.

What tyrannick Miſtreſſe dare
To one beauty love confine?
Who unbounded as the aire
All may court, but none decline:
Why ſhould we the Heart deny
As many objects as the Eie?

Whereſoere I turn or move
A new paſſion doth detain me:
Thoſe kind beauties that do love,
Or thoſe proud ones that diſdain me;
This frown melts, and that ſmile burns me;
This to tears, that aſhes turns me.

Soft freſh Virgins not full blown,
With their youthfull ſweetneſſe take me;
Sober Matrons that have known
Long ſince what theſe prove, awake me;
Here ſtaid coldneſſe I admire,
There the lively active fire.

She that doth by skill diſpence
Every favour ſhe beſtows,
Or the harmleſſe innocence
Which nor Court nor Citie knows,
Both alike my ſoul enflame,
That wild beauty, and this tame,

She that wiſely can adorn
Nature with the wealth of art,
Or whoſe rurall ſweets do ſcorn
Borrow'd helps that take a heart,
The vain care of that's my pleaſure,
Poverty of this my treaſure.

Both the wanton and the coy
Me with equall pleaſure move;
She whom I by force enjoy,
Or who forceth me to love;
This becauſe ſhe'l not confeſſe,
That not hide, her happineſſe.

She whoſe looſely flowing hair,
Scatter'd like the beams o' th' Morn,
Playing with the ſportive Aire,
Hides the ſweets it doth adorn,
Captive in that net reſtrains me,
In thoſe golden fetters chains me.

Nor doth ſhe with power leſſe bright
My divided heart invade,
Whoſe ſoft treſſes ſpread like Night,
O're her ſhoulders a black ſhade;
For the ſtar-light of her eyes
Brighter ſhines through thoſe dark Skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can ſport;
The bold ſprightly *Thais* woo,
Or the frozen Veſtal court;
Every beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all, to none confin'd.

La belle confidente.

YOu earthly Souls that court a wanton flame,
Whoſe pale weak influence
Can riſe no higher then the humble name
And narrow laws of ſence,
Learn by our friendſhip to create
An immateriall fire,
Whoſe brightneſſe Angels may admire,
But cannot emulate.

Sickneſſe may fright the roſes from her cheek,
Or make the Lilies fade,
But all the ſubtil wayes that death doth ſeek
Cannot my love invade:
Flames that are kindled by the eye,
Through time and age expire;
But ours that boaſt a reach far higher
Cannot decay, nor die.

And when we muſt reſigne our vitall breath,
(Even in divorce delighted)
We by this friendſhip ſhall ſurvive in death,
Still in the grave united;
Weak Love through fortune or diſtruſt
In time forgets to burn,
But this purſues us to the Urn,
And marries eithers Duſt,

La belle Ennemie:

I Yield, dear Enemy, nor know
How to reſiſt ſo fair a Foe;
Who woud not thy ſoft yoke ſuſtain,
And bow beneath thy eaſie chain,
That with a bondage bleſt might be
Which far tranſcends all libertie.
But ſince I freely have reſign'd
At firſt aſſault my willing mind,
Inſult not o're my captiv'd heart
With too much tyrannie and art,
Leſt by thy ſcorn thou looſe the prize,
Gaind by the power of thy bright eyes,
And thou this Conqueſt thus ſhalt prove
Though got by beauty, kept by love.

Love depoſed.

YOu that unto your Miſtreſſe eyes
Your hearts do ſacrifice,
And offer ſighs or tears at Loves rich ſhrine,
Renounce with me
Th' Idolatrie,
Nor this Infernall Power eſteem divine.

The Brand, the Quiver, and the Bow
Which we did firſt beſtow,
And he as tribute wears from every Lover,
I back again
From him have ta'ne,
And the Impoſtor now unvail'd diſcover.

I can the feeble Child diſarm,
Untie his myſtick charm,
Deveſt him of his Wings, and break his Arrow,
We will obay
No more his ſway,
Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds ſo narrow.

And you bright Beauties that inſpire
The Boyes pale torch with fire,
We ſafely now your ſubtil power deſpiſe,
And (unſcorch'd) may
Like Atoms play
And wanton in the ſunſhine of your eyes.

Nor think hereafter by new arts
You can bewitch our hearts,
Or raiſe this Devil by your pleaſing charm;
We will no more
His power implore,
Unleſſe like Indians, that he do no harm.

The Divorce.

DEar, back my wounded heart reſtore,
And turn away thy powerfull eyes;
Flatter my willing ſoul no more,
Love muſt not hope what Fate denies.

Take, take away thy ſmiles and kiſſes,
Thy Love wounds deeper then Diſdain,
For he that ſees the Heaven he miſſes,
Suſtains two Hells, of loſſe and pain.

Shouldſt thou ſome others ſuit prefer,
I might return thy ſcorn to thee,
And learn Apoſtaſie of her
That taught me firſt Idolatrie.

Or in thy unrelenting breaſt
Should cold diſdain or coyneſſe move,
I by thy hate might be releas'd,
Who now am pris'ner to thy love.

Since then unkind Fate will divorce
Thoſe whom Affection long united,
Be thou as cruell as this force,
And I in death ſhall be delighted.

Thus whilſt ſo many ſuppliants do
Implore thy pity they may prove,
I onely for thy ſcorn do ſue,
'Tis charity here not to love.

The Bracelet.

REbellious fools that ſcorn to bow
Beneath Loves eaſie ſway,
Whoſe ſtubborn wills no laws allow,
Diſdaining to obay,
Mark but this wreath of hair and you ſhall ſee
None that might wear ſuch fetters would be free.

I once could boaſt a heart like you
As unconfin'd as aire;
But mine, which force could not ſubdue,
Was caught within this ſnare;
And (by my ſelf betray'd) I for this gold,
Have to mine Enemy my freedome ſold.

No longer now wiſe Art enquire
(With this vain ſearch delighted)
How ſouls that do our life inſpire
Are to their frames united;
Materiall chains ſuch ſpirits well may bind,
When this ſoft brayd can tie both Arm and Mind.

Now (beauties) I defie your charm,
Rul'd by more powerfull Art,
This myſtick wreath which crowns my Arm,
Guards and defends my Heart;
And I, ſubdu'd by one more fair, ſhall be
Secur'd from Conqueſt by Captivitie.

The Farwell.

SInce Fate commands me hence, and I
Muſt leave my ſoul with thee, & die,
Dear, ſpare one ſigh, or elſe let fall
A tear to crown my Funerall,
That I may tell my grieved heart
Thou art unwilling we ſhould part,
And Martyrs that embrace the fire
Shall with leſſe joy then I expire.

With this ~~laſt~~ laſt kiſſe I will bequeath
My ſoul transfus'd into thy breath,
Whoſe active heat ſhall gently ſlide
Into thy breaſt, and there reſide,
And may (in ſpight of Fate thus bleſt)
Be by this death of Heaven poſſeſt;
Then prove but kind, and thou ſhalt ſee
Love hath more power then Deſtinie.

The Parting.

I Go Dear Saint away,
Snatch'd from thy arms
By farre leſſe pleaſing charms,
Then thoſe I did obay;
But when hereafter thou ſhalt know
That grief hath ſlain me, come
And on my Tombe
Drop, drop a tear or two;
Break with thy ſighs the ſilence of my ſleep,
And I ſhall ſmile in death to ſee thee weep.

Thy tears may have the power
To reinſpire
My aſhes with new fire,
Or change me to ſome flower,
Which planted 'twixt thy breaſts ſhall grow:
Vail'd in this ſhape, I will
Dwell with thee ſtill,
Court, kiſſe, enjoy thee too:
Securely wee'l contemne all envious force,
And thus united be by deaths divorce.

To DORIS dreaming he was wounded.

THine eyes (bright Saint) diſcloſe
And thou ſhalt find,
Dreams have not with illuſive ſhowes
Deceiv'd thy mind,
What ſleep preſented to thy view,
Awake, and thou ſhalt find is true,

Thoſe

Thoſe mortall wounds I bear
From thee begin,
Which though they outward not appear
Yet bleed within,
Loves flame like active lightning flies,
Wounding the heart, but not the eyes.

But now I yeeld to die
Thy ſacrifice,
Nor more in vain will hope to flie
From thy bright eyes;
Their killing power cannot be ſhun'd,
Open, or clos'd, alike they wound.

The Dreame.

THat I might ever dream thus! that ſome power
To my eternall ſleep would joyn this houre!
So willingly deceiv'd, I might poſſeſſe
In ſeeming joyes a reall happineſſe;
Haſt not away, Oh do not diſſipate
A pleaſure thou ſo lately didſt create;
Stay, welcome ſleepe, be ever here confin'd,
Or if thou wilt away, leave her behind.

Deſpaire.

NO, no poore blaſted Hope!
Since I (with thee) have loſt the ſcope
Of all my joyes, I will no more
Vainely implore
The unrelenting Deſtinies:
He that can equally ſuſtain
The ſtrong aſſaults of Joy or Pain,
May ſafely laugh at their Decrees.

Deſpaire, to thee I bow,
Whoſe conſtancy diſdains t'allow
Thoſe childiſh paſſions that deſtroy
Our fickle Joy;
How cruell Fates ſo e're appeare,
Their harmeleſſe anger I deſpiſe,
And fix'd, can neither fall nor riſe,
Thrown below hope, but rais'd 'bove fear.

Expectation.

CHide, chide no more away
The fleeting daughters of the day,
Nor with impatient thoughts out-run
The laſie Sun,
Or think the houres do move too ſlow;
Delay is kind,
And we too ſoon ſhall find
That which we ſeek, yet fear to know.

The myſtick dark decrees
Unfold not of the Deſtinies,
Nor boldly ſeek to antedate
The laws of Fate,
Thy anxious ſearch awhile forbeare,
Suppreſſe thy haſte,
And know that Time at laſt
Will crowne thy hope, or fix thy fear.

Exchange of ſoules.

Dialogue.

Phil.

THat kiſſe which laſt thou gav'ſt me, ſtole
My fainting life away,
Yet (though to thy breſt fled) my ſoul
Still in mine own doth ſtay;
Weake Nature no ſuch power doth know,
Love onely can theſe wonders ſhow.

Char.

And with the ſame warm breath did mine
Into thy boſom ſlide,
There dwell contracted unto thine,
Yet ſtill with me reſide;
Weake nature no ſuch power doth know,
Love onely can theſe wonders ſhow.

Chor.

Both ſoules thus in deſire are one,
And each is two in skill,
Doubled in Intellect alone,
United in the Will;
Weake Nature no ſuch power doth know,
Love onely can theſe wonders ſhow.

Vnaltered by ſickneſſe.

SIckneſſe, in vaine thou doſt invade
A beauty that can never fade
Could all thy malice but impaire
One of the ſweets which crowne this faire,
Or ſteale the ſpirits from her eye,
Or kiſſe into a paler dye
The bluſhing roſes of her cheeke,
Our dropping hopes might juſtly ſeeke,
Redreſſe from thee, and thou mightſt ſave
Thouſands of Lovers from the grave:
But ſuch aſſaults are vaine, for ſhee
Is too divine to ſtoope to thee;
Bleſt with a forme as much too high
For any change, as deſtiny;
Which no attempt can violate;
For what's her beauty, is our Fate.

The Exequies.

Draw near
You Lovers that complain
Of Fortune or Diſdain,
And to my Aſhes lend a tear;
Melt the hard marble with your grones,
And ſoften the relentleſſe ſtones,
Whoſe cold imbraces do a Victime hide
That (paid to beauty) on Loves altar di'd.

No Verſe
No Epicedium bring
Nor peacefull Requiem ſing,
To charm the terrours of my Herſe;
No profane Numbers muſt flow near
The ſacred ſilence that dwells here;
Vaſt griefs are dumbe, ſoftly, oh ſoftly mourn
Leſt you diſturbe the peace attends my Urn.

Yet ſtrew
Upon my diſmall Grave,
Such offerings as you have,
Forſaken Cypreſſe and ſad Ew;
For kinder Flowers can take no birth
Or growth from ſuch unhappy Earth.
Weep only o're my duſt, and ſay, Here lies
To Love and Fate an equall ſacrifice.

The Silk-worme.

THe Silk-worme (to long ſleep retir'd)
The early yeare hath reinſpir'd,
Who now to pay to thee prepares
The tribute of her pleaſing cares;
And haſtens with induſtrious toyle
To make thy ornament her ſpoyle:
See with what paines ſhee ſpins for thee
The thread of her own deſtinie,
Then growing proud in death to know
That her rich work and labours thou
Wilt, as in triumph, deigne to wear,
Retires to her ſoft ſepulchre.
Such *Deareſt* is that hapleſſe ſtate,
To which I deſtin'd am by Fate,
Who by thee (willingly) o'recome,
Work mine own fetters and my Tombe.

Counſell.

WHen deceitfull lovers lay
At thy feet their ſuppliant hearts,
And their ſnares ſpread to betray
Thy beſt treaſure with their arts,
Credit not their flatt'ring vows
Love ſuch perjurie allowes.

When they with the choiceſt wealth
Nature boaſts of have poſſeſt thee,
When with flowers (their verſes ſtealth)
Stars, or jewels they inveſt thee,
Truſt not to their borrow'd ſtore,
Tis but lent to make thee poore.

When

When with Poems they invade thee,
Sing thy prayſes or diſdain,
When they weep and would perſwade thee
That their flames beget that rain;
Let thy breaſt no baits let in,
Mercy's onely here a ſin.

Let no teares or offerings move thee,
All thoſe cunning charmes avoid,
For that wealth for which they love thee,
They would ſlight if once enjoy'd;
Who would keep anothers heart,
With her own muſt never part.

Ambition.

I Muſt no longer now admire
The coldneſſe which poſſeſt
Thy ſnowy breaſt,
That can by other flames be ſet on fire;
Poore Love to harſh diſdain betray'd
Is by Ambition thus out-weigh'd.

Hadſt thou but known the vaſt extent
Of conſtant Faith, how farre
'Bove all that are
Born ſlaves to Wealth, or Honours vain aſcent;
No richer treaſure couldſt thou find
Than hearts with mutuall chains combin'd.

But Love is too deſpis'd a name,
And muſt not hope to riſe
Above theſe ties.
Honour and Wealth out-ſhine his paler flame;
Theſe unite ſouls, whilſt true deſire
Unpitied dies in its own fire.

Yet, cruel Fair one, I did aim
With no leſſe Juſtice too,
Then thoſe that ſue
For other hopes, and thy proud Fortunes claim,
Wealth honours, honours wealth approve,
But beauty's onely meant for Love.

Song.

WHen (Deareſt Beauty) thou ſhalt pay
Thy faith and my vaine hope away
To ſome dull ſoule, that cannot know
The worth of that thou doſt beſtow;
Leſt with my ſighs and tears I might
Diſturb thy unconfin'd delight,
To ſome darke ſhade I will retire,
And there (forgot by all) expire.

Thus whilſt the difference thou ſhalt prove,
Betwixt a fain'd and reall love,
Whilſt he, more happy but leſſe true,
Shall reap thoſe joyes I did perſue,
And with thoſe pleaſures crowned be
By Fate which Love deſign'd for me,
Then thou perhaps thy ſelfe wilt find
Cruell too long, or too ſoon kind.

Song.

Song.

I Will not truſt thy tempting graces,
Or thy deceitfull charmes,
Nor pris'ner be to thy embraces,
Or fetter'd in thy arms;
No *Celia*, no, not all thy art
Can wound or captivate my heart.

I will not gaze upon thy eyes
Or wanton with thy haire,
Leſt thoſe ſhould burne me by ſurprize,
Or theſe my ſoule enſnare:
Nor with thoſe ſmiling dangers play
Or foole my liberty away.

Since then my wary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine,
If thou wouldſt mine ſhould captiv'd be,
Thou muſt thine own reſigne,
And gratitude may thus move more,
Then love or beauty could before.

T

Expoſtulation with Love in Deſpaire.

LOve, with what ſtrange tyrannick lawes muſt they
Comply, which are ſubjected to thy ſway?
How far all juſtice thy commands decline,
Which though they hope forbid, yet love enjoyne?
Muſt all are to thy hell condemn'd ſuſtain
A double torture of deſpaire and pain?

It't

It't not enough vainly to hope and wooe,
That thou ſhouldſt thus deny that vain hope too ?
It were ſome Joy Ixion-like to fold
The empty aire, or feed on hopes as cold ;
But if thou to my paſſion this deny,
Thou may'ſt be ſtarv'd to death as well as I.
For how can thy pale ſickly flame burne cleare
When death and cold deſpaire inhabit neere?
Rule in my breſt alone, or thence retire ;
Diſſolve this froſt or let that quench thy fire ;
Or let me not deſire, or elſe poſſeſſe ;
Neither, or both are equall happineſſe.

Song.

NO, I will ſooner truſt the Wind
When falſely kind
It courts the pregnant ſails into a ſtorm,
(And when the ſmiling waves perſwade
Be willingly betray'd)
Then thy deceitfull vows or Form.

Goe and beguile ſome eaſie heart
With thy vaine art,
Thy ſmiles and kiſſes on thoſe fooles beſtow,
Who onely ſee the Calmes that ſleep
On this ſmooth flatt'ring Deep,
But not thy hidden dangers know.

They

They that like me thy Falſehood prove,
Will ſcorne thy Love.
Some may, deceiv'd at firſt, adore thy Shrine;
But he that as thy ſacrifice
Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own Martyr, and not thine.

Song.

I Prethee let my heart alone
Since now 'tis raisd above thee,
Not all the beauty thou doſt own
Again can make me love thee;

He that was ſhipwrack'd once before
By ſuch a Sirens call,
And yet neglects to ſhun that ſhore,
Deſerves his ſecond fall.

Each flatt'ring kiſſe, each tempting ſmile
Thou doſt in vain beſtow,
Some other lovers might beguile,
Who not thy falſhood know.

But I am proof againſt all art,
No vowes ſhall e're perſwade me,
Twice to preſent a wounded heart
To her that hath betraid me.

Could

Could I againe be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move
As now thou sufferest mine.

Song.

FAith, 'tis not worth thy pains and care
To seek t'ensnare
A heart so poore as mine:
Some fooles there be
Hate libertie,
Whom with more ease thou maist confine.

Alas! when with much charge thou hast
Brought it at last
Beneath thy power to bow,
It will adore
Some twenty more,
And that, perhaps, you'l not allow.

No, *Cloris*, I no more will prove
The curse of love,
And now can boast a heart
Hath learn'd of thee
Inconstancie,
And cozen'd Women of their art.

Conclusion.

Conclusion.

to Love.

(comprise,
THou! whose sole Name (*a*) all Passions doth
(*b*) Youngest and (*c*) oldest of the Deities;
(*d*) Borne without Parents! whose unbounded raigne
(*e*) Moves the firme Earth, fixeth the floting Main,
Inverts the course of Heaven, and from the Deep,
Awakes those soules that in dark Lethe sleep,
(*f*) By thy mysterious chaines seeking t'unite
Once more the long since torn Hermaphrodite;
He, who thy willing pris'ner long was vowed
And uncompell'd beneath thy Sceptre bowed,
Returnes at last, by thy kind power unbound,
At least with freedome, though not Conquest crowne
And of his dangers past a gratefull signe,
Suspends these papers at thy numerous shrine.

(*a*) Alexis apud Athenæum.

—— συνενηγμένος
Πανταχόθεν ἐν ἑνὶ τόπῳ πολλ' εἴδη φέρων.
Ἡ τόλμα μὲν γὰρ ἀνδρὸς, ἡ δὲ δειλία
Γυναικὸς, &c.

Sophocl. —— Κύπρις οὐ Κύπρις μόνον,
Ἀλλ' ἔστι πάντων ὀνομάτων ἐπώνυμος.

(*b*) Plato, sympos: Φημὶ νεώτατον αὐτὸν εἶναι θεῶν, καὶ ἀεὶ νέον.

(*c. d.*) Plato,

(*c. d.*) Plato. τὸ γὰρ ἐν τοῖς πρεσβυτάτοις εἶναι τῶν θεῶν τίμιον, τεκμήριον δὲ τούτου. γονεῖς γὰρ ἔρωτος οὔτ' εἰσὸν, οὔτε λέγονται ὑπ' οὐδενὸς οὔτε ἰδιώτου, οὔτε ποιητοῦ.

(*e*) Oppian. Cyneq. 2

Γαῖα πέλει σταθερὴ, βελέεσσι δὲ σοῖσι δονεῖται;
Ἄστατος ἔπλετο πόντος, ἀτὰρ σύγε καὶ τὸν ἔπηξας.
Ἦλυθες εἰς αἰθῆρ, οἶδεν δέ σε μακρὸς ὄλυμπος.
Δειμαίνει δέ σε πάντα, καὶ οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθε.
Γαίης ὅσσα τ' ἔνερθε καὶ ἔθνεα λυγρὰ καμόντων.
Οἱ λήθης μὲν ἄφυσσαν ὑπὸ στόμα νηπαθὲς ὕδωρ.

(*f*) Plato. Πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ τρία ἦν τὰ γένη τὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων. (sc. ἄῤῥεν, θῆλυ, καὶ ἀνδρόγυνον) Mox addit, Ἔστι δὴ ἐκ τόσου ὁ ἔρως ἔμφυτος, ἀλλήλων τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, καὶ της ἀρχάνας φύσεως συναγωγὲνς, καὶ ἐπιχειρῶν ποιῆσαι ἓν ἐκ δυοῖν, ἰάσασθαι τὴν φύσιν τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων. Philo. Jud. περὶ τῆς κοσμοποίας. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἐπλάσθη ἡ γυνὴ θεασάμενος ἀδελφὸν εἶδος καὶ συγγενῆ μορφὴν ἠσμένισε τῇ θέᾳ, ἔρως δ' ἐπιγινόμενος καθάπερ ἑνὸς ζώουδιττα τμήματα διεστηκότα συναγαγὼν εἰς ταυτὸν ἁμόττεται.

FINIS.

On FLETCHERS *Works.*

FLetcher, whoſe fame no Age can ever waſte,
Envy of ours, and glory of the laſt,
Is now alive again: and with his name
His ſacred aſhes wak'd into a flame,
Such as before could by a ſecret Charm,
The wildeſt hearts ſubdue, the coldeſt warm:
And lend the Ladies eyes a power more bright,
Diſpenſing thus to either, heat and light.
He to a ſymphathy thoſe ſouls betray'd,
VVhom love or beauty never could perſwade;
And in each mov'd ſpectator, did beget
A real paſſion, by a counterfeit.
When firſt *Bellario* bled, what Lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when *Aſpatia* wept, not any eye
But ſeem'd to wear the ſame ſad livery.
By him inſpir'd the faign'd *Lucina* drew
More ſtreams of melting ſorrow then the true,
But then the ſcornful Lady doth beguile
Their eaſie griefs, and teach them all to ſmile;
Thus he affections could or raiſe or lay,
Love, grief, and mirth thus did his charms obey.
He nature taught her paſſions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new.

Which ſuch a happy likeneſs ſeem'd to bear,
As if that nature Art, Art nature were.
Yet all had nothing been, obſcurely kept
In the ſame Vrn wherein his duſt hath ſlept.
Nor had he riſe the Delphick Wreath to claim,
Had not the dying ſcene expir'd his name.
Oh the indulgent Juſtice of this age,
To grant the Preſs, what it denies the Stage!
Deſpair our joy hath doubled, he is come
Twice welcome by this *Poſt liminium*;
His loſs preſerv'd him, they that ſilenc't wit,
Are now the Authors to eternize it:
Thus Poets are in ſpight of Fate reviv'd,
And Playes by intermiſſion longer liv'd.

On Mr. I. S. *his Poems.*

WHen deereſt friend! thy verſe doth reinſpire
Loves pale decaying Torch with brighter fire.
VVhileſt every where thou doſt dilate thy flame,
And to the world ſpread thy *Odelia's* name:
The Juſtice of all Ages muſt remit
To her the prize of beauty, thee of wit.
Next like ſome skilful Artiſt, who to wonder
Framing ſome piece, diſpleas'd, takes it aſunder,
Thou beauty doſt depoſe, her charms deny,
And all the myſtick chains of love unty:
Thus thy diviner Muſe a power 'bove Fate
May boaſt, that can both make, and uncreate.
Next thou calſt back to life that Lovefick Boy,
To the kinde hearted Nymphs leſs fair then coy;

VVho

VVho by reflex beams burnt with vain deſire,
Did *Phœnix*-like in his own flames expire:
But ſhould he view his ſhadow drawn by thee,
He with himſelf once more in love would be.
Eccho, who though ſhe ſpeech purſue, her haſt,
Can only overtake, and ſtop the laſt.
Shall her firſt ſpeech and humane vail obtain,
To ſing thy ſofter nnmbers ore again.
Thus into dying Poeſy, thy Muſe
Doth full perfection and new life infuſe.
Each line deſerves a Lawrel, and thy praiſe
Asks not a Garland, but a Grove of Bayes.
Nor can ours raiſe thy laſting Trophies higher,
Who only reach at merit, to admire.
But I muſt chide thee friend, why ſhouldſt thou (be
A Patron, yet a friend to Poeſy?
Thou haſt ſo far all future times ſurpaſt,
That none dare write, thus being firſt and laſt,
All their abortive muſes wil ſuppreſs,
And Poetry by this increaſe grow leſs.

To Mr. E. S. *on his Tranſlation of* Medea, *with the other Tragedies of* Seneca *the Philoſopher, and vindication of their Author.*

THat wiſe Philoſopher, who had deſign'd
To life the various paſſions of the minde,
Did wrong'd *Medea's* Iealouſie preſer
To entertain the Roman Theater;
Both to inſtruct the ſoul, and pleaſe the ſight,
At once begetting horror, and delight.
This cruelty thou doſt once more expreſs
Though in a ſtrange, no leſs becoming dreſs,
And her revenge haſt rob'd of half its pride,
To ſee it ſelf, thus by it ſelf outvy'd.
That boldeſt Ages paſt may ſay, our times
Can ſpeak, as well as act their higheſt crimes.
Nor was't enough to do his ſcene this right,
But what thou gav ſt to us, with equal light
Thou wouldſt beſtow on him, nor wert more
Unto the Authors work, then to his duſt; (juſt
Thou doſt make good his title, aid his Claim,
Both vindicate his Poem and his name,
So ſhar'ſt a double wreath, for all that we
Unto the Author owe, he ows to thee.
Though change of tongues ſtoln praiſe to ſome afford,
Thy verſion hath not borrow'd, but reſtor'd.

To

To Mr. I. H. *on his Eſſayes.*

WIts that matur'd by time have courted praiſe,
Shall ſee their works out-done in theſe Eſſayes,
And bluſh to know thy early years diſplay
A dawning, clearer then their brighteſt day.

On Sir I. S. *his Picture and Poems.*

SVCKLING, whoſe numbers could invite
Alike to wonder, and delight,
And with new ſpirit did inſpire,
The Theſpian Scene, and Delphick Lyre,
Is thus expreſt in either part,
Above the humble reach of Art.
Drawn by the Pencil, here you finde
His Form, by his own Pen his Minde.

To Mr. W. H.

THou beſt of friendſhip, knowledg, and of Art!
The charm of whoſe lov'd name, preſerves my heart
From female vanities (thy Name, which there
Till time diſſolves the Fabrick, I muſt wear)
Forgive a Crime which long my ſoul oppreſt,
And crept by chance in my unwary breſt,
So great, as for thy pardon were unfit,
And to forgive, were worſe then to commit,
But that the fault and pain were ſo much one,
The very act did expiate what was done.
I (who ſo often ſported with the flame,
Plaid with the Boy, and laught at both as tame)

Betray'd

Betray'd by idleneſs and beauty, fell
At laſt in love, love both the ſin and Hell:
No puniſhment great as my fault eſteem'd,
But to be that which I ſo long had ſeem'd,
Behold me ſuch, a Face, a Voice, a Lute,
The ſentence in a minute execute.
I yield, recant, the Faith which I before
Deny'd, profeſs; the Power I ſcorn'd, implore.
Alas in vain! no prayers, no vows can bow
Her ſtubborn heart, who neither will alow:
But ſee how ſtrangely what was meant no leſs
Then torment, prov'd my greateſt happineſs;
Delay that ſhould have ſharpned ſtarv'd deſire,
And cruelty not fan'd, but quench'd my fire.
Love bound me, now by kind diſdain ſet free,
I can deſpiſe that love as well as ſhe.
That ſin to friendſhip I away have thrown,
Nor any flame, but what is thine will own,
While ſuch as willingly themſelves beguile,
And ſell away their freedoms for a ſmile,
Bluſh to confeſs our joys as far above
Their hopes, as friendſhip's longer liv'd then Love.

To Mr. I. H.

I'Le not commend thee, for thou haſt outgrown
The reach of all mens praiſes, but thine own.
Encomiums to their full objects are exact;
To praiſe, and not at full, is to detract.
And with moſt Juſtice are the beſt forgot,
For praiſe is bounded when the Theam is not:
Since mine is thus confin'd, and far below
Thy merit I forbear it, nor will ſhew

The Pride of others Autumnes poor appears
To the Ripe fruit thy vernal ſeaſon bears.
Yet though I mean no praiſe, I come t' invite
Thy forward aimes, ſtill to advance their flight;
Riſe higher yet, what though thy ſpreading wreath,
Leſſen to their dul ſight who ſtay beneath?
To thy full learning how can all allow
Juſt praiſe, unleſs that all were learn'd as thou?
Go on in ſpight of ſuch low ſouls, and may
Thy growing worth know age, though not decay,
Till thou pay back thy theft, and live to climbe
As many years as thou haſt ſnatch'd from Time.

The Union.

Μία ψύχη, δύο σώματα.

AS in the Chryſtal center of the ſight
Two ſubtil beams make but one cone of light,
Or when one flame twin'd with another is,
They both aſcend in one bright Piramis;
Our ſpirits thus into each other flow,
One in our being, one in what we know,
In what we will, deſire, diſlike, approve,
In what we love, and one is that pure love,
As in a burning glaſſe the aerial flame,
With the producing Ray is ſtill the ſame:
We to loves pureſt Quintiſſence refin'd,
Do both become one undivided minde.
This ſacred fire into it ſelf converts
Our yielding ſpirits, and our melting hearts,
Till both our ſouls into one ſpirit run,
So ſeveral lines are in their center one.

And

And when thy fair *Idæa* is impreſt,
In the ſoft table of my eaſier breſt,
The ſweet reflexion brings ſuch ſympathy,
That I my better ſelf-behold in thee;
And all perfections that in thee combine,
By this Reſultance are intirely mine.
Thy Rayes diſperſe my ſhades, who only live
Bright in the Luſtre thou art pleas'd to give.

Will. Fairfax.

Anſwer.

IF we are one dear friend! why ſhouldſt thou be
At once unequal to thy ſelf and me?
By thy releaſe thou ſwelſt my debt the more,
And doſt but rob thy ſelf, to make me poor.
What part can I have in thy Luminous Cone,
What Flame (ſince my loves thine) can call my own?
The paleſt ſtar is leſs the ſon of night,
VVho but thy borrow'd know no native light:
VVas't not enough thou freely didſt beſtow
The Muſe, but thou muſt give the Lawrel too?
And twice my aims by thy aſſiſtance raiſe,
Conferring firſt the merit, then the praiſe?
But I ſhould do thee greater injury,
Did I believe this praiſe were meant to me,
Or thought, though thou haſt worth enough to ſpare
T'enrich another ſoul, that mine ſhould ſhare,
Thy Muſe ſeeming to lend, cals home her fame,
And her due wreath doth in renouncing claim.

Δύσμορε θηλυμάνων γλυκὺ μήλεγε κέντρον ἐρώτων.
Μοῦνος ΤΑΣΜΟΥΣΑΣ ὄλβιος ἐστι ΘΕΛΩΝ.

FINIS.

TRANSLA-
TIONS.

EVROPA

Theocriti Idyllium.

ΕΥΡΩΠΗ.

ΕΥΡΩΠΗ ποτὲ Κύπρις ὀπὶ γλυκερῷ ἤμαρ ὄνειρον,
Νυκτὸς ὅτε πρώτατον λάχε ἴσατον, ἐγγύθι δ' ἠοῦς
Γᾶπε ὅτε γλυκίαν μίλιχε βλεφάροισιν ἐρίζων,
Λυσιμελής, πεδάοις μαλακῷ χρὶ φάεα δεσμῷ.
Εὖτε κοὶ ἀγρείοιον πεμπάσιε δαι ἔδυε ὀνείρων.
Τῷμε ὑπωρφίοισιν ἐνικώσασα δύμοισι
Φοίνικε δυάστηρ ἔπι παρθένε Εὐρώπεια,
Ὥισατ' ἠπείρους θεὰς πρὸς ἦε μάχεσθαι,
Ἀσπάσ' ἀνπήρλω τε. φυλὼ δ' ἔχεν οἷα γυναῖκας.
Τῶν δ' ἡ μὲ ξείνης μορφὼ ἔχεν· ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐώκει
Ενδατῆι, κ' μᾶλλον ὧις ἀπεῖχετο κύπρις.
Φάσκεν δ' ὡς μαν ἔπικτε κ' ὡς ἀτίταλέ μιν ἀυτή.
Ἡ δ' ἑτέρη, κεστερῇσι βιαζομένα παλάμῃσιν,
Εἵρυεν ὐκ αἰκίσσασ· ἐπὶ φάτο μόρσιμον εἶ)
Ἐκ Διὸς αἰγιόχυ γίνεσθ' ἱμάσθαι Εὐρώπειαν.
Ἡ δ' ὑπὸ μὲ στραπῆ λεχέων δόρε δειμαίνουσα,
Παλλομένη κραδίλιν· τὸ γὰ ὡς ὕπαρ ἐίδεν ὄνειρον.
Εζομένη δ' ἐπὶ δινεὸν ἀκλιὺ ἔχεν, ἀμφοτέρας δὲ
Εἰσὶπ πεπαμένοισιν ἐν ὔμμασιν εἶχε γυναῖκας.
Οἳ δὲ δὴ μάλ' ἔπειτ' ἀνενείκαλο περθένε ἀυδλὼ,
Τίς μοι τοιάδε φάσματ' ἐπουρανίων θεσπίλε;
Πεῖοί με στραπῆ λεχέων ὕπερ ἐν θαλάμοισιν

Ἡ δὲ

EUROPA.

A Sweet dreame *Venus* once EUROPA lent,
In nights third quarter, near the mornes aſcent;
Whilſt ſlumber which her eylids ſweetly crownd,
Her limbs untied, and her eyes ſoftly bound;
(That time which doth all truer dreames beget.)
EUROPA Phœnix child, a Virgin yet,
Alone in a high chamber taking reſt,
Beholds two Countries that for her conteſt,
The Aſian and her oppoſite; both ſeemd
Like Women; that a ſtranger, this eſteemd
A Native, who (a mother like) doth plead
That ſhe of her was borne, by her was bred;
The other violent hands upon her laid,
And drew by force the unreſiſting maid,
Urging ſhe was as prize to Jove deſignd:
Out of the bed ſhe ſtarts, with troubled mind,
And panting heart; the dream to life's ſo neare:
Long ſate ſhe ſilent; long both women were
After ſhee wakd preſented to her ſence,
Till thus at length ſhe breaks her deep ſuſpence.
Which of the Gods as now I did repoſe,
Perplext my Fancy with deluſive ſhowes?

Η' δὺ μάλα κώκυσεν ἀνεπλήσατο δ' ὄνειρος;
Τίς δ' ἦν ἡ ξείνη ἣν εἶσιδεν ὑπνώουσα;
Ως μ' ἔβαλε χρυσέοιο κέντρου πρόθι· ὣς με κὴ αὐτὴ
Λαπτοίως ὑπέδυκλο, κὴ ὡς σφετέροιο τέκος παῖδα.
Αλλά μοι εἰς ἀγαθὸν μάκαρες κείνειαν ὄνειρον.
Ως εἰπῶσ', ἀνόρουσε· φίλας δ' ἐπιδίζετ' ἑταίρας
Ἥλικας, οἵ τέτιες, συμήρεας, ξυμπαιφίλους·
Τῆσιν ἀεὶ σωάδυσεν, ὅτ' ἐς χορὸν ἐπύναιτο,
Η' ὅτε φαιδρύνοιτο χρόα σφεηχαῖσιν Αναύρου,
Η' ὁπότ' ἐκ λειμῶνος εὐπόκοις λείεια χίρνοι.
Ταὶ δὲ οἱ αἷμα φάανθεν· ἔχον δ' ἐς χεῖρ' ἐκάστη
Αυτοδόκαν τάλαρον· ποτὶ ἧ λειμῶνας ἔβαινον
Αγχιάλους, ὅθι τ' αἰὲν ὁμιλαδὸν ἠερέθοντο,
Τερπόμεναι ροδίῃ τε φυῇ κὴ κύμασι· ἠχῇ·
Αὐτὰρ ἧ χρύσιον τάλαρον φέρεν Εὐρώπεια
Θηλὺν μέγα θαῦμα, μέγαν πόνον Ηφαίστοιο.
Ον Λιβύῃ πόρε δῶρον, ὅτ' ἐς λέχος Επροσιμάν
Η'γεν· ἡ ἧ πόρεν αὖ Βελιαλλεῖ Τηλεφαέσσῃ,
Οἵῃ οἱ εἰνυὸς ἔκτεν· ἀνύμφῳ δ' Εὐρωπίῃ
Μήτηρ Τηλεφάεσσα πεκλυτὸν ὤπασε δῶρον·
Εν τῷ δαίδαλα πολλὰ τετεύχατο μυρμαίροντα·
Εν μὲ ἔλυ χρυσοῖο τι πυγμάνι Ιναχὶς Ἰὼ,
Εἰσόκε πόρτις ἦσα, φυλὼ δ' ἐκ εἶχε γυναικός·
Φοιταλέη ἧ πόδεσσιν ἐφ' ἁλμυρὰ βαῖτε κέλευθα,
Νηχομένη ἰκέλη· κυανῇ δ' ἐτέτυκλο θάλασσα.
Δοιοὶ δ' ἔσσαν ὑ μὲ ἐπ' ὀφρύσι αἰγιαλοῖο
Φῶτες ἀολλίσθην· Σκεπῶτο ἧ ποντοπόρων βοῶν.
Εν δ' ἦν Ζεὺς, ἐπαφάμενος ἠρέμα χειὶ θείῃ
Πόρτος εἰναλίης, τλὼ ἐπαπόρῳ παῖδι Νείλῳ
Εκ βοὸς ἐυκεράοιο πάλιν μετάμειβε γυναῖκα.
Αργύρεος μὲ ἔλυ Νείλε ῥόος· ἡ δ' ἄρα πόρτις,
Χαλκείας χρυσοῦ ἧ τετυγμένος αὐλὸς ἔλυ Ζεὺς.

Amφὶ

My calmer ſleepes diſquieting with feare;
What ſtrangers in my ſlumber did appeare?
Her love ſhot ſodainly into my breaſt;
And kindneſſe like a mother ſhe expreſt.
The Gods vouchſafe this dreame a good event!
Shee roſe, and for her lov'd companions ſent,
In yeares and friendſhip equall, nobly borne,
With them for Balls ſhe us'd her ſelfe t'adorne;
Or in *Anaurus* current bathes; with them
She plucks the fragrant Lilly from her ſtem;
Theſe ſtraight come to her; each a basket held
To gather flowers; ſo walke they to a field
Neighbring toth'Sea, whither they often went
Pleas'd with the waters noyſe and Roſes ſcent.
A golden basket faire *Europa* bare,
Rich, yet in *Vulcans* workmanſhip more rare,
Which *Neptune* firſt to Libya gave when he
Obtaind her bed, to *Telephaſſa* ſhe
Wife to her ſon, from *Telephaſſa* laſt
This to unwed *Europ'* her daughter paſt
Which many figures neatly wrought did hold.
Inachian Io was here carv'd in gold,
Not yet in Womans ſhape, but like a Cow;
Who ſeem'd to ſwim, and force (enraged) through
The briny Sea her way; the Sea was blew;
Upon the higheſt point of land to view
The wave-dividing heifer, two men ſtand;
Jove ſtrokes the wet Cow with his ſacred hand,
Who unto ſeaven-mouth'd Nilus croſſing over,
Doth caſt her hornes, and womans ſhape recover.
In ſilver Nilus floud, the Cow in braſſe,
And *Jupiter* in Gold engraven was;

Mercury's

Αμφὶ δὲ δυπέτηϛ ὑπὸ τεφάνῃσι πυλάεσσιν
Ερμῆς ἤπιος· πύλας δ' ὀϊξε ἀπτερύγων
Ἄρρας, ἀχοιμήτοισι κατασμύξ ὀφθαλμοῖσι.
Τοῖο δὲ φοιτήσηϛ ἀφ' αἵματοϛ ἐξανέπτατο
Ὄρνις ἀγαλλόμενοϛ πτερύγων πολυανθέϊ χροιῇ·
Ταρσὸν ἀναπλώσας, ὥσπερ τέ πϛ ὠκύαλοϛ πῖπϛ,
Χρυσοῦο πυλάεσσι πέλασκε πτέρνα τερσῆϛ.
Τοῖϛ ἔλιν πάλαιϛ πεπαλλόμενοϛ. Εὐριπίδης.

Αἱ δ', ἐπὶ δῶμ λευκῆϛ ἐσήλυθον ἀνδρομέοντας,
Ἄλλαι ἐπ' ἀλλοίοισι τότ' ἄνδρεσι δωμὸν ἔτερπον·
Τῶν ἡ μὲν νέκυσσιν ἐΰπτοον, ἡ δ' ὑάλιπδον,
Ἡ δ' ἦον, ἡ δ' ἔρπυλλον ἀπαίνυτο· πολλὰ δ' ἔεργε
Λευκῶν ἐκ ξεφίων πέπλοισι πύπλα.
Αἱ δ' ἄντε ξανθοῖο κέρης δύσεσαν ἐδείρῳ
Δράκοντοϛ ἐειδομένοισι· ἀτὰρ μέση ἔϛη ἄνασσα,
Ἀγλαΐῃ πυρσοῖο ῥόδα χείρεσι λύγνα,
Οἷά περ ἐν Χαείτεσσι δίνασπιν Ἀφροδίτη.
Οὐ μὲν δὴ ἐμέλλεν ἐπ' ἄνδρεσι δωμὸν ἰαίνειν,
Οὐδ' ἄρα πω δύνιχλιν μίκλιν ἀχραντον ἔρυτζ.
Ἦ γὰρ δὴ Κυνίδης, ὃϛ μιν φρέσιν, ὡϛ ἐδάηται
Θυμὸν, ἀνωΐστοισιν ὑποδμηθεὶϛ βελέεσσι
Κύπριδοϛ, ἣ μύνη δύναται καὶ Ζῆνα δαμάσσαι.
Δὴ γὰρ ἀλάλυμένοϛ τε χόλον ζηλήμονοϛ Ἥρηϛ,
Παρθενικῆϛ τ' ἐδίλων ἀπαλὸν νόον ἐξαπατῆσαι,
Κρύψε θεὸν, καὶ πρόφρα δίμας, καὶ γίγνετο παῦρος,
Οὐχ οἷοϛ ταθμοῖϛ ἐπιφρίσσεται, ὃϛ μὴ μὴν οἷοϛ
Ὧλλε διατμήσσει, σύρων ὑπερμενὲϛ ἄεθλον·
Οὐδ' οἷοϛ πείμησι ὀπιζόσκεται, ὃϛ μὴ μὴν οἷοϛ
Θ'ϛ πϛ ὑποδμηθεὶϛ ἐρύσει πολύφορϐον ἀπήνην.
Τῷ δ' ἤτοι τὸ μὲν ἄλλο δίμας ξανθὸν χρόον ἔσκεν,
Κύκλοι δ' ἀργύφεοι μέσσῳ μάρμαιρε μετώπῳ,
Οσσε δ' ὑπογλαύσσκε δ' ἱμείρεν ἀεσσάντων. Casaub.

Ισά

Mercury's figur'd on the furthest round,
And next him lies distended on the ground
Argus endu'd with many watchfull eyes,
Out of whose purple bloud a bird doth rise,
Proud of his various flowry plumes, his taile
He spreadeth like a swift ship under saile,
And comprehends the border with his wings;
Such is the basket faire *Europa* brings.
All at the painted field arrive, where these
With severall flowers their severall fancies please.
One sweet *Narcissus* plucks, another gets
Wild Savory, Hyacinths and Violets, (share,
Many false spring-borne flowers the ground doth
Some strive which yellow *Crocus* fragrant haire
Should faster pluck; Ith'midst the Queen doth stand
Gathering the Roses beauty with her hand;
The Graces so by *Venus* are outshin'd.
Nor must she long with flowers divert her mind,
Nor long preserve unstaind her Virgin zone,
For *Jove* upon the medow looking downe,
By *Venus* subtle darts was struck in love,
Venus hath power to captivate great *Jove*.
Who of frow'rd *Junos* jealousy afraid,
And that he might deceive the tender maid,
In a Bulls shape his deity doth vaile,
Not such as are in stables bred, or traile
The crooked plough, the furrowd earth to wound,
Or run amongst the heards in pasture ground,
Or are to draw the laden Waggon us'd.
Yellow ore all his body is diffus'd,
Save a white circle shines amidst his brow.
His bright er eyes with amorous sparkles glow,

His

Ἰσά τ' ἐστ' ἀλλήλοισι χέρα ἀντύγα καμπύλ',
Ἀσπὶς θ' ἡμιτόμῳ κεκαδὼς ἅτε κύκλα σελήνης.
Ἠλυθε δ' ἐς λεμβίδα· καὶ ὑκ ἐφόβησεν φαανδὴς
Παρθενικὰς, πάσησι δ' ὕρας γένετ' ὀγκυς ἰκέσθαι,
Ψαύσαί θ' ἱμερτῆϊ βοὸς, τὸ ἄμελγετο δ ὁ μὼ
Τηλόθι χὴ λεμβίδ θ' ἑκάμνυτο λαὸν αὐτμιώ.
Στῆ δ' ποδὼν θεσπέσιδαν ἀμύμων θ' Εὐρωπίης,
Καὶ οἱ λιχμάζεσκε λέρλω, κατέθελγε δ' κύρλω·
Ἡ δ' μὲν ἀμφαφάασκε, χὴ ἠέμα χείρεσιν ἀφρὸν
Πολλὸν ὑπὸ γναμάτων ἀπομόργνυτο, χὴ κύε παῖδα.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ μειλίχιον μυκήσατο· φαίης κ' ἀυλὸν
Μυγδονίς λιγυὸν ἧκεν ἀνηπύοντ θ' ἑκάεργον.
Ὠκεανὸν δ' ὑπὸ πόδεσσιν ὑδρόεντα δ' Εὐρώπειαν,
Αὐχένι ὑπερφίαλ, χὴ οἱ πλατὺ δείκανε νῶτον.
Ἡ δ', βαθυπλοκάμοισι μετέννεπε παρθενικῆσι,
Δεῦτ' ἑταραι φίλιαι χὴ ὁμήλικες, ὄφρ' ὑπὸ πόδσὶ
Ἐζόμεθα ταύρῳ τερπώμεθα· δὴ γὰρ ἀπάσας,
Νῶτον ὑποδρήσας, ἀναδήσεται, οἷά τε νῆϊς·
Περπὺς ὅδ' εἰσιδέειν χὴ μείλιχος θ', ὡδέ τι ταύρεις
Ἄλλοισι θεσπέσιος· νόος θ' δέ οἱ ἠΰτε φασὶς
Αἴσιμος ἀμφιδέειν, μούνης δ' ὑπαδεύεται αὐδῆς.
Ὡς φαμένη, νώτοισιν ἐρίζατο μειδιόωσα·
Αἱ δ' ἄλλαι μέλλησον· ἄφαρ δ' ἀνεπάλματο ταῦρος,
Ἦν δ'ελεν ἁρπάξας· ὠκὺς δ' ὑπὸ πόντον ἴκανεν.
Ἡ δ' μεταιρομένη φίλας κελέσκετο ἑταίρας,
Χεῖρας ὀρεγνυμένη· ταὶ δ' ὐκ ἐδύναντο κιχάνειν·
Ἀκτὰων δ' ὑπὸ ἀὸς θεόωτο δῖον, ἰὼ τε δελφίς.
Νηρεΐδες δ' ἀνέδυσαν ὑπ' ἐξ ἁλός, αἱ δ' ἅρα πᾶσαι
Κητείοις νώτοισιν ἐφημένα ἔσχεθον. Scalig.
Καὶ δ' ἀὐλὸς βαρὺ δοπ θ' ὑπὸ ἁλὸς Ἐννοσίγαι θ',
Κῦμα κατδύνον, ἁλίης ἠχῆτο κελεύθε
Αὐτοκασιγνήτῳ· τοὶ δ' ἀμφὶ μιν ἠγερέθοντο

Τείτωνες,

His hornes with equall length rise from his head,
Like the Moones Orb, to halfe a circle spread.
Into the mead he comes, nor (seen) doth fright
The Virgins, to approach him all delight,
And stroke the lovely Bull, whose Divine smell
Doth far the meads perfumed breath excell;
Before unblam'd *Europas* feet he stood,
Licking her neck, and the maid kindly woo'd;
Shee stroakd and kist him, and the foame that lay
Upon his lip wip'd with her hand away:
He softly bellowed, such a humming sound
Forth-breathing as *Mygdonian* pipes resound.
Downeat her feet he kneeles viewing the maid
With writhed neck, and his broad back displaid,
When she toth'faire-hair'd Virgins thus doth say;
Come hither deare companions, let us play,
Securely with this bull, and without feare:
Who like a Ship all on his back will beare.
He tame appeares to sight, and gently kind,
Diffring from others, a discursive mind
Bearing like men, and only voyce doth lack.
This said, she smilling gets upon his back;
Which the rest offering, the Bull leaps away,
And to the Sea beares his desired pray;
She calls with stretchd out hands, she turns to view
Her friends, alasse unable to pursue;
Down leaps he, Dolphin like glides through the seas.
Up from the Deep rise the *Nereides*,
Mounted on Whales to meet her on the way:
Whilst hollow-sounding *Neptune* doth allay
The waves, and is himselfe his brothers guide
In this Sea-voyage; *Tritons* on each side,

(The

Τείτυτες, πόντοιο βαθυῤῥόου ἐναπεπᾶρες,
Κόχλοισιν πεπασῖς γάμιον μέλος ἠπείροντες.
Ἦ δ' ἄρ' ἐφεζομένη Ζηνὸς βοίοις ἐπὶ νώτοις,
Τῇ μ' ἔχεν πάρος ἁλμυρὸν κάρηϊ, ἐν χερὶ δ' ἄλλῃ
Εἴρυε πορφυρέας κόλπῳ πτύχας· ὄφρα μιν ἥλῳ Ἀπίας.
Δεύοι ἐφελκομένην πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἀπτόλεον ὕδωρ·
Κολπώθη δ' ὤμοισι πέπλος βαθύς· Εὐρωπόνης,
Ἰσίον οἷά τε νηὸς, ἐλαφρείῃσιν ἐπ' αὔρῃσιν.
Ἦ δ' ὅτι δὴ γαίης ὑπὸ παπτήνασα μέλαθρον,
Φαίνετο δ' ὄτ' ἀκτή τις ἀλίῤῥοος, ὅτ' ὄρος αἰπύ,
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μ' ὑπέρθυμον, ἔνερθε δὲ πόντος ἀπείρων,
Ἀμφὶ δὲ παπτήνασα, τοίην ἀνενοίατο φωτὶ
Πῇ μεφόρεες Δεύταυρε; τίς ἔπλετο; πῶς δὲ χάλεν υδωρ
Ἀργαλέοισι πόδεσσι δ' ἱερχεαι, ὑδὲ θάλασσαν
Δειμαίνεις; πυκιὸν γὰρ ὀδίτροχός ἐστι θάλασσα
Ὠκυάλοις, ταῦροι δ' ἀλίῃ ὀχμάσιν ἀταρπόν.
Πεῖόν σοι πόδον ἠδύ; τίς ἐξ ἁλὸς ἔσσο' ἐφωδή;
Ἦ ῥάπις ἐσσὶ θεὸς; τί θεοῖς ἀπεικότα ῥέζεις;
Οὔδ' ἅλιοι δελφῖνες ὑπὸ χθονὸς, ὑ τί τε ταῦροι
Ἐν πόντῳ τείχυσι· σὺ δὲ χθόνα κῆ ἐπὶ πόντῳ
Ἄζεχες· αἶσαν, γηλαὶ δέ τοι ἐσὶν ἐρετμά.
Ἦ τάχα κῆ γλαυκῆς ὑπὸ πέρας ὑψόσ' ἀερθεὶς,
Ἰκέλη αἰθυίῃσι ποτήσαι οἰωνοῖσιν.
Οἴμοι, ἐγὼ μέγα δή τι δυσάμμορος, ἢ ῥά τε δῶμα
Πατρὸς ἀποφθιμένου, κῆ ἐπομένη βοὶ πρόφρι,
Ξείνῃ ναυπλίῃ ἐφέπω, κῆ πλάζομαι οἶη.
Ἀλλὰ σύ μοι μεδέων πολιῆς ἁλὸς Ἐννοσίγαιε
Ἱλαθ' ἀνηκέστοιο· ἑέλπομαι εἰσοράασθαι
Τόνδε κασιγνήτοιο πλέον ἐκπλαδίοιο δόμοιο.
Οὐκ ἀθεεὶ γὰρ ταῦτα διέρχομαι ὑγρὰ κέλευθα.
Ὣς φάτο· τὼ δ' ὦδε προσερώτευν ζυρύκρεως βῶς,
Θάρσει παρθενικὴ, μὴ δείδιθι πόντιον οἶδμα·

Αὐτὰς

(The deeps inhabitants) about him throng,
And ſound with their long ſhells a nuptiall Song;
She, by tranſformed *Iupiter* thus borne,
With one hand holding faſt the bulls large horne,
Her purple garment with the other ſaves
Unwet by the ſwolne Oceans froathy waves;
Her mantle (flowing ore her ſhouldiers) ſwelld
Like a full ſaile, and the young maid upheld.
Now borne away far from her native coaſt,
Her ſight the wave-waſht ſhore and mountains loſt,
She ſees the Heav'ns above, the Seas beneath,
And looking round about theſe cries doth breath.
Oh whither ſacred Bull? who art thou, ſay!
That through undreaded flouds canſt break thy way;
The Seas are pervious to ſwift ſhips alone,
But not to Bulls is their feard voyage knowne;
What food is here? or if ſome God thou be
Why doſt what misbeſeemes a Deity?
Upon the land no Dolphins, no Bulls move
Upon the Sea; Thou Sea and Land doſt prove
Alike; whoſe feet like Oares aſſiſt thy haſt;
Perhaps thou'lt ſoare through the bright aire at laſt
On high, and like the nimble Birds become.
Me moſt unhappy, who have left my home,
A Bull to follow, voyages unknowne
To undertake, and wander all alone.
But *Neptune* thou that rul'ſt the foaming maine
Be pleas'd to help me; ſure I ſhall obtaine
A ſight of this great God who is my guide,
Nor elſe could I theſe fluid paths have tride.
The largely-horned Bull thus anſwerd; Maid
Be bold, nor of the ſwelling waves afraid,

For

Αὐτός τοι Ζεὺς εἰμὶ, καὶ ἐγγύθεν οἴδομαι εἶναι
Ταῦρος· ἐπεὶ δύναμαί γε φανήμεναι ὅττ' ἐθέλοιμι.
Σὸς δὲ πάθος μ' ἐνέηκε τόσην ἅλα μετρήσασθαι
Ταῦρον ἐσιδόμενον. Χρήτη δέ σε δέξεται ἤδη,
Ἡ μ' ἔθρεψε καὶ αὐτόν· ὅπα νυμφήϊα σοῖο
Ἔσσεται ἐξ ἐμέθεν δὲ κλυτοὺς μάλα φύσσεαι εἶναι,
Οἳ σκηπτοῦχοι ἅπασιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἔσονται.

Ὡς φάτο· καὶ τετέλεστο τά τῆρ φάτο· φαίνετο μὲν δὴ
Κρήτη, Ζεὺς δὲ πάλιν ἑτέρην ἀνελάζετο μορφήν.
Λῦσε δέ οἱ μίτρην, καὶ οἱ λέχος ἔντυνον Ὧραι.
Ἡ δὲ πάρος κούρη, Ζηνὸς γίνετ' αὐτίκα νύμφη,
Καὶ Κρονίδῃ τέκνα τίκτε, καὶ αὐτίκα γίνετο μήτηρ.

In

For I am *Iove* who now a Bull appeare,
And whatſoever ſhape I pleaſe can weare;
In this to meaſure the wide Sea conſtraind
For love of thee; thou ſhalt be entertaind
By *Creet* my Nurſe; our nuptialls ſhall be there
Perform'd, and thou of mo great ſons ſhall beare,
To whoſe imperious Scepters all ſhall bow.
What he had ſaid event made good; *Creet* now
Appeares in view; *Iove* his own form doth take,
And loos'd her zone; the Howers their bed did make,
She, late a Virgin, ſpouſe to *Iove* became,
Brought him forth ſons, and gaind a mothers name.

In

In Europam.

Theocriti, an *Moſchi* ſit hoc *Idyllium* in dubio eſt. Certe inter *Theocritica* locum habet, tam in antiquis editionibus quam in recentioribus. Et cum rationes nullas adducant viri doctiores qui *Moſcho* tribuere malunt, ego nihil video quin *Theocrito* adſcribatur. Fuit *Theocriti* major æſtimatio quam *Moſchi*; ſiquidem unus fuit ex ſeptem poetis qui ſub *Ptolomæo Philadelpho* floruere, & Pleiades dicebantur. Tzetzes in Lycophron: Lil. Gyrald. de Poet, hiſt. dial. 3.

Verſ. 3. Τ᾽πνῳ ὅτε μιλί]ῳ γλυκίων] Themiſtius *Ariſtotelis* paraphraſtes, ὅτι τῶν ἄλλων ἡδέων ἥμας παθῶν ὁ ὕπνος ἥδιόν ἐστι. ἐρῶσι μὲν γὰρ ἄλλοι ἄλλων ἐπιθυμοῦσι· διὰ πλῆθος ἡδονῆς πολλῷ τῷ ὁμοίῳ χαιρουσιν. ἔστι τῶν ἄλλων ἐπιθυμιῶν κρατεῖ καὶ ὅσοι σφοδρότατοι. Hinc ἥδιστος Homero dicitur, Virgilio *dulcis*, Æneid. 6.

Verſ. 4. Λυσιμελὴς] ἤτοι ὁ τὰ μέλη τῆς σώμα]ος λύων, ἤτοι μελαδίας τινὰς τὰς μεϊμνας λύων. Heſych. Diogenes Laert: in vita Zenonis, τὸν δὲ ὕπνον γίνεσθαι, ἐκλυομένης τῆς αἰσθητικῆς τόνου περὶ τὸ ἡγεμονικόν. Quæ totidem verbis Suidas repetit. Λυσιμάνων λύσις definitur a Saluſtio Philoſopho.

Ibid. πεδὰα μαλακῶ κατα φάεα δεσμῶ] Vincula Poetæ ſomno tribuunt; Orpheus.

Σώματα δεσμεύων ἐν ἀχαλκήτοισι πέδῃσι.

Apollon. —— δεδημένοι ὑγρὰ ζόφοιο Τ᾽πνῳ. Virgilius, in Ciri,

—— *dulci devinctus lumina ſomno.*

Nec id temere factum: Ariſtot. de ſomno & Vigil. ὁ γὰρ ὕπνος πάθος τι τῆς αἰσθητικῆς μορίου ἐστὶν, ὅλου δεσμός τις καὶ ἀκινησία.

Verſ. 5. Εὖτε καὶ ἀπειλωπεμιάνεται ἀθρόα ὀνείρων] Vrpote ab alia cauſa quam è vaporibus orta; nam *à vino, à cibis proxima, vana eſſe* aſſerit Plinius l. 10. 75.

Verſ. 6.

Verſ. 6. Ὑπωροφίοισιν ἐνικνώσουσα δόμοισι] In Thalamo, verſ. 22. Veteres uxoribus in editiore ædium parte ὑπερώους θαλάμους κατεσκέυαζον, ὑπὸ τοῦ δυσεντεύκτους αὐτὰς εἶναι, Euſtath. Ibi ſub matrum cuſtodia degebant virgines, ſeorſim a viris: eo reſpexit Phocilides,

Παρθενικὴν δὲ φύλασσε πολυκλείστοις θαλάμοισι,
Μηδέ μιν ἄχρι γάμων πρὸ δόμων ὀφθῆναι ἐάσῃς.

Nonnus Dionyſ. lib. 4.

Παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνέπαλτο καὶ ὠμάρτησε τεκούσῃ
Εἰς δόμον αἰπύδμητον· ἀναπτύξασα δὲ μήτηρ
Ἑπταμύχου θαλάμοιο πολυσφρέγιστον ὀχῆα.

Achilles Tat. de Clitoph. & Leucip. l. 2 Ταύτην εἶχον τὴν καταγωγὴν αἱ γυναῖκες, καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐνδοτέρῳ τῶν οἰκημάτων, ἥτε παρθένος καὶ ἡ μήτηρ αὐτῆς διελήφεσαν, ἑκατέρᾳ τὰ ἀντικρύ. Hinc παρθένος ἐκ θαλάμου Græcis, *matrem ſequens* Horatio dicitur ἡ μήπω γεγαμημένη.

Verſ. 7. Φοίνικος θυγάτηρ] Agenoris filia Apollodoro, initio lib. 3. Herodotus l. 4. c. 45. dubitat hanc mundi partem ἀπὸ τῆς Συρίης Εὐράπης λαβεῖν τὸ οὔνομα. *ab Europâ Tyriâ* vertit Valla. Nam Cretenſes Tyrum appuliſſe & Europam rapuiſſe ſcripſerat Herod. l. 1. c. 2. Chronographi Euſebium ſequuti, hæc circa Joſhuæ Iſraelitarum Ducis tempora contigiſſe tradunt; At Arundelliana Epocharum ſtela (quam doctiſſimis lucubrationibus edidit Seldenus noſter) Cadmum Thebas adveniſſe, & Cadmeam condidiſſe, ſub Amphictyone Athenarum rege, docet, id eſt ante Exodum Iſraelitarum ex Ægypto. Ex quibus conſtat Europam non fuiſſe Tyriam, quia Tyrus longo poſt temporum condita. Nam Joſephus (l. 8. c. 2.) refert Tyrum conditam non niſi 240 anno ante Templum Salomonis: illud autem ædificari cæpit anno 480 ab egreſſu Iſraelitarum ex Ægypto. 1 Reg. 6. 1.

Verſ. 27. Ἀλλά μοι εἰς ἀγαθὸν μάκαρες κρίνειαν ὄνειρον] Mali ominis avertendi forma. Propert.

Dii meliora ferant, nec ſint inſomnia vera
Quæ tulit heſterna peſſima nocte quies.

Vers. 31. Θεσπρωτῶν Ἀναύρῳ] Non *ad ostia Anauri*, ut vulgaris habet interpretatio, sed *in profluente Anauro*. Orpheus.

Οὗ ῥ' Ἀχαρνιάδες Πέρκωπες τ' ἴυσαχον αἶαν
Ἀργυρέαις Αἴσηπον ἐπικλύζει Θεσπρώτιν.

Ut observavit Hoelzlinus in Apollonii Argonaut. lib. 1. v. 11. Quod ad Anaurum vero spectat, vereor ut ejus nominis fluvius in Syriâ inveniri possit apud Geographos; Poetis tamen est usitatissimum id fluvii nomen, alii in Thessalia, alii in Troade ad Idam ponunt. sed de quolibet torrente dici refert Eustathius ad Dionys. διὰ τὸ μὴ ὁμοίως τοῖς ἀενάοις αὔρας ἀποτελεῖν.

Vers. 39. ὅτ' ἐς λέχος Ἐννοσιγαίου Ἦλθ'] Nonn. Dionys. lib. 3.

— Λιβύης δ' ἐπὶ παῖδα θέλυνεν
Μίμφιδος ἄχεις ἴκαρ Ποσειδάωνι μεταλλᾶσαι.

Vers. 40. Τηλεφάασσαν] Genealogia apud Apollodorum, lib. 2. & initio 3. Ἀγήνωρ παρεγενόμενος εἰς τὴν Εὐρώπην γαμεῖ Τηλέφασσαν. Quomodo in Europam, nondum Europâ natâ? *Phœnix & Cadmus de Thebis Ægyptiorum in Syriam profecti, apud Tyrum & Sidonem regnaverunt*: Euseb: anno 562. Bochartus negat hos in Ægypto natos, eo quod nomina Phœnicia sunt, non Ægyptia. P. 2. l. 1. c. 4.

Vers. 44. Ἰὼ] Europæ Calathum Jûs fabula exornavit perquam appositè. facete Martialis,

Mutari melius Tauro pater optime Divum
Tunc poteras, Iò cum tibi vacca fuit.

Quod ex eo forsan transtulit Nonnus,

Ζεὺς ἅτε πόρτις ἐοῦσα κερασφόρος ἤμβεσεν Ἰὼ,
Ὅτ]ι σε μή ποτε τοῖον ἴδεν πόσιν, ὄφρα λοχεύσῃ,
Ἰσοφυῆ πατὰ ταῦρον ὁμοκεράῳ παρακοίτῃ.

At serio Æschilus, Ικετ.

χα. Οὐκοῦν πιλάζει Ζεὺς ἐπ' ἐυκεράῳ βοΐ;
χο. Φασὶ πρέπουτα βυθόῳ ταύρῳ Νύμας.

Vers. 45.

Verſ. 45. Εἰσέτι πόρτις ἐοῦσα] In hanc fabulam verſus Æſchili non pigebit emendatos adſcribere, qui apud poetam corruptiſſimi habentur. Ικετιδ.

κο. Κλειδοῦχον Ηρας φασὶ δωμάτων ποτὲ
Ἰὼ μιγέσθαι τῇ δ' ἐν ἀργείᾳ χθονὶ
Ζῆν', ὡς μάλιστα καὶ φάτις πολλὴ κρατεῖ.
βα. Μὴ καὶ λόγος τὶς Ζῆνα μιχθῆναι βροτῷ;
κο. Καὶ κρυπτά γ' Ηρας ταῦτα τῶν παλλάγματα.
βα. Πῶς οὖν τελευτᾷ βασιλέων νείκη τάδε;
κο. Βοῦν τὴν γυναῖκ' ἔθηκεν ἀργεία θεός.

Verſ. 46. Φοιταλέη] μανιώδης Heſych: Oeſtro percita, quod vulgarem interpretem latuit; Æſchilus,

Οἴστρῳ ἐρεσσομένα
Φεύγει ἀμβρτίνοος
Πολλὰ βροτῶν διαμειβομένα
Φῦλα· διχῇ δ' ἀντίπορον
Γαῖαν ἐν αἴσᾳ διατέ—
Μνῶσα πόρον κυμαλίαν ὀρίζει,
Ἰάπτει βασίδος (lege δ' ἄσιδος) δι' αἴας
Μηλοβότου φρυγίας διαμπάξ.

Verſ. 48. ἐπ' ὀφρύος αἰγιαλοῖο] Sic & Apollon: Argon: lib. 1. Oppian: Hal: 4. S. Luc: 4. 29. ἤγαγε αὐτὸν ἕως τῆς ὀφρύος τοῦ ὄρους. Heſych. ὀφρὺς, τὰ κρημνώδη καὶ τραχέα τῶν ὀρῶν, καὶ ἔπαρσις ὑπερηφανία. Latinis etiam in uſu; Virgil: *ſupercilium clivoſi tramitis*; Livio *montis*, Apuleio *ripæ ſupercilium*.

Verſ. 59. πτερύγων πολυανθεῖ χροιῇ] Achilles Tat: de Clitoph: & Leuc: lib. ὁ ταὼς τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ἐπισύρων τὸ πτερόν. ἀντέλαμπεν δὲ ἡ τῶν ἀνθῶν θέα, τῇ τῶν ὀρνίθων χροιᾷ, καὶ ἦν ἄνθη πτερῶν. Nec minus eleganter poſtea λειμῶνα πτερῶν dixit.

Verſ. 64. Ἄλλαι ἐπ' ἀλλοίοισι] Imitatus eſt hunc locum Claudianus de raptu Proſ. lib. 2.

Pratorum ſpoliatur honos, hæc lilia fuſcis
Intexit violis, hanc mollis amaracus ornat;
Hæc graditur ſtellata roſis, hæc alba liguſtris;
Te quoque flebilibus mœrens Hyacinthe figurat,
Narciſſumque metunt.

Verſ. 79. Κρύψε θεὸν] Marino.

L'alta divinitate in Toro aſconde.

Ovidius, *diſſimulare deum.* Claudianus *mentiri virum.* Caſſiodor: *celare hominem* eodem ſenſu.

Ibid. καὶ γίγνετο ταῦρος] Lycophron dixit Europam navigio vectam cujus paraſemon in prora erat Taurus. ἐν παρεμόρῳ τεράμνῳ τυπώμαν. Sed fabula nititur potius homonymiâ Phœniciæ vocis Alpha, quæ & Bovem & Navem ſignificat, quod docet Bochartus Geogr. Sacr.

Verſ. 84. Τῆ δ' ἤτοι &c. Verſ. 87. Ἰσα τ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι &c:] Quæ paraphraſtice ſic reddidit Achilles Tat. lib. 2. Τὸ κέρας, ὐχ' ὡς ὁ Σικυλικὸς εὐτελής, οὐδ' ὡς κύπελλον, δυσειδὴς, ἀλλ' ὁκ ἄγαν χροτάφων ὄρθιον ἀναξᾶνον, κατὰ μικρὸν ἑκατέρωθεν κυρτούμενον τὰς κορυφὰς σωμάτει τοσοῦτον, ὅσον ἡ μὲν κεράτων διῆσαι ἀρχαὶ, ἡ τὸ σῶμα κυκλουμένης σελήνης ὄζειν εἰκών· ἡ χροιὰ δὲ οἵαν ὄμπνῳ που τῆ θερμὸς ἵπτασθαι ἐπιτρεῖ. Horat.

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ deferentis ortum,
Qua notam duxit niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.

Acute Gongora, Soledad, 1.

—— *el mentido robador d' Europa,*
Media Luna las armas de ſu frente,
Y el ſol todo los rayos de ſu pelo.

Verſ. 86. ὑπογλαύσειε] Scholiaſtes Callimachi, ὑπογλαύσειν, ὑπολάμπειν. ad hymn: 3. & ad illud Apollonii Argon. lib. 1.

—— διαγλαύσασι δ' ἀτυρπὸς

γλαυκὸν interpres λαμπρὸν exponit; nec aliam ob rationem Minervam

Minervam γλαυκῶπιν dici vult. Hesych. λαμπρόφθαλμον reddit. tametsi hoc in vitio videatur ponere Lucianus, in Dial. Jovis & Vulcani.

Ibid. δι' ἵμερον ἀστράπτοντε] Ipsius Amoris talis est apud Moschum descriptio.

---ὄμματα δ' αὐτοῦ Δειμῦλα καὶ φλογόεντα.

Heliod. lib. 1. ὀφθαλμοὶ πάντας καταστράψαντες. Aristenæt: epist. 1. lib. 1. ὀφθαλμοὶ καθαρῷ πυρὶ διαλάμποντες.

Vers. 113. ἠΰτε δελφίς] Oppian: Cyneg. lib. 1. præcipua celeritatis exempla enumerans.

Ἢ δελφὶς πολιοῖσιν ἐλιθαίνων ῥοθίοισι.

Vers. 120. Κόχλοισιν ταναοῖς γάμιον μέλος ἠπύοντες] Nonnus ad verbum pene transtulit.

Τρίτων δ' ἠπεροπῆα Διὸς μυκυθημὸν ἀκούων
Αντίτυπον Κρονίωνι μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ,
Ἀείδων ὑμέναιον.

Dionys: lib. 1. Lucian: τό, τε, τῶν τριτώνων γένος, καὶ εἴ τι ἄλλο μὴ φοβερὸν ἰδεῖν τῶν θαλαττίων, ἅπαντα περιχόρευε τὴν παῖδα.

Vers. 122. τῇ] Ovidio *dextra*, Manilio *læva*, & Luciano, qui nostrum imitatus, τῇ λαιᾷ, inquit, μὲν εἴχετο τοῦ κέρατος, ὡς μὴ ἀπολιθάνοι· τῇ ἑτέρᾳ δὲ ἠνεμωμένον τὸν πέπλον ξυνεῖχε. Sic & Achill: Tat: lib. 1. τῇ λαιᾷ τοῦ κέρας ἐχομένη ὥσπερ ἡνίοχος χαλινοῦ. cui forsan respexit Nonnus, lib. 11.

Χερσὶ κέρας κρατέουσα καὶ οὐ χατεοῦσα χαλινοῦ.

Vers. 125. Κολπώθη δ' ὤμοισι πέπλος βαθὺς Εὐρωπείης Ἰσίον οἷά τε νηὸς] Πέπλος est, ἱμάτιον γυναικεῖον καὶ ποικίλον, ὧν περίπελός τις ὤν. Suid: Eustath: Ovid:

——*Sinuantur flamine vestes.*

Nonn: Dionys:

Καὶ δολόεις βορέης γαμίη δεδονημένος αὔρῃ,
Φᾶρος ἵλον κόλπωσε δυσίμερος.

Sed nostri elegantiam retinuit Achilles Tatius, lib. 1. ἡ δὲ δίκην ἐπικάθητο τῷ ταύρῳ πλεούσης νηὸς ὡσπερεὶ τῷ πέπλῳ ἱστίῳ χρωμένη, Marino.

del animata nave
Era temone il corno, e vela il velo,
Che 'ngravidato e gonfio
Di placid' aura e di secondo vento
La portava veloce.

Vers. 128. Φαίνετο δ' οὔτ' ἀκτή τις ἁλίῤῥοος] Virgil: Æneid: 5.

—— *nec jam amplius ulla*
Occurrit tellus, cœlum undique & undique pontus.

Vers. 133. νηυσὶν γὰρ ἐπίδρομός ἐστι θάλασσα] Nonn: Dionys:

Μὴ πλωτὴν Κρονίδης τελέει χθόνα, μὴ διὰ πόντου
Ὕγρος ἀλιβρέκτοιο χαράσσεται ὁλκὸς ἁμάξης
Παπταίνω κατὰ κῦμα νόθον πλόον.

Vers. 135. Ποῖόν σοι ποτὸν ἡδύ; τὶς ἐξ ἁλὸς ἔσσετ' ἐδωδὴ] Et hæc mutuatus est Nonnus,

—— οὐδὲ κέ Νηρεὺς
Βουκόλος, οὐ Πρωτεὺς ἀρότης, οὐ Γλαῦκος ἁλωεὺς
Οὐχ' ἕλος οὐ λειμῶνες ἐν οἴδμασιν.

Vers. 139. χηλαὶ δέ τοι εἰσὶν ἔρετμα] Oppian: Cyneg: lib. 2.

Ποσσὶ μὲν οἷα πλάταισιν ἐρέσσουσιν μέλαν ὕδωρ.

Ερέσσων ποσσὶν dixit Callimachus, Epigr. 6.

Vers. 153. ἅλα μητρήσασθαι] Sic Lucilius apud Nonium.

Vir mare metitur magnum, se fluctibus tradit, Ovid. *Ægæas metiris aquas.* Agellius, *emetiri iter pedibus*, dixit, lib. 10. cap. 26.

Vers. 155. Ἡ μ' ἔθρεψε καὶ αὐτὸν] Salustius fragm. Histor: *Fingunt*, inquit, *Jovem in Creta nutritum fuisse, quia primò*

primò Cretenses constat invenisse religionem. Vide Lactantium de Melisseo ejusque filiabus Amalthea & Melissa.

Vers. 157. Οἱ σκηπτοῦχοι ἅπασιν· ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἔσονται] Plato Alcibiad. 2. Οἶσθα δὲ τίνες τούτων (Cretensium) ἀγαθὸς βασιλεῖς ἦσαν; Μίνως τε καὶ Ῥαδάμανθος, οἱ Διὸς καὶ Εὐρώπης παῖδες, ὧν οἵδε εἰσὶν οἱ νόμοι. Vide Herodot: lib. 1. c. 173. & Diod: Sic: l. 5. p. 344.

Vers. 160. λέχος ἔντυνον Ὧραι] Αμφίπολοι Κρονίωνος, Nonnus Dionys. lib. In nuptiis Cupidinis & Psyches *Horæ* dicuntur *rosis & cæteris floribus purpurare omnia.* Apul: Metam: lib. 6.

Vers. 161. Ζηνὸς νύμφη] Lycophron ait Europam a Piratis traditam Δάμαστα Κρήτης Αστέρῳ στρατηλάτῃ. Asterius is Rex Cretæ, Augustino Civitat: Dei, l. 18. c. 12. dictus est *Xanthus*, *cujus*, inquit, *apud alios aliud nomen invenimus.*

FINIS.

CVPID
CRUCIFIED.

Cupido Cruci affixus.

Aëris in campis, memorat quos Musa Maronis,
Myrteus amentes ubi lucus opacat amantes,
Orgia ducebant Heroides: & sua quæque,
Ut quondam occiderant, leti argumenta gerebant,
Errantes silva in magna, & sub luce maligna,
Inter arundineasque comas, gravidumque papaver,
Et tacitos sine labe lacus, sine murmure rivos;
Quorum per ripas nebuloso lumine marcent
Fleti olim regum & puerorum nomina flores,
Mirator Narcissus, & Oebalides Hyacinthus,
Et Crocus auricomans, & murice pictus Adonis,
Et tragico scriptus gemitu Salaminius Æas.
Omnia, quæ lachrymis & amoribus anxia mœstis,
Exercent memores, obita jam morte, dolores,
Rursus in amissum revocant Heroidas ævum;
Fulmineos Semele decepta puerpera partus
Deflet, & ambustis laterum per inania cunis Scriver.
Ventilat ignavum simulati fulminis ignem.
Irrita dona querens, sexu gavisa virili,
Mœret in antiquam Cænis revocata figuram.
Vulnera siccat adhuc Procris, Cephalique cruentam
Diligit & percussa manum. Fert fumida teste
Lumina Sestiaca præceps de turre puella.
Et de nimboso saltum Leucate minatur
Mascula Lesbiacis Sappho peritura sagittis.

Har-

Cupid Crucified.

IN th'aery fields by *Maro's* muſe displaid,
Where myrtle groves the frantick lovers ſhade,
The Heroines their Orgies celebrate,
And paſt occaſions of their deaths relate;
As in a ſpreading Wood ſcarce pierc'd by day
They 'mongſt thin reeds and drooping Poppy ſtray;
By ſtainleſſe Lakes, and Rivers without noyſe,
Upon whoſe banks ſad flowers, by names of boyes
And Kings once known, ith'clowdy twilight wither;
Selfelov'd *Narciſſus*, *Hyacinth*, together
With *Crocus* golden haird, *Adonis* dreſt
In purple, *Aiax* with a ſigh impreſt;
Theſe, who in teares their loves unhappy ſtate
(Though dead) with conſtant grief commemorate,
Times paſt unto the Ladies repreſent;
Her birth of Thunder *Seme'le* doth lament,
And waves the ſeeming lightnings lazy fire
Deceiv'd in which ſhe pregnant did expire.
Cænis who joyd in change of Sex, deplor'd
Her fruſtrate gifts, back to her firſt reſtor'd.
Procris ſtill dries her wounds, affecting thus
Though hurt, the bloudy hand of *Cephalus*.
The Maid ſalne from the Seſtian Towers ſteep height
Brings the pale Tapers dim and ſmoaky light.
Maſculine *Sappho* from dark *Leucat's* crowne,
Wounded with *Lesbian* ſhafts, threats to leap down.

Harmonia's

Harmoniæ cultus Eriphyle mœsta recusat,
Infelix nato, nec fortunata marito.
Tota quoque aëriæ Minoïa fabula Cretæ,
Picturarum instar tenui sub imagine vibrat.
Pasiphaë nivei sequitur vestigia tauri.
Licia fert glomerata manu deserta Ariadne.
Respicit abjectas desperans Phædra tabellas.
Hæc laqueum gerit: hæc vacuæ simulacra coronæ.
Dædaliæ pudet hanc latrebras subjisse juvencæ.
Præreptas queritur per inania gaudia noctes
Laodamia duas, vivi functique mariti.
Parte truces alia, strictis mucronibus omnes,
Et Thysbe, & Canace, & Sidonis horret Elisa.
Conjugis hæc, hæc patris, & hæc gerit hospitis ensem.
Errat & ipsa, olim qualis per Latmia saxa
Endymioneos solita affectare sopores,
Cum face, & astrigero diademate Luna bicornis.
Centum aliæ veterum recolentes vulnera amorum,
Dulcibus, & mœstis refovent tormenta querelis.
Quas inter medias, furvæ caliginis umbram
Dispulit inconsultus Amor stridentibus alis.
Agnovere omnes Puerum: memorique recursu
Communem sensere reum. quamquam humida circum
Nubila, & auratis fulgentia cingula bullis,
Et pharetram, & rutilæ fuscarent lampadis ignem:
Agnoscunt tamen: & vanum vibrare vigorem
Occipiunt: hostemque unum sua non loca nactum,
Quum pigros ageret densa sub nocte volatus
Facta nube premunt. trepidantem & cassa parantem
Suffugia, in cœtum mediæ traxere catervæ.

Fligitur

Harmonias gifts ſad *Eriphyle* doth ſhun,
No leſſe unhappy in her ſpouſe than Son.
All the *Minoian* tales of aery *Creet*
Here as in ſeverall pictures waving meet.
A white Bulls ſteps *Paſiphae* doth purſue.
Scorn'd *Ariadne* beares her winded clew.
Her caſt by tablets *Phædra* turnes to ſee.
A rope this holds, a ſpecious Cor'net ſhee.
Another is aſham'd ſhe ere did bow
Beneath the Caverne oth'*Dædalian* Cow.
Snatch'd from her living and dead ſpouſe, two
Laodamia wailes, mock'd with delights. (nights,
On th'other ſide with naked ſwords ſevere
Thysbe, and *Canace* and *Eliza* were:
She husbands, Sires this, that her gueſt's ſword bore.
And the horn'd Moon her ſelfe roves (as before
Pleas'd with *Endymions* ſlumbers, up and down
'Mongſt *Latmian* rocks,) with Torch & ſtarry crown.
A hundred more who their old loves review,
With ſad, yet ſweet complaints, their paines renew.
In midſt of whom, by the black ſhade benighted,
With whizzing wings love unawares alighted;
All knew the Boy; and recollecting, thought him
Common offendour; though damp clouds about
Obſcure his belt, with golden buckles bright, (him
His Quiver and his radiant Torches light,
Yet do they know him; and begin to ſhow
Vaine rage upon the lonely wandering Foe;
Whom as ſlow flight in the thick night he takes
Crowding together they oppreſſe; he quakes,
And vainly ſtriving to eſcape, along
They drew him in the midſt of all the throng.

The

Eligitur mœsto Myrtus notissima luco,
Invidiosa deûm pœnis. cruciaverat illic
Spreta olim memorem Veneris Proserpina Adonim.
Hujus in excelso suspensum stipite Amorem,
Devinctum post terga manus, substrictaque plantis
Vincula mœrentem, nullo moderamine pœnæ
Afficiunt. Reus est sine crimine, judice nullo
Accusatus Amor. Se quisque absolvere gestit:
Transferat ut proprias aliena in crimina culpas,
Cunctæ exprobrantes tolerati insignia leti
Expediunt. hæc arma putant, hæc ultio dulcis.
Ut quo quæque perit, studeat punire dolorem.
Hæc laqueum tenet, hæc speciem mucronis inanem
Ingerit. illa cavos amnes, rupemque fragosam,
Insanique metum pelagi, & sine fluctibus æquor.
Nonnullæ flammas quatiunt, trepidoque minantur
Stridentes nullo igne faces. rescindit adultum
Myrrha uterum lachrymis lugentibus: inque paventem
Gemmea fletiferi jaculatur succina trunci.
Quædam ignoscentum specie, ludibria tantum
Sola volunt: stilus ut tenuis sub acumine puncti
Eliciat tenerum, de quo Rosa nata, cruorem.
Aut pubi admoveant petulantia lumina lychni.
Ipsa etiam simili genitrix obnoxia culpæ
Alma Venus, tantos penetrat secura tumultus.
Nec circumvento properans suffragio nato
Terrorem ingeminat, stimulisque accendit amaris
Ancipites furias: natique in crimina confert
Dedecus ipsa suum: quod vincula cæca mariti,
Deprenso Mavorte, tulit: quod pube pudenda
Hellespontiaci ridetur forma Priapi.
Quod crudelis Eryx, quod semivir Hermaphroditus;

Nec

The moſt known Myrtle ith'ſad Grove's elected;
For pain'd Gods hated; *Proſerpine* neglected
There long before *Adonis* crucified
For loving *Venus*; Love his hands being tied
Behind him, his feet bound, on this high tree
Suſpended, with exceſſive cruelty
They torture; who to ſentence muſt ſubmit
Unjudg'd and guiltleſſe; All themſelves acquit,
Glad their own faults on others to transfer:
Upbraiding, All their inſtruments prepare
Of death: theſe armes, this vengeance ſweet eſteem,
To puniſh by that meanes which murdered them.
One brings a rope; ſhe an illuſſive ſword;
Another ragged cliffes, a hollow ford,
Dread of mad flouds, Seas where no waves appear.
Flames others ſhake, threatning his trembling fear,
With hizzing fireleſſe Torches; *Myrrha* parts
Her tender womb with lucid teares, and darts
The gummy Jewells of her weeping tree.
Others leſſe cruell will that all might be
Only in ſport, to raiſe by ſome ſharpe thorne
That tender bloud, whereof the Roſe was borne,
Or neere him hold the Torches ſportive flame.
When *Venus*, his bleſt Mother, in the ſame
Crimes faulty, through the crowd doth ſafely preſſe,
Not her enclos'd ſons ſuffrings to redreſſe,
But his feare doubling, furies doth inflame
With bitter ſtings, transferring her own ſhame
Upon her ſon; becauſe with *Mars* ſurpriz'd
By the blind nets her husband had deviſ'd;
Becauſe the Helleſpontiack power they ſlight;
Eryx unkind, halfe man Hermaphrodite;

Word-

Nec ſatis in verbis. roſeo Venus aurea ſerto
Mœrentem pulſat Puerum, & graviora paventem.
Olli purpureum multato corpore rorem
Sutilis expreſſit crebro Roſa verbere: quæ jam,
Tincta prius, traxit rutilum magis igneа fucum;
Inde truces cecidere minæ: vindictaque major
Crimine viſa ſuo Venerem factura nocentem.
Ipſæ intercedunt Heroides, & ſua quæque
Funera crudeli malunt adſcribere fato.
Tum grates pia Mater agit. ceſſiſſe dolentes,
Et condonatas Puero dimittere culpas.
Talia nocturnis olim ſimulacra figuris
Exercent trepidam caſſo terrore quietem.
Quæ poſtquam multa perpeſſus nocte Cupido,
Effugit. pulſa tandem caligine ſomni
Evolat ad ſuperos, portaque evadit eburna.

In

Words not ſuffize, but with a wreath of Roſes
She whips the cryme Boy, who more feare diſpoſes
For worſe; from his chaſ'd limbs a purple dew
With many ſtripes the twiſted Roſes drew,
From which a tincture they receiv'd more bright.
The ſharp threats fall; revenge to *Venus* might
Tranſmit the guilt, ſhould it the crime exceed;
The *Heroines* themſelves thus for him plead;
Willing, their funeralls and hapleſſe ſtate
Rather to attribute to cruell Fate.
The pious Mother gives them thanks; they quit
Their griefes, and freely the Boyes faults remit.
Nocturnall fancies in ſuch ſhapes expreſt,
Did with vaine feare diſturb my tim'rous reſt:
Till dark ſleep chac'd, thence ſuffring *Cupid* flies,
Through th'Ivory gate eſcaping to the skies.

In Cupidinem Cruci Affixum.

CRuci affixus] Vide Lipsium de Cruce, lib. 1. cap. 5.

Vers. 1. *Aëris in campis*] Nominis rationem forsan illud Platonis indicat, in Phædone, Ὅπερ ἡμῖν τὸ ὕδωρ τε καὶ ἡ θάλαττα ἐστι πρὸς τὴν ἡμετέρην χρείαν, τοῦτο ἐκεῖ τὸν ἀέρα: ὃ δὲ ἡμῖν ἀὴρ, τοῦτο ἐκεῖ τὸν αἰθέρα.

Vers. 3. *Orgia*] *Orgia* secundum Servium, *Omnia sacra dicuntur quæ a Latinis ceremoniæ.* hujus dictionis etymologiam ab Apollonii Scholiaste allatam minus æque rejicit Ritterhusius ad Oppian: Cyneg. lib. 4. v. 247. nimirum παρὰ τὸ εἴργειν τοὺς ἀμυήτους; mysteria quæ *Liberi patris symmistæ domi condita celant, & absque omnibus profanis tacite venerantur.* Apul: apolog: Eo fortasse respexit Lucianus, τὰ μὲν ὄργια σιοπᾶν ἄξιον τῶν ἀμυήτων ἕνεκα. Ut & Catullus,

Orgia quæ frustra cupiunt audire profani.

Euripid:

Πεν. Τὰ δ' ὄργι' ἐστὶ τίν' ἰδέαν ἔχοντά σοι;
Διο. Ἄῤῥητ' ἀβακχεύτοισιν εἰδέναι βροτῶν.
Πεν. Ἐκεῖ δ' ὄνησιν τοῖσι θύουσιν τινά;
Διο. Οὐ θέμις ἀκοῦσαι σ', ἔστι δ' ἄξι' εἰδέναι.

Vers. 4. *ferebant*] *Recensebant*: Antiquam lectionem retinere malui, quam *gerebant* (mutato sensu) admittere; fragmento Pindari innixus, quod apud Plutarchum extar in lib. an recte dictum sit λάθε βιώσας: Διατριβὰς ἔχουσι ὀρμνήμαις καὶ λόγοις τῶν γεγονότων καὶ ὄντων παραπέμποντες αὐτοὺς καὶ συνόντες.

Vers. 6. *arundineas comas*] Achill: Tat: de Clit: & Leuc: lib.

lib. 8. καὶ ὁ μὲν ὥετο πιθήσεσθαι, καὶ ἔχεσθαι τῆς περιχύτου. καλάμων δὲ πάμπλω εἶχεν ἡ χερ.

Verſ. 7. *tacitos ſine labe lacus ſine murmure rivos*] De iiſdem Pindarus, καὶ πλαμὶ πίτες ἄκλαυστοι καὶ λήθοι ἀπρόφυτοι.

Verſ. 8. *nebuloſo lumine*] Virgil:

—— *qualem primo qui ſurgere menſe,*
Aut videt aut vidiſſe putat per nubila lunam.

Verſ. 21. *cruentam Diligit & percuſſa manum*] Non abſimile eſt illud Achillis Tatii, lib. 2. καὶ ἀποθήσειν ἐνιχ ἐμίσει με τὸν πυγμὲν, ὁ ὑπ' ἐμοῦ πεφονευμένου, ἀλλὰ πλὴν ψυχλὸν ἀφῆκε τῇ φονευσάσῃ μὲ φειλεχίμου δίξια.

Verſ. 22. *Teſtæ*] Muſæus λύχνον dixit. Sic Avienus in prognoſticis Aratæis λύχνον teſtam reddit: nec minus late patet teſtæ ſignificatio quam λύχνε & λάμπαδος, queis adeo frequenter uſi ſunt Latini ſcriptores, & *facem* exponit antiquum Gloſſarium; Hinc eſt quod Amoris λάμπαδα Græci pariter & Latini dixerunt Moſch.

—— πολὺ πλέον δὲ οἱ αὐτῷ
Βαιὰ λαμπὰς ἐοῖσα τὸν ἅλιον αὐτὸν ἀναίθει.

Claudian. de rapt. Prol.

—— *quâ lampade Ditem*
Flexit Amor.

Et noſter infra, verſ. 50.

Verſ. 25. *Maſcula*] *Maſculam vocat* (inquit Scaliger) *quia cum fœmina eſſet præcipitem ſe dedit ex illo ſaltu, ex quo tantum ſolebant viri ſeſe impatientia amoris jaculari.* Stat.

—— *ſaltus ingreſſa viriles*
Non formidata temeraria Leucade Sappho.

Verſ. 26. *Harmoniæ cultus*] Hujus monilis elegans deſcriptio (tametſi Lampſacenus apud Athenæum celebre fuiſſe ferat, ſolum διὰ τὸ ἀσύνετον εἶναι πίτε χρυσίον ὥσπερ τοῖς Ἕλλησι, Deip. lib. 6.) habetur apud Nonnum Dionyſ. lib. 1.

Verſ. 49. *Auratis fulgentia cingula bullis*] Apollon.

Αὐτίκα δ' ἰσοδίκελον χρύσεον ὥρμαίνετο μίτρην.

Verſ. 54. *Facta nube*] Liv. *peditum equitumque nubes* Stat. *armorum*. D. Paul: ad Hebr: 12. 1. νέφος μάρτυρων. Heſychius, νέφος, ἄθροισμα πλῆθος ἀὴρ πεπυκνωμένος Inde עב Hebræis dicitur, a denſitate.

Verſ. 58. *Memorem veneris*] Tangit fabulam quam refert Apollodor: lib. 3. Bibliothecæ, & Scholiaſtes Theocriti, ad Idyll. 3. v. 48.

Verſ. 65. *Exprobrantes*] Λοιδορῦντες. Corrigendus verſus iſte Theocriti, Idyll. 1.

Δηθὰ κυλοιδιώοντες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντι,

Et fortaſſe reponendum,

Δηθάκι λοιδορέοντες.

Verſ. 77. *Tenerum*] Delicatum ἄβρον, Corrigamus in tranſitu alium Theocriti verſum. Id. 5.

Μή μευ λωβάσεσθε τὰς ἀμπέλος ἐντὶ γὰρ ἄβαι.

Ubi (omiſſis quatuor quas affert Scholiaſtes lectionibus) legerim ἄβραι.

Ibid. *de quo roſa nata cruorem*] Luxurius Poeta in Epigrammate de roſis, nonnihil fortaſſe huc confert.

Dum puerbic paſſim properat decerpere flores
Et velare comas, ſpina libavit acuta
Marmoreos digitos.

Nata dicitur eodem ſenſu quo *facta de cruore* in Pervigilio Veneris (*fuſa* enim nullo modo legendum.) Bion.

Αἷμα ῥόδον τίκτει.

Verſ. 89. *Mœrentem pulſat puerum*] Non abludit illud Luciani, Ἤδη δὲ καὶ πληγὰς αὐτῷ ἐνέτεινα εἰς τὰς πυγὰς τῷ σανδάλῳ, ὁ δὲ. οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως τὸ παραυτίκα δεδιὼς, καὶ ἱκετεύων, μετ' ὀλίγον ἐπιλέλησται ἁπάντων. Dial: Ven: & Lunæ.

FINIS.

VENVS VIGILS.

Incerto Authore.

Pervigilium Veneris

Trochaico metro.

CRas amet, qui nunquam amavit;
quique amavit, cras amet.
Ver novum, ver jam canorum,
vere natus Orbis eſt.
Vere concordant amores,
vere nubunt alites.
Et nemus comam reſolvit
de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorum copulatrix
inter umbras arborum
Implicat caſas virentes
de flagello myrteo.
Cras Dione jura dicet
ſulta ſublimi throno.
Cras amet, &c.
Tunc cruore de ſuperno,
ſpumeo Pontus globo,
Cærulas inter catervas,
inter & bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionem
de maritis imbribus.
Cras amet, &c.
Ipſa gemmeis purpurantem
pingit annum floribus.

Ipſa

VENVS VIGILS

Paraphras'd.

Love be to morrow, who lov'd never;
To morrow, who hath lov'd, perſever.

The Spring appeares, in which the Earth
Receiv'd a new harmonious Birth,
When all things mutuall love unites,
When Birds performe their nuptiall rites,
And fruitfull by her watry lover,
Each grove it's treſſes doth recover;
Loves Queene to morrow, in the ſhade
Which by theſe verdant Trees is made,
Their ſprowting tops in wreathes ſhall bind,
And Myrtles into Arbours wind;
To morrow rais'd on a high throne,
Dione ſhall her Lawes make knowne.
Love be, &c.

Then the round Oceans foaming floud,
Immingled with Celeſtiall bloud,
'Mongſt the blew People of the Maine,
And Horſes whom two feet ſuſtaine,
Riſing *Dione* did beget,
With fruitfull waters dropping wet.
Love be, &c.

With flowry Jewels every where,
She paints the purple colourd yeare;

Ipſa ſurgentes papillas
de Favoni ſpiritu
Urget in nudos penates.
ipſa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit,
ſpargit humentes aquas.
Lacrimæ micant trementes
de cadivo pondere;
Gutta præceps orbe parvo,
ſuſtinet caſus ſuos;
Hinc pudorem florulentæ
prodiderunt purpuræ.
Humor ille, quem ſerenis
aſtra rorant noctibus,
Mane virgines papillas
ſolvit humenti peplo.
Ipſa juſſit, mane ut udæ
virgines nubant Roſæ,
Facta Cypris de cruore,
deque Amoris oſculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis,
deque ſolis purpuris,
Cras ruborem, qui latebat,
veſte tinctius igneâ,
Unico marita nodo,
non pudebit ſolvere.

Cras amet, &c.

Ipſa nymfas Diva luco
juſſit ire myrteo.
It Puer comes puellis.
Nec tamen credi poteſt,

She, when the riſing bud receives
Favonius breath, thruſts forth the leaves,
The naked Roofe with theſe t'adorne;
She the tranſparent dew oth' morne,
Which the thick Aire of night ſtill uſes
To leave behind, in Raine diffuſes;
Theſe teares with Orient brightneſſe ſhine,
Whilſt they with trembling weight decline,
Whoſe every drop, into a ſmall
Cleare Orbe diſtill'd, ſuſtaines its fall.
Pregnant with theſe, the baſhfull Roſe
Her purple bluſhes doth diſcloſe.
The drops of falling dew, that are
Shed in calme nights by every Star,
She in her humid mantle holds,
And then her Virgin leaves unfolds.
Ith' morne by her command, each maid
With dewy Roſes is arraid;
Which from *Cytheras* crimſon bloud,
From the ſoft kiſſes love beſtowd,
From Jewels, from the radiant flame,
And the Suns purple luſtre came.
She to her ſpouſe ſhall married be
To morrow; not aſham'd, that he
Should with a ſingle knot unty,
Her fiery garment's purple dy.

Love he, &c.

The Goddeſſe bade the Nymphs remove
Unto the ſhady Myrtle grove;
The boy goes with the maids, yet none
Will truſt, or thinke love tame is growne,

Esse Amorem feriatum,
si sagittas vexerit.
Ite nymfæ ; posuit arma,
feriatus est Amor.
Jussus est inermis ire,
nudus ire jussus est ;
Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta,
neu quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen nymfæ cavete,
quod Cupido pulcher est :
Est in armis totus idem,
quando nudus est Amor.

Cras amet, &c.

Conpari Venus pudore
mittit ad te virgines :
Una res est, quam rogamus :
Cede Virgo Delia;
Ut nemus sit incruentum
de ferinis stragibus.
Ipsa vellet te rogare,
si pudicam flecteret.
Ipsa vellet ut venires,
si deceret virginem :
Jam tribus Choros videres
feriantes noctibus,
Congreges inter catervas,
ire per saltus tuos ;
Floreas inter coronas,
myrteas inter casas.
Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt,
nec poëtarum deæ.

De

If they perceive that any where
He Arrowes doth about him beare.
Go feareleſſe Nymphs, for love hath laid
Aſide his Armes, and tame is made.
His weapons by command reſignd,
Naked to go he is enjoynd:
Leſt hee hurt any by his craft,
Either with flame, or bow, or ſhaft.
But yet take heede young Nymphs, beware
You truſt him not, for *Cupid's* faire,
Leſt by his beauty you be harm'd;
Love naked is compleatly arm'd.

Love be, &c.

Faire *Venus* Virgins ſends to thee,
Indu'd with equall modeſtie;
One onely thing we thee deſire,
Chaſt *Delia* for a while retire;
That the wide Forreſt, that the Wood
May be unſtaind with ſavage bloud;
She would with prayers her ſelfe attend thee,
But that ſhe knew ſhe could not bend thee;
She would thy ſelfe to come have praid,
Did theſe delights beſeeme a Maid;
Now mightſt thou ſee with hallowed rites,
The *Chorus* ſolemnize three nights;
Mongſt Troops whom equall pleaſure crownes,
To play and ſport upon thy downes;
Mongſt Garlands made of various flowers,
Mongſt ever verdant Myrtle bowers;
Ceres nor *Bacchus* abſent be,
Nor yet the Poets Deitie:

All

De tenente tota nox eſt
perviglanda canticis.
Regnet in ſilvis Dione :
tu recede Delia.
Cras amet, &c.
Juſſit Hybleis tribunal
ſtate Diva floribus.
Præſes ipſa jura dicet,
adſidebunt Gratiæ.
Hybla totos funde flores,
quotquot annus attulit.
Hybla florum prome veſtem
quantus Ennæ campus eſt.
Ruris hic erunt puellæ,
vel puellæ montium,
Quæque ſilvas, quæque lucos,
quæque fontes incolunt :
Juſſit omnes adſidere
pueri Mater alitis.
Juſſit & nudo puellas
nil Amori credere.
Cras amet, &c.
Ex recentibus virentes
ducat umbras floribus.
Cras erit quo primus Æther
copulavit nuptias.
Et pater totis creavit
vernus annum nubibus,
In ſinum maritus imber
fluxit almæ conjugis ;
Unde fetus mixtus omnes
alleret magno corpore.

Ipſa

All night we wholly muſt employ
In Vigills, and in Songs of joy;
None but *Diana* muſt beare ſway
Amonſt the Woods, *Delia* gives way.
Let both, &c.
She, the Tribunall did command
Deckt with *Hyblæan* flowers ſhould ſtand;
She will in judgement ſit, the Graces
On either ſide ſhall have their places;
Hybla thy flowers powre forth, what ere
Was brought thee by the welcome yeare;
Hybla thy flowry garment ſpread,
Wyde as is *Enna's* fruitfull mead;
Maids of the Countrey here will be;
Maids of the Mountaines come to ſee;
Hither reſort, all ſuch as dwell
Either in Grove, or Wood, or Well;
The wing'd boyes Mother, every one,
Commands in order to ſit downe;
Charging the Virgins, that they muſt
In nothing Love though naked truſt.
Let both, &c.
Let the freſh covert of a ſhade
Be by theſe early flowers diſplaid;
To morrow, (which with ſports and play
We keepe) was *Æthers* Wedding day;
When firſt the Father of the Spring
Did out of clowds the young yeare bring;
The husband ſhower then courts his ſpouſe,
And in her ſacred boſome flowes,
That all which that vaſt body bred,
By this defluxion may be fed:

Produc'd

Ipſa venas atque mentem
permeantis ſpiritus
Intus occultis gubernat
procreata viribus,
Perque cœlum, perque terras,
perque pontum ſubditum
Pervium ſui tenorem
ſeminali tramite
Inbuit, juſſitque mundum
noſſe naſcendi vias.
Cras amet, &c.
Ipſa Trojanos nepotes
in Latinos tranſtulit,
Ipſa Laurentem puellam
conjugem nato dedit;
Moxque Marti de ſacello
dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipſa fecit
cum Sabinis nuptias;
Unde Ramnes, & Quirites.
perque prolem poſteram
Romuli, Mater creavit
et nepotem Cæſarem.
Cras amet, &c.
Rura fœcundat voluptas,
Venerem rura ſentiunt.
Ipſe Amor fuer Dionæ
rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager, cùm parturiret
ipſa, ſuſcepit ſinu:
Ipſa florum delicatis
educavit oſculis.

Cras

Produc'd within *She* all there ſwayes,
By a hid ſpirit, which by wayes
Unknowne diffus'd, through ſoule and vaines,
All things both governes and ſuſtaines.
Piercing through the unſounded Sea,
And Earth, and higheſt Heaven, *She*
All places with her power doth fill,
Which through each part *She* doth diſtill;
And to the World, the myſtick wayes
Of all production open layes.

Love he, &c.

She to the Latines did transfer
The *Trojan* Nephewes; and by her
Was the *Laurentian* Virgin won,
And joyn'd in marriage to her ſon;
By her aſſiſtance did *Mars* gaine
A votareſſe from *Veſta's* fane;
To marriage *Romulus* betraid
The *Sabine* Women, by her aid;
(Of *Romans* the wide-ſpringing ſtem:)
And in the long deſcent of them
In whom that off-ſpring was dilated,
Cæſar her Nephew *She* created.

Love he, &c.

The fields are fruitfull made by pleaſure;
The fields are rich in *Venus* treaſure;
And love *Diones* ſon fame yields
For truth, his birth had in the fields:
As ſoone as borne the field reliev'd him;
Into its boſome firſt receiv'd him;
She bred him from his infant howers
With the ſweet kiſſes of the flowers.

Cras amet,&c.

Ecce, jam ſuper geneſtas
explicant Tauri latus.
Quiſque tutus quo tenetur
conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis,
ecce balantum greges.
Et canoras non tacere
Diva juſſit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco
ſtagna cygni perſtrepunt:
Adſonat Terei puella,
ſubter umbram Populi,
Ut putes motus amoris
ore dici Muſico,
Et neges queri ſororem
de marito barbaro.
Illa cantat, nos tacemus;
Quando ver venit meum?
Quando ego fiam ut Chelidon,
ut tacere deſinam?
Perdidi Muſam tacendo:
nec me Phœbus reſpicit.
Sic Amyclas, cùm tacerent,
perdidit ſilentium.

Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quique amavit, cras amet.

In

Let both, &c.

See how the Bulls their sides distend,
And broomstalks with the burthen bend.
Now every one doth safely ly,
Confind within his marriage ty.
See, with their Husbands here are laid
The bleating flocks beneath the shade;
The warbling Birds on every Tree,
The Goddesse wills not silent be.
The vocall Swans on every lake,
With their hoarse voyce a harsh sound make;
And *Tereus* hapless Maid beneath
The Poplars shade her Song doth breath,
Such as might well perswade thee Love
Doth in those trembling accents move;
Not that the sister in those straines,
Of the inhumane spouse complaines:
We silent are whilst shee doth sing.
How long in comming is my Spring?
When will the time arrive, that I
May Swallow-like my voyce unty?
My Muse for being silent flies mee,
And *Phœbus* doth no longer prize mee:
So did *Amiclæ* once, whilst all
Silence observ'd, through silence fall.
Love be to morrow, who lov'd never;
To morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.

In Pervigilium Veneris.

DE Authore hujus carminis varia est eruditorum sententia; Manutius & Lilius Giraldus Catullo Veronensi adscribunt; Alii (quorum est Scaliger) Catullo Urbicario; Lipsius sub Imperio Augusti natum autumat; Senecæ tribuit Barthius; Salmasius Solino supparem Authorem censet: Facilius vero est Idiotismos aliquot minorem ætatem arguentes in eo reperire, quam ipsum Authorem assignare.

Pervigilium Veneris] Quo tempore agebatur, vel ex ipso poemate colligi potest: Calendarium vetus KAL. APRIL. VENERI SACRUM CUM FLORIBUS ET MYRTO. Vide Macrob: Saturn: lib. 1. cap. 21.

Vers. 2. *Ver canoram*] Cantic: 2. ver עת הזמיר dicitur, *tempus cantici* (licet id aliter a quibusdam acceptum sit;) Virgil:

Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.

Manil: lib. 3.

Tum pecudum volucrumque genus per pabula læta
In Venerem partumque ruit, totumque canora
Voce nemus loquitur frondemque virescit in unum.

Quæ nostri

Vers. 3. *Concordant amores*] Satis explicant, ut vel illud Oppiani

Εἶαρι γὰρ πάνδημος ἐπιβρίθει Κυθέρεια.

Eodem sensu Ibid.

Ibid. *nubunt alites*] dixit, Oppianus γάμων ἐκτέλεσσιν de apro; Petronius & Apuleius *nuptias facere* hoc modo accipiunt; dixit etiam alibi Oppianus, γαμίλιον ἐυνὴν Ursarum.

Verſ. 4. *comam reſolvit*] Horat:

—— redeunt nunc gramina campis,
Arboribuſque comæ.

Venuſta ſatis nec infrequens Metaphora, ab hominibus ad arbores & flores *delata*; unde Æſchili illud reſtituere liceat, in Agamemn:

Ἐξ ὑγροῦ γὰ καπὸ γῆς λειμωνίας
Δερσοι κἀπεφύαζον, ἐμπλὰν σίτῳ
Ἐθημάτων πιδύντες ἀνθηρὸν πέπλα.

quod ἔνθηρον editum eſt.

Verſ. 5. *Inter umbras arborum*] Venus & molles umbras gaudent ne candor inſuſcaretur, Euripid: Bacchis.

Λευκὴν δὲ χροιὰν τίς παρειδὴν ἔχεις,
Οὐχ' ἡλίᾳ βολαῖσιν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ σκιᾶ
Τὴν Ἀφροδίτην καλλονὴν ἀφαιμάσσων.

Præſtat hæc fortan ratio illi quam aſſignat Weirzius.

Verſ. 7. *Sublimi threno*] Sic omnino legendum; nec ſubſtituendum *thoro*. Thronus Imperii inſigne, (Tribunal dixit infra verſ. 49.) Memorat Diodor: Sicul: lib. 17. βασιλικὸν θρόνον Darii. Egeſippus de bell. Jud. lib. 2. cap. 1. *Quid enim ſella aurea albatumque diadema, niſi regni forent inſignia, quo ſpiritu præſumſerit ſedere ſuper thronum Regium?* Dianæ thronum tribuit Sophocles Oedip. Tyr.

Πρῶτά σε κυκλόωσ' (leg: κύκλομ' ἴχνο)
Θύγατερ διὸς
Ἄμβροτ' ἀδάνα
Γαιάοχον τ' ἀδελφεὰν
Ἄρτεμιν, ἃ κυκλόεντ' ἀγορᾶς
Θρόνον εὐκλεᾶ θάσσει.

Verſ. 11. *Fecit*] Procreavit. Idiotiſmus vero non eſt ævi recentioris, ut Salmaſio placet. Tertullianus *Chriſtum factum* dixit; ſic Epiſt: ad Hebr: *Conſiderate Jeſum fidelem ei qui fecit eum.* Videtur autem hoc loquendi genus e Græcorum fonte manaſſe; ποιεῖν τέκνα; παιδοποιεῖν.

Ibid. *undantem Dionem*] Dione pro Venere ſumpta eſt, & apriſſime ſi ab ἡδονὴ deducatur Plato in Philebo, τὸ ἀληθέστατον Ἀφροδίτης ὄνομα ἡδονή. Attamen *Venus Diones filia alia fuit ab ea quæ e Pelago emerſit*; Cicer: de Nat: Deor: lib. 3. *Altera ſpumâ procreata: ex qua & Mercurio Cupidinem ſecundum natum eſſe accepimus; Tertia Jove nata & Dione quæ nupſit Vulcano.* Quod ni fallor ſugiebat authorem Pervigilii.

Ibid. *de maritis imbribus*] *Maritatos, mixtos*, videtur interpretari Lipſius; ſed minus recte: Nonnus,

—— θαλασσιγόνου Παφίης νυμφήϊον ὕδωρ.

Verſ. 13. *purpurantem annum*] Oppian: Cyneg: lib. 1.

Εἴαρι γὰρ βοτάνῃσιν ἄδην ποιοτρόφος αἶα
Ἄνθεσι πληθύειτε πολύπνοος: ἀμφὶ δὲ πάντῃ
Εὐστέφανοι λειμῶνες ἀνήρατα πορφυρέουσι.

Et Hal: lib. 1

Ἀλλ' ὁπότ' ἀνθεμόεσσαι ὀπὶ χθονὸς εἴαρος ὧραι
Πορφύρεον γελάσωσιν.

In Anth: [illegible]

Πορφυρέη μείδησε φερανθέος εἴαρος ὥρη.

Virg: Geor. 4.

Ante novis rubeant quam prata coloribus —

Achill: Tat: lib. 1 Τὰ δὲ ἄνθη ποικίλην ἔχοντα τὴν χροιὰν, ἐν μέρει ξυνέφαινε τὸ κάλλος, καὶ ἦν τοῦτο τῆς γῆς πορφύρα, καὶ ναρκίσσῳ ἡ κάλυξ καὶ ῥόδον.

Verſ. 15 *Urget in nudos penates*] Oppian: Cyneg: l. 1.

Ἡνίκα δῶμα τέθηλεν ὀπωρολόγαιο γεωργοῦ.

Verſ. 19.

Verſ. 19. *Hinc pudorem*] Nonn: Dion:

Ἀρπφανὴς ϗ γυμνὸν ἀπ' ὠὸς μοιο χαλύπτρης
Εἰαεσαὶς ἐλέλαυτε λελεμένον ἀνθ♁ ἐίρτως
Ζωσγόνοις.

Verſ. 20. *Humor ille quem ſerenis aſtra rorant noctibus*] *Siderum ſaliva*, Plin: lib. 1. cap. 12. Montalvan,

El humor que ſu larga las eſtrellas.

Plutarch Symp: 3. Ὡς πῶ ϗ Ἀλκμὰν ὁ μελοποιὸς αἰνιττόμενος τὴν δρόσον, αἰρ♁ δυγατέρα ϗ σελήνης, ϕησὶ, Διὸς δυγάτηρ μία τρίφει ϗ σελάνα. Poeta vetus,

Quam nos rorifluam ſectemur carmine lunam.

Verſ. 26. *nodo*] Oppianus, ad verbum,

Ὁππότε ϗ χαλύχεσι ϗ ἀνθεσιν ἅμματα λύει.

Quem ad locum Bodinus & Ritterhuſius τὰ ἅμματα in ὄμματα fruſtra conantur mutare. Plin: *nudantibus ſe nodulis*, lib. 21. cap. 5.

Verſ. 32: *Eſt in armis totus idem quanto nudus eſt amor*] Saluſtius Philoſophus de diis & mundo, cap 6. Ὅπλισται δὲ ὁ Ἄδωνις, γυμνὸς δὲ ὁ Ἀφροδίτη. ἐπειδὴ ἁρμονία μὲν τὸ κόλλ♁ ποιεῖ, τὸ δὲ κόλλ♁ ἐν τοῖς ὁρωμένοις ἐ κρύπτεται. Extat in hanc ſententiam elegans epigramma de Pallade & Venere, in Anthologia.

Verſ. 45. *Nec Ceres nec Bacchus abſunt*] Euripid: Bacch:

Οἶνος δὲ μηκέτ' ὄντ♁ ἐκλείπ Κύπρις.

Verſ. 59. *Cras erit quo primus Æther &c.*] Æſchili pervenuſti ſunt verſus apud Athenæum, lib. 13. Deipnoſ: qui noſtri ſententiam ad verbum exprimunt.

Ἐρᾷ μὲν ὄμβρος ἁγνὸς ἁρατὸς πεσῶν χθόνα.
Ἔρως δὲ γαῖαν λαμβάνει γάμου τυχεῖν.
Ὄμβρος δ' ἀπ' εὐαέν♁ ἐρᾷ πεσών
Ἔκυσε γαῖαν, ἡ δὲ τίκτεται βροτοῖς
Μήλων τε βοσκὰς ϗ βίον Δημήτειον.

Δένδρον δέ τις ὥρα ἐκ νοτίζοντος γάμου
Τέλεσθε ἐστὶ, τῶν δ' ἐγὼ παραίτιος.

Nec minus eleganter Columella,

Maximus ipse Deum posito jam fulmine fallax
Acrisionæos veteres imitatur amores
Inque sinus matris violento depluit imbre,
Nec genitrix nati tunc aspernabat amorem,
Sed patitur nexus flammata Cupidine Tellus.

Huc allusit Statius,

—— *ipsum in connubia terræ*
Æthera, (cum pluviis rarescunt nubila) solvo.

Vers. 61. *Maritus imber*] Qui Tibullo & Statio *Jupiter pluvius*; Luciano, Ζεὺς ὕων. Hesych: ὕης, Ζεὺς ὄμβριος. apud Athenæum Græci, Δία Σωτήρα ἐπιλέγουσι τῆς ἐκ τοῦ μίγματος ἄλυπου κράσεως τὸν καὶ τῶν ὄμβρον ἀρχηγὸν αἴτιον, Deipnos: lib. 15.

Vers. 69. *Trojanos nepotes*] Nepos, νέπους ὁ ἀπόγονος. Eustath: ὀδ. δ. (vel quod πῦς ipse id est fundamentum generis non essent; Scalig: vel a נפץ dispersit seu נפס Arab: peperit, Hoelz:) Apollon: lib. 4.

—— οἰμί δ' ἐς αὐγὰς
Ἠελίου μετόπισθε τεοῖς νεπόδεσσιν ἐτοίμη.

Theocr: Idyll: 17.

Ἀθάνατοι δὲ καλεύνται θεοὶ νέποδες γεγαῶτες.

Antiquam enim lectionem omnino retinendam censeo ut sit sensus,

Immortales vocantur nepotes sui, *indigetes facti.*

Nisi quis ἑοὶ pro θεοὶ substituendum putet. Ad Latinos defluxisse hoc loquendi genus omnibus innotescit; sic Catull: *Romuli nepotes*; Noster infra

Vers. 74. *Mater creavit & nepotem Cæsarem.*] Julium intelligit; quod ex Cicerone, Ovidio, aliisque manifestum est.

eſt. nec audiendus eſt Lipſius qui ad Auguſtum referendum putat. *Mater* hic dicitur quæ Suetonio & aliis, *Venus genitrix*.

Verſ. 86. *Adſonat Terei puella ſubter umbram populi*] Virgil:

—— *populea mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ.*

Homerus,

Ὡς δ' ὅτε πανδαρέου κούρη χλωρηΐς ἀηδών,
Καλὸν ἀείδῃσιν ἔαρος νέον ἑζομένοιο.

Et Sappho,

Ἥρος ἄγγελος ἰμερόφωνος ἀηδών.

Nonn: Dionyſ:

—— ἐπαμένη Φιλομήλη
Καὶ ῥόδον ἀγγέλλουσα, καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἀέρσαι.

Verſ. 92. *Sic Amycle*] In eandem ſententiam Lucilius,

Mihi neceſſe eſt loqui, nam ſcio Amyclas
tacendo periiſſe.

FINIS.

Excerpta ex Notis Lipſii, Pythœi, Douſæ, Weitzii, Salmaſii, & Scriverii; in Pervigilium Veneris.

Pervigilium Veneris] Laudatio Veneris compoſita quaſi per occaſionem Pervigilii; LIPS. Verus Gloſſarium: Pervigilium, Παννυχισμὸς, καὶ ἡ διὰ νυκτὸς ἀγρυπνία. Debebatur Veneri, quam Plautus facete *Noctuvigilam* appellavit, triduanum; ut eſt infra, verſ. 41. WEITZ. Huc faciunt illa Plauti Curculione.

Quid? tu Veneri pervigilare te voviſti Phædrome?
Nam hoc quidem haud multo poſt luce lucebit.

Sed & pervigilandi honos vulgatus in cæteros Deos. Fortunæ Pervigilium eſt apud Suetonium in Galba, cap. 4. Cereri apud Tacitum. Incertum cui deo, deæ, apud Livium, lib. 23. per tres item noctes. Pervigilii meminit iterum Suetonius in Caligula, cap. 54. & Vitellio, cap. 10. LIPS.

Verſ. 2. *Ver canorum*] Propter aviculas, *quæ prolectante verno tempore concentus ſuaves adſonant*, ut ait Apuleius, lib. 10. W.

Ibid. *Vere natus orbis eſt*] Hæc fuit non Judæorum modo, ſed cæterarum fere gentium, quæ quidem mundo natalem tribuerunt, ſententia: P. Panegyriſtes ad Maximinianum; *Divinus ille veſtræ Majeſtatis ortus ipſo, quo illaxit, auſpicio veris illuſtrior, auguſtiore fulgens luminis claritate quam cum origine mundi naſcentis animavit.* W.

Verſ. 3. *Vere concordant amores*] Oppianus diſerte hoc exponit Cynegeт. 1. verſ. 377. vide & Hali. 1. verſ. 473. De vere elegantiſſimam habes deſcriptionem Anthologiæ, lib. 1. W.

Verſ. 4.

Verſ. 4. *Et nemus comam reſolvit*] Ἀνοίγει τῶν φύλλων τὰ χείλη, ut loquitur Achilles Tatius, lib. 2. de roſa. W. Dracontius in Hexaemero.

Pennigerum vernare nemus vapor urget in uſus
Pignoris. SCR.

Ibid. *de maritis imbribus*] Venuſta tranſlatio ab hominum conjugatione ad res alias; Virg. Geor: 2. verſ. 325. Lucret. 1. verſ. 246. Claud. 2. de raptu. verſ. 89. de Zephyro,

—— *Et glebas fœcundo rore maritat.*

De Nilo, Alcimus, lib. 1.

At poſtquam largo fecundans germina potu
Lymfa maritavit ſitientis viſcera terræ.

Verſ. 5. *inter umbras arborum*] Mater enim amorum circumfuſa umbræ nebula oberrare ſolet. Favet enim furtis Veneris umbra: pavidos alioqui amatores confirmat & velo ſuo involvit Wover: de umbra, cap. 24. WEIT.

Verſ. 6. *Implicat caſas virentes*] Tibul.

Ludit & ex virgis extruit arte caſas. P.

Ibid. *de flagello myrteo*] Iſidor: Origin: 17. cap. 6. & 7. *Summitates vitium & fruticum, flagella nuncupantur.* W.

Verſ. 7. *Dione*] Mater Veneris, hic pro ipſa Venere; & quoties *Dione* pro Venere? Scaliger in Senecæ Medeam, verſ. 661. W.

Ibid. *Throno*] Hinc ποικιλόθρονον vocat Ἀφροδίτην Sappho. DOUSA.

Verſ. 9. *Tunc cruore de*] E ſpuma & ſanguine cœli nata Venus. S. Tibull:

—— *is ſanguine natam*
Is Venerem e rabido ſentiet eſſe mari.

Arnobius, *Nunquid a nobis dicitur ex pelagi ſpuma & ex Cœli genitalibus amputatis Cythareæ Veneris concretum coaluiſſe candorem?* L. Nota ſunt epigrammata Veterum, Εἰς Ἀφροδίτην ἀνερχομένην ἀπὸ θαλάττης. Et in fragmento Polyhiſtoris Pontici quod Julio Solino in veteribus libris adſcriptum reperimus, de Venere legas,

—— *quæ ſemine Cœli,*
Parturiente ſalo divini germinis æſtu

Spumea

Spumea purpureis dum ſanguinat unda profundis
Naſceris e pelago placido Dea proſata mundo. P.

Verſ. 10. *Cærulus inter caterva*] Nereides ac Neptuni pecudes, Seneca Hippol: *Cærulus grex Nereidum.* W.

Ibid. *bipedes equos*] An ita appellat quia pectoribus tenus molles eriguntur in auras? ut loquitur de Tauro Ovidius 15. Metam: Virg: 4. Georg: verſ. 388. de Proteo;

—— magnum qui piſcibus æquor,
Et junctо bipedum curru metitur equorum.

Turnebo lib. 28. cap. 23. *Nerunii equi*, hippocampi, qui priores pedes habent, poſterioribus carent, ſed pontum legunt & natant. Stat: 1. Achill:

Pone natant delentque pedum veſtigia caudæ. W.

Verſ. 11. *fecit*] Procreavit. Sic infra de roſa, *Facta de cruore*; Idiotiſmus illius ævi. Sic apud Scholiaſtem Juvenalis, *Si tres liberos fecerit*, pro procreaverit. SALM.

Ibid. *de maritis imbribus*] Maritos imbres appellat Spumam & cruorem, ſane quam eleganter. LIPS.

Verſ. 12. *Purpurantem pingit annum*] Pindarus. Pyth. 4. Ποικίλλει χθὼν πρὸς ἀνθεῖν dicit. & Apul. lib. 10. *Quod ver in ipſo ortu jam gemmulis floribus depingeret, & jam purpureo nitore prata veſtiret.* W.

Verſ. 13. *Ipſa ſurgentes papillas*] Roſas dicit ſurgentes de Favonii ſpiritu Venerem urſiſſe in illum uſum. Roſarum uſus in cubiculis averrucandæ vertigini; Plin: 20. 14. *Ad recreandos defectos animo dignior e pulegio corona Varroni, quam e roſis, cubiculis noſtris pronunciata eſt.* SCR.

Ibid. *ſurgentes*] id eſt naſcentes, germinantes, creſcentes; ſic *ſurgere meſſem* Maro, 1. Georg: & optimi quique auctores; id eſt, creſcere. SCR.

Ibid. *papillas*] Papilla, alabaſtrus, roſæ calyx nondum dehiſcens & patens, convolutis foliorum panniculis connivens, B. Hieronimus, epiſt: 26. ad Pammachium. *Quis parturientem roſam & papillatum corymbum, antequam in cathum fundatur orbis, & tota rubentium foliorum pandatur ambitio, immaturo demeſſum, æquis oculis marceſſere videat.* SCR.

Verſ.

Verſ. 15. *urget*] Propellit, effundit in folia. Hoc Maro *trudere* dixit, 2. Georg:

Sed trudit gemmas & frondes explicat omnes.

de avibus vernantibus Dracentius dixit,

—— *vapor urget in uſus Pignoris.* SCR.

Ibid. *nudos*] Nudos penates dicit Hiberno tempore deſtitutos floribus ac coronis; redimendoſque vernis & novis. SCR.

Verſ. 17. *lacrimæ micant*] Pulcra tralatione roris guttas nuncupat lacrimas, apud Achillem Tatium, lib. 6. τὸ τῶν δακρύων πεαίνεσθαι, τὸ δὲ μέλαν πορφύρεσθαι, καὶ εἶδ ὅμοιον, τὸ μὲν ἴῳ τὸ δὲ ναρκίσσῳ. W.

Verſ. 22 *Virgines nubant*] Id eſt, velent; Onomaſticum Nubo, καλύπτω. Eſt enim nubo proprie operio. Arnob. lib. 3. *Quod aqua nubat terram, appellatus eſt Neptunus.* W.

Verſ. 23. *Cypris de cruore*] Quomodo Roſa alba purpurea & rubra facta ſit diſce ex Aphthonii Progymnaſmatis, cap. 4. & Conſtantino Cæſare de R. R. lib. 11. cap. 18. *Adonide occiſo* (aiunt) *Venerem nudis pedibus ingreſſam eſſe ſylvam, ibique ſpinis compunctam emiſiſſe cruorem, inde Roſam, quæ priùs eſſet alba, aſpergine contactam cæpiſſe rubere.* SCR.

Verſ. 26. *Unico marita nodo*] Folia roſarum adhuc inter ſe connexa, nec dum tota patentia, *nodos* vocat; Epigramma vetus.

Dum levat una caput dumque explicat altera nodum.

Item,

Altera Pyramidas nodo majore tumentes.

Alludit autem ad ritum Nuptialem, de quo Feſtus, *Cingulo nova nupta præcingebatur quod vir in lecto ſolvebat*, &c. Varro, Catullus, & alii SCR

Verſ. 30. *ſi ſagittas vexerit*] *Vehere* pro *ferre* & *geſtare*; Exempla hujus locutionis apud Ammianum Marcellinum crebra, lib. 16. *Anteriorem chlamydis partem utraque manu vehens*; lib. 18. *Quinquagenarias longioreſque materias vexere cervicibus ingravate.* SALM.

Verſ. 35. *Totus eſt in armis*] Hominem *in armis* & *ſub armis*, armatum vocabant. Ennius,

Ter

Ter me sub armis malim vitam cernere.
Id est, *Malim armatam me vitam cernere.*
Virg. —— *sedet circum castella sub armis.*
Idem. —— *ludunt belli simulachra sub armis.*
Sic Manilio Centaurus *sub arcu*, & *in arcu* qui arcum gestat;
Ennius, —— *levesque sequuntur in hastis*,
pro *hastati*. SALM. ad Hist. Aug.

Vers. 41. *si deceret virginem*] Musæus,

Παρθένον οὐκ ἐπιοίκεν ὑποδρήσσειν Ἀφροδίτῃ
Παρθενικαῖς οὐ Κύπρις ἰαίνεται. P.

Vers. 43. *congreges inter cater:*] Gloss: ὁμόφυλος, *tribulis congrex gentilis*, Auson: ep: ad Paulin:

—— *congrege vulgo*
Angustas fervere vias. & Id. 11.

Lege Scaligerum Auson: Lect: lib. 1. cap. 17. W.

Vers. 46. *de tenente*] Id est continenter, uno tenore ac de uno tenenti: Galli, *d un tenant*. Sic continenter sedere, conjunctim & uno tenore. Catull. 38.

An continenter quod sedetis insulsi
Centum aut ducenti non putatis ausurum.

Et incontinenti aliquid facere, statim & nulla interposita mora; hinc dicimus incontinenti pro statim. SALM. ad Solin:

Ibid. *pervigilanda*] Sic Tacitus vigilatam convivio noctem dixit. DOUS. βίγλας & βιγλάτωρα dixit recens Græcia e Latino vocabulo mutuata quæ Viglare tum dixit, & viglas pro vigiliis; Inde & perviglare pro pervigilare. SALM.

Vers. 49. *stare floribus*] Id est oppleri, ornari, conspergi, sic apud Virg: Æn: 6.

—— *stant lumina flamma*;

Valet, pleni flamma sunt oculi; ut & 12. Æneid: dixit,

—— *Jam pulvere cœlum*
Stare

Quod est oppletum esse pulvere. W.

Vers. 52.

Verſ. 52. *quantus Ennæ campus*] Campus Ennenſis in floribus ſemper, & in omni vernus die, ut ait Solinus. Meminitque Cicero 6. in Verrem; & utroque prior Ariſtoteles. Claudian de Proſ: rapt: lib. 2.

Enna parens florum. S C R.

Verſ. 53. *vel puellæ*] Vel pro & exempla convaſavit Salmaſ: ad Capitolin: & ad Lamprid: W.

V. 60. *ut pater*] Euripides, non apud Ariſtotelem modo Ethic: lib. 8. ſed & apud Athenæum, lib. 13. & Stobæum in Phyſicis,

Ἐρᾷ μὲν ὕμβρου γαῖ. ὅταν ξηρὸν πέδον
Ἄκαρπον αὐχμῷ, νοτίδος ἔνδεως ἔχει·
Ἐρᾷ δ' ὁ σεμνὸς οὐρανὸς πληρούμενος
Ὄμβρου πεσεῖν εἰς γαῖαν ἀφροδίτης ὑπο
Ὅταν δὲ συμμιχθήτον ἐς ταυτὸν δύο
Τίκτουσι μιν πάντα, καὶ ἐκτρέφουσ' ἅμα.

Hic etiam confer Virgiliana iſta 2. Georg:

Tum Pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ deſcendit, & omnes
Magnus alit magno commixtus corpore fœtus.

Lucretius, lib. 1. de nat: rer:

—— pereunt imbres ubi eos pater Æther
In gremium matris terrai præcipitavit.

Unde illa Virgiliana expreſſa videntur; *Vernus*, ut Juvenali, Sat: 5.

—— fremeret ſæva cum grandine vernus
Jupiter. P.

Annum pro anni fœcunditate dixit, ut Græci ἔτος dum aiunt Ἔτος ποιεῖ οὐχὶ ἄρουρα. S A L.

Verſ. 61. *Maritus imber*] Arnob: lib. 5. *Vos Jovis & Cereris coitum, imbrem dicitis, dictum telluris in gremium lapſum.* W.

Verſ. 63. *mentem permeante ſp:*] Docebat Empedocles mentem ſacram id: Deum, per univerſa diffuſam, vegetare atque movere omnia; qui apud Ammonium περὶ ἑρμηνείας,

Ἀλλὰ

Ἀλλὰ φρὴν ἱερὴ, καὶ ἀδέσφατος ἔπλετο μοῦνον,
Φροντίσι κόσμον ἅπαντα, κατ' αἴσουσα θοῇσι.

Ex ejus opinione Maro,

—— *totamque infusa per artus*
Mens agitat molem & magno se corpore miscet.

Quæ mens, hic Veneris nomine insignitur. BARTHIUS ad Claudian.

Vers. 71. *de sacello dat p. v.*] Dionysius nominat Iliam Vestalem, Livius, Rheam Silviam. De pro ex. Tertullianus de præscript: *Et ipse Christi traditor de Apostolis fuit.* W.

Vers. 74. *Nepotem Cæsarem*] Augustum. Sæpe ita discriminandi causâ historici. LIPS.

Vers. 78. *Ipsa suscepit sinu*] Virg:
—— *tellure cadentem Excepi Jovique sinu.* P.

Vers. 80. *Ecce jam*] Calpurn: egl. 1. iisdem fere verbis,
Cernis ut ecce pater quas tradidit Ornite vaccæ
Molle sub hirsuta latus explicuere genesta. P.

FINIS.

ORONTA
The Cyprian Virgin:

BY

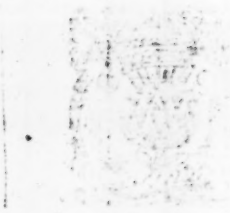
Sigr. Girolamo Preti.

LONDON,
Printed by *F. B.* for *Humphrey Mosley*, at the Signe of the Princes Armes in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard. 1647.

CORONTA

The Cyprian Virgin:

BY



Sig. Gregorio Preti.

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ORONTA

The Cyprian Virgin.

ARGVMENT.

Muſtapha *Generall of the Turks, after a bloody Conqueſt of* Cyprus, *ſends the choiceſt Spoiles, and the Priſoners ſelect for Nobility or Beauty to the Emperour at* Conſtantinople. *Being at Sea,* Oronta *(a captive Virgin) to prevent the danger of her Chaſtity, gives fire to the Ammunition.*

WHen glorious *Cyprus* (long in vain purſu'd)
Often victorious was at laſt ſubdu'd;
Nor had the heat of fire and anger ceaſt,
Had they not been by ſtreams of blood ſuppreſt;
When every one the *Thracian* rage did feel,
And thoſe with I'rn were bound that ſcap'd the Steel;
When Limbs and ruin'd Walls in heaps were laid,
And Loves ſoft Kingdome *Mars's* field was made.

Victorious *Muſtapha* is angry ſtill,
Becauſe no more are left t'oppoſe his will,
The field he keeps, with Squadrons yet o're-ſpread,
And threatens death once more amongſt the dead.
His horrid foot-ſteps he imprints in blood,
Yet ſeeks for more t'increaſe the purple flood;
And ſeems at adverſe fortune vext, to ſee
So many that by death from death were free,

The Spoyler, all be-ſmear'd with dropping gore,
Ranſacks the levell'd ruines (walls no more ;)
Removes the ſtones and beams, climbs where they ſtood,
As greedy now of gold as late of blood:
The loweſt he caſts up, the high down throws,
Deafe to the Praiers, blind to th'wounds of foes;
Whilſt the demoliſh'd Walls become a grave,
Th'unburied carkaſſes a buriall have.

There was a ſtately Temple, to which led
By fear, for refuge many Chriſtians fled;
The foe arrives, and fights not but deſtroyes,
For theſe their throats, and he his ſword employes;
Flames ſeiſing on the roofe o're-throw the Walls,
The Fabrick once near heaven, to earth now falls.
The murderer doth not the ſlain ſurvive,
And he that kill'd dyes buried alive.

Now none are left his anger to aſſwage,
The vanquiſh'd Generall feels the Victors rage,
His honour'd head he fixing on a Speare,
A barbarous Trophy of his death doth reare:
Vpon the headleſſe body he doth tread,
Inſulting with new fury on the dead.
Then round about he roves, and every where
Lightning in's eye, Thunder in's ſword doth bear.

So

So when *Megæra* terrible to fight,
Her bloudy whip now waves, then holds upright,
When Squadrons mixt in fight Squadrons ore-turne,
And every where the angry Steele doth burne:
She who her glory 'mongst the dead acquires,
Their armes with strength, their soules with rage in-(spires
And as she doth her snaky Tresses spread,
The fields with bones look white, with blood look red

Each place resounds with the triumphant cry,
Mountaines and Vallies eccho Victory;
The hollow Cannons with a sportive blaze
And horrid sound, Thunder and Lightning raise;
The horses neighing, and the men with cries,
Seem rather greedy of the War then prize,
And the shrill Trumpets dreadfull harmony
Alarm's doth rather sound then Victory.

Night rising from the Orient now invades
Each soule with rest, and every field with shades;
The festive fires shine clear, whose burning pride
Doth the black thickness of the mist divide:
The flames directly here, there curling rise,
Hizzing and rending darkness to the skies:
And whilst the sparks with trembling lights ascend,
Earth seems new stars unto the heavens to lend.

Forth her nocturnall dwelling in the East
Aurora with a Crown of light comes dreſt,
In a Pyropus Chariot ſhe doth riſe,
And ſilvers over firſt, then gilds the skies,
Loves brighter Star, the Harbinger of day,
Her ſplendour ſtain'd with pale griefe doth diſplay,
To ſee th'oppreſſion that her Kingdome bears,
She drops from Heaven her Dew diſtill'd in tears.

Now the hoarſe Trumpet's early ecchо all
Vnto their work, ſhips to the ſhore doth call;
For ere the newes of victory attaines
That mighty Monarch in *Byzantium* raignes,
A ſurer Meſſage *Muſtapha* intends,
And of the *Cyprian* ſpoyles a preſent ſends,
Deſirous that his winged Navy might
Even feather'd Fame out-ſtrip by ſpeedier flight.

Vnto the Sea they haſten with the beſt
Of Iewels, Gold, and Scarlets weight oppreſt;
With a rich burden are the Veſſells fraught
Of proud Materialls curiouſly wrought;
The ſtout Keeles pant, and the retyring Maine
Bowes underneath the Treaſure they ſuſtaine;
Yet Ships and Waters both ſeem proud to bear
Kingdomes contracted in that narrow Sphеare.

Virgins and Youths to Sea are driven thence;
And Beauty Priſ'ner led with Innocence:
Who their ſoft limbs with cruell chaines doth bind,
They with their eyes fetter his Captive mind,
Victors and vanquiſht thus together force
One for the others griefe to feele remorſe.
Thus *Mars* and Love their double Palmes obtaine,
Which this o're bodies, that o're ſoules doth gain.

The Pilot the tenacious Anchor tore
(With crooked teeth) up from the ſandy ſhore:
Of Eaſtern breath a gentle flattering gale,
Calms the ſmooth Sea, and ſwells the pregnant Saile;
Their Oares the water break, the aire their cries,
The Haven backward goes, the Navy flies;
The furrows break in ſilver foame; none know
Whether the Ship or Wind doth faſter go.

Along the ſhore the wretched mothers ſtray,
Their Cheeks they teare, diſhevel'd haires diſplay;
The lanching ſhips beholding from one high,
Away with their impriſon'd children fly;
Teares to the Waves, ſighes to the Aire they lend,
And cries t'o're-take their deareſt Pledges ſend;
Spreading their Armes to Sea, as if they might,
Quitting the Land, follow the ſailes by flight.

Now in ſuſpence they ſtand, whether they may
For quiet ſeas, and winds ſucceſſefull pray;
Their minds 'twixt wrath and pitty hovering were,
Nor know they what to wiſh, or what to feare;
What Barbarous uſage waits them, when they come
To that luxurious Town *Byzantium*;
Subjected to his power, who though th'immenſe
Worlds potent Maſter, yet is ſlave to ſence.

Then wakes a thought in their maternall mind,
Cruell, yet not in cruelty unkind:
They wiſh their injuries reveng'd might be
By ſtorms, a threatning heaven, an angry ſea;
Malignant Stars, and furious winds may raigne,
Burying the ſhips in the vaſt watry plaine.
But ſtreight that cruel thought from their breaſt flies,
And thus what reaſon dictates, love denyes.

A ſtately ſhip plowing the Waves there went,
Excell'd the reſt in height and ornament:
Her glorious Poop of gold, whoſe flame did ſtaine,
And guild the blew Enammell of the Maine;
In which a Virgin did to Exile paſſe;
A fatall Trophy ſhe of Conqueſt was;
For the rude *Thracian* forcing her away,
To buy one life a thouſand deaths did pay.

Oronta faire, whoſe Anceſtors were they
Who did long time the *Cyprian* Scepter ſway,
With her new beams encreas'd, & made more bright
Their ancient ſplendor with a truer light.
Her wiſedome both her years and Sex out-went;
More noble by her vertue, then deſcent:
In this fair frame did a high ſpirit move,
And with her face her ſoule in beauty ſtrove.

She did the *Cnidian* Goddeſſe far excell,
Sailing th'*Ægean* in a Golden ſhell;
She who with that falſe *Trojan* ſtole away,
And quitted, with her faith, the *Gracian* Bay,
Appear'd leſſe faire on that unhappy ſhore,
When ſhe to *Ilium* fire and ruine bore;
For from the eyes of this faire Captive came
Such beams as might convert the world to flame.

Nature diviner forms united here,
Above the beauties mortalls uſe to weare;
The heavens ſhe did contract in one faire look;
Roſes and Light ſhe from the morning took;
The Sun divided in her eyes, her haire
Scatters his looſe beams in the wanton aire,
Her beauty doe's ſo far tranſcend eſteem,
Beauties *Idea* doth leſſe beauteous ſeem.

Her

Her ſad Companions weep, yet ſhe keeps dry
Amidſt theſe ſhow'rs of teares her lively eye:
Her lofty ſpirit cannot ſtoop ſo low
Danger to feare, or fruitleſſe Prayers beſtow.
Confus'd her actions are, her looks ſevere,
Her reſerv'd thoughts deep reſolutions beare;
Yet there was nothing in her face reveal'd
Of that deſigne lay in her breaſt conceal'd.

Thus with her ſelfe ſhe reaſons; Shall the dead
Their blood for us, and we teares only ſhed?
They deceas'd glorioully, there is no way
Now left us to eſcape, but dye as they:
Death cannot be deny'd; With ſacred fire
Some power Celeſtiall doth my breaſt inſpire;
My ſoule to Heaven inviting ſeems to cry
Alas we cannot live, unleſſe we dye.

Beneath the Decks there is a place, where are
The wicked Inſtruments of Fire and War,
Sulphureous Powder, Balls of Braſſe and Lead,
A pondrous load, which when the fire doth ſpread
Throughout the Aire, the Lightning breaks aſunder,
And Cannons from their hollow boſoms thunder.
When theſe the Ships do mutually return,
They now dart Lightning now with Lightning burn

Th'He-

Th'Heroick Virgin, here intent, doth ſee
Both time and place to her Deſigne agree:
Flames in her eyes, in her breaſt anger burns,
Now to cold Ice, and ſtraight to fire ſhe turns,
Shall the proud Turks (ſaith ſhe) in triumph play,
Boaſting *Oronta* is their fetter'd Prey?
They have not robb'd me of my libertie;
Spight of theſe ſtubborn Bonds my Soule is free.

Behold in this cloſe place an open way
To freedome, here my Chains their Ranſome pay;
Her earthly weight here off the Soule may ſhake,
And her ſwift flight to heaven may freely take.
Love for my ſake no Triumphs muſt pretend,
Nor 'gainſt a Barbarous heart his Bow ſhall bend;
To chaſter zeale muſt yeeld his vaine deſire,
And in Celeſtiall Flames his Flames expire.

Such Fire He kindle as ſhall fatall prove,
And thoſe extinguiſh that are rais'd by Love.
Maſters with Slaves in Death ſhall equall be,
And Captives gaine o're Victors victorie:
End to our Wrongs and their Pride this ſhall give,
And all at Death, e're at the Shore arive.
To you bright flames that free me from this Death
My Body, I my Soule to Heaven bequeath.

This

This said, the burning Torch she holds upright,
And as about to throw, she shakes the light;
Yet timerously bold, her heart relents,
And of her former boldnesse she repents;
Thus burning, freezing, sighing, dumb appeares,
A thousand times at once both dares and fears.
At last still do I doubt? still live? (she said,)
They merit death that are of death afraid.

With that the deadly flame she from her throwes,
Which in a moment up the Powder blows:
The hollow ship thunders, the dreadfull cryes
And horrid noise the deafn'd Aire surprize;
Death gave no time to feare the dismall light;
The fire did sooner seize then did the fright;
The bodies dead and halfe dead th' Aire do fill;
Smoak sends up Clouds, & blood doth show'rs distill.

Masts, Cordage, Decks, and Keele asunder flye,
And of one ship a hundred floating lye.
Of Prisoners now the Guardians have no care,
But all alike are hurri'd through the Aire:
The Fire, the Wraith, the Bodies all in one
Together are in dark Confusion gone.
Some upwards mount, others fall down, and have
Death in the fire, and in the floud a grave.

So

So *Ætna* from her black internall parts
Thunders aloud, and lightning upwards darts,
Breathing out Sulphur from its hollow veines,
The torrid Aire the borrowed Heat retaines:
Stones from th'eternall ſhades to heaven are thrown,
The fields with ſhowers of burning ſand ore-flown,
And whilſt together ſmoak and fire aſcend,
Darkneſſe and Light for Victory contend.

In the deſtructive fury of the fire
She that firſt kindled it did firſt expire;
Her body by this ſuddaine force is borne
Into the Aire, in thouſand pieces torne.
Her mangled limbs diſperſed at their fall,
In the kind ſea receive their buriall.
Thus ſhe at once is burnt, is torn, is drown'd,
A glorious death, e're ſhe perceiv'd, ſhe found.

You that in Marble, and in ancient Rowles,
Make ſcrutiny for the Heroick ſoules,
You by whom Acts renown'd in Peace or War,
Eternized to future ages are,
Fix here your thoughts, your ſtudies, and your Verſe,
And onely her immortall praiſe reherſe;
So you of wits, of women ſhe the glory,
You by *Oronta* live, ſhe by your ſtory.

Winds

Winds with the Flames do happily conſpire,
And the whole Fleet alike receives the fire.
Auſter ſpreads wide the heat, all is ore-run
A thouſand Fires dilated into one.
The crackling Blaze, and dusky Clouds that riſe,
Make bright the Waters, and make dark the Skies,
Like burning Miſts that in earths Bowells dwell,
Darkneſs aſcends, as if the Sea were Hell.

All dye, yet all attempt their death to ſhun;
Some hide them, ſome they know not whither run:
The active Flame in every part reſides,
Seizing the Maſt, the Poop, the Prow, the ſides.
And to anticipate the Fates Decree,
Into the fire ſome leap, ſome to the Sea:
Languiſhing hope is of all flight bereft,
No means but Death to ſcape from Death is left.

The bloudy ſurface of the water bears
Bowes, Arrowes, Enſignes, Helmets, Targets, Spears;
Here bodies half alive, and there quite dead:
A ſtranger Trunke joynes to an unknown head.
The tatter'd Limbs divided are from Limbs,
Here broken bones, and there a half-skull ſwims.
Some whilſt they vomit blood do water drink,
Some vainly thinking to ſave others, ſink.

The plunderer is plunder'd of his Prey,
Spoyles ſpread by fire upon the Water ſtray,
The Wealth of *Cyprus* burnt, yet drowned lyes;
Seas ſwallow what a Kingdome did comprize;
The burning Timbers float in Sea and bloud,
Carrying a fire triumphant o're the floud.
The waters ſwolne with ſtreams of gore look red,
And dying men are mingled with the dead.

Meane while from *Cyprus* Sands the Mothers gaze
Intentively upon the diſmall blaze;
Amaz'd to heare the Seas with Thunder roare,
The Aire with Smoak, the Waves with Light ſpread o're,
A thouſand hopeleſſe hearts in this fire freeze,
This fire extracts from eyes a thouſand Seas:
Sighs from the Land are ſent, and tears are ſhed
By thoſe who dye with griefe, to thoſe are dead.

The Waters back the floating Bodies drive,
Which at their Native Soyle at length arrive;
In haſt the Mothers (Mothers now no more)
Collect th'unknown ſcorcht Reliques on the ſhore,
Their grief augments, their cries they now raiſe higher,
And in deep ſighes their weary ſoules expire.
The blameleſſe Sea more then before offends,
Whom it took living thence, dead back it ſends.

Yet

Yet to the dead the living envy bears,
For weigh'd with ſuch a death, life vile appears.
The dead are free, but thoſe to life confin'd
Are miſerable ſlaves to ſlaves deſign'd:
Indulgent Fate by taking life from thoſe,
Hath reſcu'd them from th'out-rage of their foes;
Theſe ever weary of their deſtiny,
Suffer a thouſand deaths before they dye.

Such was *Oronta's* memorable Fate,
Which ſome more noble Muſe ſhould celebrate;
That all the World from the Suns early riſe,
Vnto his ſet her name may ſolemnize;
That her example ever may remaine,
Who loſt in Fire, in Verſe may live againe:
When my low thoughts to this high Theame aſpire,
I learn not how to praiſe, but to admire.

FINIS.

UPON ORONTA.

STanza 4. *and fights not but destroyes*] *Desiderati dicuntur in ea cæde verius quam pugna* (saith Strada) *supra quindecim millia Cypriorum, capti ad viginti millia.*

Ibid. *His honour'd head*] *Præcisum Dandali Prætoris insulæ caput, Salaminam muneris loco mittitur ad urbis Præfectum.* Strada.

St. 5. *bloudie whip*] So Virgil, and others: whence correct wee that of Æschilus, Choeph:

Χαλκηλάτῳ μάστιγι (not πλάστιγγι) λυμάνθεν δόμας.

Ibid. *with bones looke white*] Virgil:

—— *campique ingentes ossibus albent.*

Ovid: Fast. 1.

Squallidaque humanis ossibus albet humus.

St. 9. *Pyropus Chariot*] Ovid: Metamorph: 2. So is νυκτὸς ἅρμα, mentioned by Æschilus, 253. (and οδι β.) διχόμηνις χρυσάρματος by Pindar, Olymp: 3.

Ibid. *Loves brighter starre*] Cleomedes, lib. 1. κυκλ: θεωρ: ὑπὸ τοῦτο (solem) ὁ τῆς Ἀφροδίτης (ἀστὴρ) ὀξὺ καὶ ἐναντίαν τὴν πρίοδον ἔχων καλεῖται δὲ ὁπόταν ἐπικαταδύνηται τῷ ἡλίῳ ἑσπέριος, ὁπόταν δὲ προανίσχῃ αὐτοῦ ἑωσφόρος τινὲς δὲ τοιοῦτον καὶ φωσφόρον καλεῖν εἰωθάσιν.

Ibid. *her deaw distill'd in teares*] A frequent Metaphor; Pervig: Ven: *Lacrimæ micant trementes.*

St. 10. *a Present sends*] *Quantum erat tota urbe ac regno gemmarnm, quantumque auri argentique cum cœlati tum rudis, vestem præterea opere vario, ac signa complura, Dein præcipuos quoque captivorum & præstantium forma puellarum puerorumque greges duabus onerariis a Myoparoni imposita Selimo Imperatori Bizantium dono gloriose mittit.* Strada.

Ibid. *winged Navie*] Hesiod: in oper: νηὸς πτερά. Homero, ἐρέτμα, τά τε πτερὰ νηυσὶ πέλονται.

St. 13. *The Pilot*] Apollon: Argon: lib. 1.

—— ὑψὶ δὲ νηὸς
Εὐναίας ἐρύσαντες ἀνεκρούσαντο κάλωας
Κυρτώθη δ' ἀνέμω λίνα μεσσόθι.

Nonn: Dionys: 4.

Ὀλκάδος ἰθυπόροιο παλίμπορα πείσματα λύσας,
Εἰαρινῇ κόλπωσεν ἀχείμονι λαῖφος ἀήτῃ.

Ibid. *Pregnant saile*] Achill: Tat: lib. 5. ὁρᾷς δὲ καὶ τὴν ὀδόνην κεκυρτομένην ὥσπερ ἐγκύμονα γαστέρα.

Ibid. *The haven backward goes*] Well knowne is that of Virgill,

—— *terraque urbesque recedunt.*

To which Achilles Tatius alludes, Ὁ λίμην καταλείπετο τὴν

τὴν γὴν ἑωρώμην ἀπὸ τῆς νυὸς κατὰ μικρὸν ἀναχωροῦσαν ὡς αὐτὴν πλέουσαν.

St. 14. *Their cheekes they rend, dishevel'd haires display*] Two customes proper to women in bewayling the dead: Eurip: Sappho.

Διὰ παρηίδος ὄνυχα λευκὸν,
Αἵματα τε χρῶτα τε φωνίον,
Τὰ γὰρ φθίτων τοῖς ὀρωσιν κόσμος.

(forbidden in the twelve Tables) Venus laments Adonis λυσάμενα πλοκαμίδας, Bion: Epitaph: Adonid: Tibull:

Et fleat effusis ante sepulcra comis.

Petron: *Funus passis prosequebatur crinibus*: yet thought offensive to their ghosts. Propert:

Tu manes ne læde meos sed parce solutis
Crinibus & teneris Delia parce genis.

St. 15. *Who though th'immense world's potent Master, yet is slave to sence*] Seeming to expresse that of Claudian, de 4. Cons. Honorii,

Tu licet extremos late dominere per Indos &c.
Servitii patiere jugum, to ætabis iniquus
Interius leges.

or of S. Augustine de Civitate Dei, lib. 4. cap. 3. *Malus autem etiamsi regnet servus est, nec unius hominis, sed quod est gravius tot dominorum quot vitiorum.* Which Prosper seemes to imitate, Epigram. 53.

Cum mens carnali nimium dominante tyranno,
Tot servit sceptris subdita quot vitiis.

An opinion own'd by Stoicks as well as by Christians: Cato in Plutarch maintaines: Μόνον εἶναι τὸν ἀγαθὸν ἐλεύθερον, δούλους δὲ τοὺς φαύλους ἅπαντας. Epictetu, Ἐλευθερία καὶ δουλεία τὸ μὲν ἀρετῆς ὄνομα, τὸ δὲ κακίας. Demophilus. Δουλεύειν πάθεσι χαλεπώτερον ἢ τυράννοις. And, Ὅσα

 πάθη

πάθη ψυχῆς, τοσοῦτοι οἰώμοι δεσπόται. Which expresse, *totidem verbis*, the place of S. Augustine before alledged. Seneca de vita beata, cap. 5. *Vides quam malam & noxiam servitutem serviturus sit quem voluptates & dolores incertissimæ dominæ impotentissimæque alternis possidebunt.* Boetius de consolatione, cap. 2. *Extrema est servitus cum animæ humanæ vitiis deditæ, rationis propriæ possessione ceciderint.*

St. 17. *whose flame did staine*] Expressing almost word for word that of Apollonius, Argon: 1.

Στράπτε δ' ὑπ' ἠελίῳ φλογὶ εἴκελα νηὸς ἰούσης
Τεύχεα μακραὶ δ' αἰὲν ἐλευκαίνοντο κέλευθοι
Ἀτραπὸς ὣς χλοεροῖο διειδομένη πεδιοῖο.

Pindar: ὁ δὲ χρύσος αἰθόμενον πῦρ; which place perhaps the Scholiast of Sophocles remembred, when he said τὸν γὰρ πύρετον πῦρ καλοῦσιστα. Oedip: Tyran:

St. 19. *she did the Cnidian*] In imitation of Statius, in epith: Stell: & Viol:

Hæc est cæruleis mecum consurgere digna
Fluctibus, & nostræ potuit considere conchæ.

St. 20. *her haire scatters his loose beames*] Nonnus Dionys: 4.

— καὶ εἴποτε βόστρυχα σείσας,
Αὐχένα γυμνὸν ἔθηκεν, ἐφαίνετο φωσφόρος ἀστήρ.

St. 22. *with sacred fire*] Strada, *Statimque succendi sibi animum sensit, immissa e cœlo flamma.*

St. 25. *Behold in this close place an open way to freedome*] Cato apud Senecam; *Cato qua exeat habet, una manu latam libertati viam faciet.*

St. 26

St. 26. *Masters with slaves in death shall equall be*] Æschilus Choeph:

Τὸ μόρσιμον γὰρ τὸν τ' ἐλεύθερον μένει,
Καὶ τὸ πρὸς ἄλλης δεσποτούμενον χερός.

Horat: *Mors æquo pulsat pede*, &c.

St. 27. *This said*] Not unlike to Ovids description of Althea, lib. 8.

St. 30. *Thunders aloud*] Oppian: Cyn: lib. 1.

Πύρσοις αἰθεριοῖσιν ἐρευγομένοιο κεραυνοῦ
Σικελίης Αἴτνης ἀνεκάχλασεν ἄϊναον πῦρ.

Ibid. *with showers of burning sands*] This and the foregoing Verse paraphrase that of Lucretius;

Saxaque subjectare & arenæ tollere nimbos.

Ibid. *smoake and fire*] Consonant to the description of Pindar;

Τὰς ἐρεύγονται μὲν ἁπλά ——
τοῦ πυρὸς ἀγνόταται
Ἐκ μυχῶν παγαὶ. ποταμοὶ
Δ' ἀμέραισι μὲν προχέοντι ῥόον καπνοῦ
Αἴθων.

of Lucretius;

Funditque ardorem longe, longeque favillam
Differt, & crassa volvit caligine fumum.

Which Virgil imitates, Æn: 3.

— *atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem*
Turbine fumantem piceo & candente favilla.

Truer then is that observation of Servius in 1. Georg: *Ætna mons Siciliæ non fumum sed flammarum egerit globos.*

Nor

Nor is ῥόον καπνοῦ well interpreted πυρὸς, by Benedictus, on that of Pindar before cited.

St. 31. *ere she perceiv'd*] Achill: Tat: lib. 3. ὁ γὰρ ἐν θαλάττῃ θάνατος βράδυς προσανείρει πρὸ τοῦ παθεῖν.

St. 33. *winds with the flame*] *Nec se intra Myoparonem continuit clades fragmentis hominum tabularumque ex alto decidentibus corripuit ignis proxima navigia, horæque unius spacio quantum erat toto regno conquisitum prædæ hominumque quatuor exceptis ex quibus rei series dein cognita, in oculis insulæ Mustapho ipso inspectante consumptum est.* Strada.

Ibid. *burning mists*] Apollon: lib. 4.

—— θέρμην ἔτι κήκιε πόντος ἀϋτμὴν.

St. 38. *the mothers, mothers now no more*] Sophocles de Clytemnestra;

Μαίνεται δ' ὑφ' ἡδονὴς μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ.

An elegance much affected by the Greekes. Oppian, Cyneg: 1.

—— ἀμήτορα μήτερα δείλην.

Homer, μήτηρ δυσμήτηρ. But Preti alludes to that of Ovid,

At Pater infælix, nec jam Pater.

Ibid. *Collect*] Alluding to that knowne Ceremonie; Virgil:

Relliquias vino & bibulam lavere favillam,
Ossaque lecta cado cogit Corineus aheno.

Of the first of these Verses, that of Nonnus seemes an exact paraphrase, (Dionys: 37.)

—— σὺν ἀχνυμένῳ δὲ λυαίῳ,
Ἀστέριος δικταῖον ὁμόγνιον αἷμα κομίζων,

Κώσσιον

Κνώσσιον ἀμφικύπελλον ἔχων δέπας ἥδεος οἴνου,
Εὐόδμον δαπέδοιο χυτὴν ἐμέθυσσε κονίην.

And of the ſecond, that which followes preſently after;

Ὄστεα συλλέξας κεκαλυμμένα δίπλακι δήμῳ,
Εἰς χρυσέην φιάλην κατεθήκατο λείψανα νεκροῦ.

Which may perhaps convince them who denie, that *oſſa lecta* ſhould be there interpreted *collecta*.

FINIS.

A

PARAPHRASE

UPON

Psalm CXLVIII.

And

Part of *Psalm* CXXXIX.

Out of *French*.

A
PARAPHRASE
UPON
Pſalme CXLVIII.
Laudate Dominum.

Angeli.

YOu bleſſed ſpirits that beſtow,
For every good or bad intent
Throughout our Univerſe below,
Either reward, or puniſhment;
You that inſtruct th' induſtrious ſphears
(You ſchollars) in a harmony
Which doth as far exceed the eares
Of man, as they tranſcend the eye.
Teach them to praiſe the power to whom all ſue,
By the ſame leſſon that they learne of you.

Sol.

THou universall Paint, whose light
Alone all beauty doth dispose,
Who on the Lilly spreadst the white,
And the Carnation on the Rose:
Great Painter of this solid frame,
Whose luminous pencils guild the earth
And water; to whose radiant flame
All shape and colour ow their birth.
In a new Hymne the worlds great Author praise,
Of which thou drawst the picture by thy raies.

Luna.

THou that amidst the darkest night
Dost entertaine a lesser day,
Expecting till the King of light
Drive the obscurer shades away;
Bright Regent of one halfe oth' yeare,
Whose secret influence doth cause
The Oceans flux, which learnes to beare
The weight of thy uncertaine lawes.
Praise him who gives thy weaknesse strength to guide
By hidden power, the Seas obsequious Tide.

Stellæ.

ROses of gold on azure sowne,
You sparkling Jewels of the night,
Who silently encamp unknown,
Your squadrons in their Tents of light;

Whom

Whom the Militia of the Sky
In ſeverall factions doth beſtow,
To kindle war, which ſpreading, flies
Throughout our leſſer world below.
Praiſe him by whom you ſhall at laſt be thrown
To earth, and forc'd to lay your bright arms down.

Lumen.

SOul of the Sun, and life of ſight,
That doſt the'namild heav'ns adorn,
Thouh ſenſibly, yet ſubtly bright,
Smile of the early riſing morn;
Whoſe ſoft impreſſion farre all art
Exceeds, or ſtrongeſt violence;
Eſteem'd of a corporeal part
An incorporeal effluence.
Praiſe him to whom thou doſt thy being ow,
And from whoſe light, thy fountain, thou doſt flow.

Cæli cælorum.

GReat Palace of the Empiree,
Of which the ſpheares are the foundation,
The walls of glaſſe, a fluid ſea,
Eternity thy long duration:
Which with harmonious aires doſt ring,
Compoſ'd by thy moſt ſacred quire,
Whoſe life is muſick, and to ſing,
The only beeing they deſire.
Praiſe him, and if, ſpirits can vanquiſht be
By Bodies, let thoſe Angells yeild to thee.

Aquæ ſuper cælos.

WAters that by myſterious skill
Are plac'd above this arch of pleaſure,
Whoſe carefull concave doth not ſpill
One drop of this their liquid treaſure;
Conſervatory beyond art,
Waves which above your bridge do flow,
And to your Neighbour flames impart
No cold, nor from them heat do know;
In his juſt praiſe, with all his workes conſpire,
Whoſe power can water reconcile to fire.

Dracones.

DRagons who natures ſouldiers are,
Furniſh'd as ſoon as borne, with armes,
Whoſe martiall induſtry our care
Reſiſts, and counterchecks your harmes,
Fear'd monſters both of earth and aire,
Dwelling in either element,
Who ſuch a deadly poyſon beare,
As but it ſelfe nought can prevent.
That great Phyſitian praiſe, who doth reveale
An art, which teacheth the diſeaſe to heale.

Abyſſi.

YOu dark Albyſſes of the Maine,
VVhoſe ſoundleſſe depths the fuell hide,
That earth doth in her womb retaine,
Mixt with the waves in yours reſide,

VVho

VVho treacherouſly the wealth devoure,
VVhich fooles commit unto your care,
And in whoſe cavernes, made by power
Of winds, your dead waves buried are.
Praiſe that profounder skill, which by ſtrong chaines,
You in the priſon of your ſelves reſtraines.

Ignis.

FIre, which above the aire haſt ſeat,
And doſt both light, and lightneſſe wear;
So plac'd, as if thy ſubtle heat
Did purify pale Cinthia's ſpheare:
Thou ſea, whoſe bright waves ebbe and flow,
Swift as the ſpheares by which they move,
Whilſt the ſmall fires that dwell below,
Direct their flames to you above.
Praiſe his diviner power, who plac'd your throne
Of light ſo neare the glory of his owne.

Grando.

VNwelcome Tempeſts, that deſtroy
The hopefull treaſure of the yeare,
And often raviſh, or deſtroy
The Virgin pride our flowers do weare,
Who firſt as meſſengers, conveigh
The juſt diſpleaſure of the skies,
Then melting into teares, away,
Weep for the crimes which you chaſtize.
Praiſe that great God, who can the Tempeſt vaile
Of his diſpleaſure, in a Storme of haile.

Nix.

Nix.

WOoll, which Celeſtiall art hath made,
And knit into one ornament,
And like rich Tapiſtry diſplaid
Upon the ſmoother plaines extent;
Ivory, whoſe hardneſſe, unknown skill
Doth render tractable as ſilk;
A ſloud, whoſe ſolid ſtreames diſtill
From melted pearles, or frozen milk.
Praiſe that diviner power, who of ſo light
A vapour, hath a body made ſo bright.

Glacies.

THou childe of water, whoſe brow wears
The image of our vanitie,
And melting back again in tears,
Thy mother is new born of thee:
Thou Chryſtall ſignet that doſt ſeal
The folds which on the waves do ly,
And rivers as away they ſteal,
Doſt ſtop, and with cold fetters ty.
That Chimiſt praiſe, who doth all tempers mix,
And can the fluid ſtate of water fix.

Spiritus procellarum.

YOu mutinous cauſes of thoſe wars
That wrinckle the ſmooth face oth' deep,
Greedy, or curious paſſengers
Betraying to eternall ſleep:

Sighs,

Sighs, which the winds to thoſe bequeath,
Are toſt upon theſe watry graves;
You, who by power of your rough breath,
Levell the earth, and plough the waves.
Praiſe him who doth your forces diſunite,
The God of peace, who forceth you to fight

Montes & Colles.

YOu Mountaines, whoſe proud heads defy
The fury of the troubled aire,
Whoſe Baſes ſtill unſhaken ly,
Nor winds can move, nor ſtormes impaire:
And leſſer hills, whoſe ſmooth tops yield
Paſtimes to ſwaines, who there reſort,
Striving in beauty with the field,
Where wanton flocks both feed and ſport.
Joyn in this hymne, that his great power may be
Prays'd equally, in inequalitie.

Ligna fructifera Cedri.

PLeaſant and fertile trees that bear,
What may both ſight and taſte invite,
And with the riches of the year,
All ſences equally delight,
Exalt your humble tops, and joyne
With the proud Cedars in this praiſe,
To celebrate that power divine,
Who from the earth you both did raiſe.
That in this pious ſtrife, both win the field,
Cedars to ſhrubs, ſhrubs may to Cedars yield.

Beſtiæ Pecoræ.

Beaſts, who your humble being owe
To a materiall forme alone,
Whoſe hidden natures neither know
Reaſon, nor are to reaſon knowne;
You that are circumſcrib'd by lawes,
Ty'd to the fetters of your ſence,
And rank'd beneath the freer cauſe,
That can with thoſe dull chaines diſpence.
In a new hymne, praiſe thoſe diviner powers,
And act mens parts, who act ſo often yours.

Serpentes.

SErpents, who can the ſhapes you weare
Into a living Lab'rinth wind,
Retiring to dark dwellings, where
None but your ſelves the way can finde:
Who by the poyſon you diſtilld
Into your firſt fore-fathers breſt
The ſoules of our whole ſpecies killd,
And did of innocence deveſt.
Praiſe him who can your ſubtle curles unwinde,
And your deſerted manſions track and finde.

Volucres.

YOu winged Choriſters, that dwell
In woods, and there maintain a Quire,
Whoſe muſick doth all art excell;
Nor can we a'm'late, but admire,

You

You living galleys of the aire,
That through the ſtrongeſt tempeſt ſlide,
And by your wanton flight, who dare
The fury of the winds divide.
Praiſe him, and in this harmony and love,
Let your ſoft Quire contend with that above.

Reges & Populi.

KIngs, whoſe juſt power the heavens diſpence,
Not by leſſe power to be contrould,
Praiſe that celeſtiall influence,
Which of your glories is the mould;
And you who ſeated are below,
Taught even by nature to obey,
His praiſe in your obedience ſhew,
To their divinely ordered ſway;
And as his name ſhall celebrated be,
Let high and low, compoſe one harmonie.

Judices.

YOur Oracles of heavens decrees,
Who by the curb, and ſcourge of law,
Which to your truſt committed lies,
Keep the inferiour world in awe,
Who with impartiall juſtice weigh
The crime and puniſhment of vice,
And by an unreſiſted ſway,
Reward the good, the bad chaſtize.
Praiſe that great Judge, to whom all knees muſt bow,
And him that duty pay, which we to you.

Juvenes.

Juvenes.

YOu buds of humane nature, who,
By the progreſſion of your years
Diſcloſe thoſe glories, which in you
(By your great Maſter hid) appears;
You the firſt copies of mankinde,
To whom that hand's exacter art
By which you were at firſt deſign'd
Doth ſtill new light and ſhade impart.
Praiſe that great power, who the myſterious wayes
Of Nature thus from day to day diſplayes.

Virgines.

YOu happy Virgins, that retaine
The image of divinitie,
And carefully preſerve from ſtaine
That ſacred firſt impreſſion free:
You who the eaſy breaſts inflame,
Of all that ſubject are to ſence,
And do a double pureneſs claime,
Of beauty, and of innocence.

Praiſe that great Deity, whom all implore,
And thoſe bright glories we in you adore.

Senex.

Senex.

OLd men, whoſe weak decaying frame,
The ſpoils and ruines are of time,
Whoſe neere-expiring leaſe he claims,
And will ere long be due to him:
You drooping ſwans by age dyde white,
Bowd with its weight; who ſhortly muſt
To a new dwelling take your flight,
Reſolv'd into forgotten duſt.
Praiſe that great God, who gave, and takes your breath,
And like true ſwans, go ſinging to your death.

A PARAPHRASE UPON Part of the CXXXIX *Psalm.*

1.

Reat Monarch, whose feard hands the thunder fling,
And whose quick eyes, all darkneſſe vanquiſhing,
Pierce in a moment earths remoteſt parts,
The night of futures, and abyſſe of hearts;
My breaſt, the cloſeſt thoughts which there reſide,
From thy alſeeing knowledge cannot hide;
The number of my ſteps before thee lies.
And my intents (ere mine) before thy eyes.
Thou knoweſt me, when my ſelfe I cannot know,
And without errour ſeeſt what is not ſo.

2.

SPeech, that light garment, which our thoughts attires,
The image of our wiſhes and deſires,
Daughter of aire, from ſoule to ſoule which flies,
And in her mothers boſome melting dies:
By higher flight appeares before thee long,
Before ſhe birth receiveth from my tongue,
Before ſhe from my lips had learnt to frame
Thoſe accents, which my heart did firſt enflame,
And this inviſible body flying hence,
Aſſumes, by which ſhe is betraid to ſence.

3.

THe paſt and future ſtill with thee abide,
The preſent, which from us like ſtreames doth ſlide,
With a firme conſtant foot before thee ſtaies,
To thee nought young is, nought oppreſt with daies;
Man (as if that bright fire thine eye reflects,
Conſum'd of mortall objects the defects,
And chang'd the changing lawes of his fraile breath)
A heap of ſcattered duſt, a maſſe of earth,
A work almoſt below mortalitie,
Immortall in thy knowledge is like thee.

4. But

4.

BUt if thy angers dreadful ſtorm break forth
The Orient, or the Weſt, the South, or North,
Can no profound Abyſſe or Azile lend,
Whoſe depth may hide, or ſtrength my life defend;
Though ſwifter then the morning I could fly,
Thy thunder, which that ſpeed doth far outvy,
Out ſtripping me, my flight would ſoon reſtrain:
Though I could dive into th' unſounded Main,
Which nightly quencheth the bright light oth' skies,
I ſhould lye open to thy brighter eyes.

5.

YEt I not wonder, if unvaild thou finde
The darkeſt ſecrets of my naked minde;
As a learned Artiſt thou maiſt well foreſee,
The motions of that work is fram'd by thee:
Thou firſt into this duſt a ſoul didſt ſend,
Thy hand my skin did ore my bones extend,
Which greater Maſterpiece, whilſt I admire,
I fall down loſt, in ſeeking to riſe higher:
And finding bove my ſelf, my ſelf to be,
Turne to that nothing, from whence raiſ'd by thee.

FINIS.

THE
ECCHO,
&c.

[illegible]

THE ECCHO
by *Marino*.

IN a dark and ſhady Grove
(The ſad witneſſe of his love)
Poor *Siringo*, vainly who
Did *Licoris* long purſue,
Here his weary ſteps reſtraind,
And ſo ſweetly he complaind,
That the waters and the air
Wept, and ſigh'd his plaints to hear.
Silvio overheard his ſpeech,
And engrav'd it on a Beech.
Nimph, ſaid he, for ſuch thou wert,
Who a naked voice now art,
To theſe hollow rocks confin'd,
Thou (oh none but thou) art kinde;
VVho to eaſe my grief and mone,
Often doſt forget thy own.
Oracle of rural loves,
Soul that animates the groves
VVhere thy darker dwelling's made:
Thou that art a ſpeaking ſhade,
Who in each deſerted place,
Doeſt thy ſavage lover trace;
Thou unſeen and wandring noiſe,
Image of anothers voice,
VVild inhabitant that dwels
In unhoſpitable Cels,
Thou that art unto my wo,
A companion and a fo,
If thou canſt my paſſions ſhare,
Hear, and pitty my diſpair.
But my grief when I have told,
To no other ear unfold;

Carefully

Carefully this ſecret lock
In the boſom of that rock,
And let its rude breaſt become,
Both to that, and thee, a tomb:
Though I fear not to complain
Of my wrongs and her diſdain,
Yet I would not their ſad noiſe
Should diſturb anothers joys.
Thou our deſtinies wilt finde,
If compar'd, alike unkinde;
Equal beauty Crowns both them,
VVho our ſuits alike contemn;
Thou to empty air didſt turn,
I to ſighs diſſolving mourn,
Both alike flie humane ſight,
Both ſeek ſhades, both ſhun the light.
If my ſorrows thus diſplaid,
Thy compaſſion may perſwade,
Quit theſe beaſts, and forreſts wilde,
To ſeek one then thoſe leſſe milde;
Leave thy dwelling in this ſtone,
To finde out a living one:
And my ſighs which thou muſt bear,
Gently breath into her ear;
Or if ſhe ſeek this retreat,
To defend her from the heat,
And upon this ſoft bank lie,
Teaching the birds harmony,
Or diſcourſe with thee, orecome
VVith her voice, O be not dumb:
Tell her what my grief affords,
In entire, not broken words;
Say, how often I to thee,
Have accuſed her crueltie,

Taught thee to invoke her name,
Carv'd on ev'ry bark the ſame;
Trees Licoris only [redacted] bear
To the eye, rocks to the ear.
Nymph if thus thou wilt relieve me,
Flowers and Garlands I will give thee,
Thy pale boy no more unkinde,
Shall thy joyful temples binde:
He upon this bank ſhall grow,
And ſhall love and court thee too.
Juno ſhall prove harſh no more,
And thy humane vail reſtore:
Heaven thy ſpeech return appeas'd,
To thy arms thy lover pleas'd:
And this cave which yet doth know
Nothing of thee, but thy wo,
Shall a faithful witneſs be
Of the love twixt him and thee.
Fool! who vainly doth deceive thee,
Or of reaſon thus bereave thee?
Why doſt thou thy ſad eſtate
To the ſportive ſtreams relate?
Comfort who, or pity findes
In dumb rocks, or in deaf windes?
And thou aid of all my grief,
Where I only found relief!
My laſt accents who didſt eaſe,
Art as ſilent now as theſe.
Cruel Nymph! to rob my Joyes,
Voice it ſelf is without noiſe:
She who did ſome ſpeech retain,
Her own ſorrows to complain,
Muſt unto unhappy me,
Only dumb, and ſilent be.

Wanton

Wanton daughter of the air,
who regardſt not my diſpair,
Know, I can grieve inward too,
And be dumb as well as you.

To a blinde man, who married.
Marino Lyr. lib. 3.

LOver then love more blinde, whoſe bold thoughts (dare
Fix on a woman that is yong and fair;
It *Argus* with a hundred eyes, not one
Could guard, hop'ſt thou to keep thine, who haſt none?

Anſwer.

I'M blinde, tis true, but in loves rules defect
Of ſenſe, is aided by the Intellect:
Sences too, by each other are ſupplied,
The touch enjoys, what's to the ſight denied.

On S. John Baptiſt.
Marino.

AS the youthful morning's light,
Chaſing the dark ſhades of night,
By its bluſhes doth betray,
The approaching of the day:
So this Star that doth forerun
The day of our ſalvation;
Dy'd in's purple blood, doth riſe,
And the ſun appearing, dies.

AVRORA.

ISMENIA.

By

Don Juan Perez de Montalvan.

1648.

Aurora.

Dionyſius the Sicilian Tyrant had a daughter, for her Celeſtiall beauty named *Aurora*, not more faire then unfortunate; and ſcarſe had ſhe compleated the laſt yeares of her Infancie, when Heaven was pleaſed to let her know that ſhe was beautifull by eclipſing her fortune. For Nature, as if ſhe eſteem'd beauty a crime, and not her owne image, doth for the moſt part puniſh it: The Mother of *Aurora* dyed; and *Dionyſius*, although the loſſe of his wife gave him no reall reſentment, expreſt in feign'd teares how extreamly he lov'd her; but within a few dayes diſcover'd the hypocriſie of his griefe, receiving in her place *Arminda*, an Italian Lady of quality, but not worthy of that Crowne, becauſe he had many years before kept her as a Miſtris. She was of a lively ſpirit, witty and faire; but of a diſpoſition ſo harſh, that ſhe gain'd little upon the affections of the people, bearing ſuch command over her husbands actions, that ſhe permitted not any thing to paſſe in the Kingdome, without firſt conſulting her pleaſure; a care proper to ſuch of ſmall worth, as make oſtentation of the power they enjoy, that by this meanes they may diſſemble their low beginnings;

but the succeſſe proves contrarie, in regard the injur'd by murmur and complaints diſcover more then was imagin'd. *Aurora*, conſidering that to permit ſuch exceſſe were to lend wings to her pride, adviſ'd her not to rely with ſo much confidence on her fathers affection, ſince it was not impoſſible that it might faile, & then would ſhe fall lower for not having treaſured the good will of his Subjects: adding moreover that ſhe ſhould remember what ſhee was formerly, that ſhee might not vainly be tranſported with her new eſtate. Theſe words ſo incens'd *Arminda*, that from thenceforward ſhe plotted *Aurora's* death; and to effect her deſire made *Dionyſius* believe that ſhee was jealous, telling him hee lov'd his daughter ſo paſſionately, for being the picture of the dead Originall; ſince as the Phœnix leaves her aſhes to perpetuate her ſucceſſion, ſo affection uſeth to leave ſome living pledges to preſerve its memorie: and certainly, the neglect he ſometimes expreſt towards her, was occaſion'd by that dead love pictur'd in the beautie of *Aurora*. *Arminda* urg'd this ſo earneſtly, that *Dionyſius* making impiety a Complement, reſign'd his daughters fault into her hands, allowing her in this cauſe to bee both Judge & Party. Love the common excuſe of all extravagace did not here acquit *Dionyſius*; for a man is not oblig'd to deſpiſe the pledges of his bloud for a woman that diſſembles when ſhee weeps, and weeps when ſhe pleaſes. *Arminda* was ſatisfied, ſo that *Aurora* were in ſome remote place out of her ſight; whereupon her Father commanded her to depart out of *Sicily*, chuſing rather to live without a daughter, then diſpleaſe a wife; ſuch was the affection of a blinded

blinded Lover, the raſhneſſe of an unnaturall Father. They conveigh'd the faire Princeſſe to a little Iſland, ſeated betwixt (the two Promontories) *Pelorius* and *Pachynum* which ſeem'd as a Garland of Flowers in the Tyrrhen Sea; it was done privately to avoid the mutiny of the people, who lov'd her for her beauty and her vertue: Hee order'd a ſelect number of ſervants for her attendance, with forfeiture of life to any who ſhould diſcover that *Aurora* reſided in that narrow Pallace. The diſcreet Lady did with much wiſedome beare her Fathers unkindneſſe, diverting her minde now with the muſick of the little wanton Birds, which hearing her name thought it ever morning, and ſung continually: Now with the pleaſant wind which ſporting upon the ſmoothneſſe of the Chriſtal ſea did amorouſly diſquiet it: now with reflecting on her owne misfortunes, for the unhappy are often recreated with the ſame thing that afflicts them: Now with the Ladies that attended her, eſpecially with *Celia*, who being of the ſame age and kindred well deſerv'd her privacie; but when all fail'd, and nothing could delight her, ſhe took an Inſtrument which in her hands might boaſt it was not dumbe; and weeping ſung thus:

When will arrive the Day,
Which muſt my life and ſorrowes terminate,
That angrie fortune may
(The tyrant goddeſſe of all humane ſtate
Her crueltie fulfilling)
By one kinde death thus make an end of killing.

When ſhall my troubled yeares
Be to a verdant grave of flowers reſtor'd?
My injuries, my feares,
Too little merited, too much deplor'd?
When ſhall my juſt complaint
From equall heaven receive a full reſtraint.

Now I am throwne thus low,
What more can be deſir'd by cruell Fate;
No hope my ſad thoughts know,
Of reinjoying their paſt happy ſtate:
Oh my afflicted minde!
Death wouldſt thou come, a welcome thou ſhalt finde.

With patience forlorne,
I paſſe the Moneths, the yeares in ſolitude,
The evening and the Morne;
In vaine my hopes thus ſtriving to delude.
My teares I conſtant keep,
And as I am Aurora, *daily weep.*

When the Rebellious Sea,
Armed with Snow, ſtrives to ſubdue this Rock,
It ſeemes my miſerie,
At once kindly to warne, and rudely mock:
For ſo the Deſtinies
My life each minute offer to ſurprize.

Soone

Soon as the morne appeares,
And uſhers in with dubious light the day,
My reall ſorrow weares
So true a ſhade of death, that I betray
My reaſon to that dreame,
And (though awake) dead to my ſelfe do ſeem.

All things within my view,
All things that grow and thrive by Natures care,
My ſorrowes doe renew:
For by ſucceſſive change they better'd are,
But to me fortune ſtill
Is therefore conſtant, 'cauſe ſhe firſt was ill.

This Tree from Januarie
No livery but the hoarie Froſt receives,
Yet May its dreſſe doth vary,
Proudly adorning it with painted leaves:
Unto the fruitfull plaine,
What Auguſt ſtole, April reſtores againe.

This Sea ſometimes emrag'd,
Swells up in Chriſtall mountaines to the skies,
Yet often is aſſwag'd:
But onely I in conſtant miſeries,
Confin'd to endleſſe griefe,
Expect no liberty, nor hope reliefe.

Aurora clos'd this ſweet Muſick with ſo many Sighes and Teares, that hee muſt have had a

ſoule truely inſenſible, that could heare her without Compaſſion. One evening as ſhee entertain'd her ſelfe with the pleaſant proſpect of the ſea, ſhe ſaw a man ſtrugling with the waters, and breaking the waves, though hee relyed more on the mercy of a Planke, then the ſtrength of his armes, endeavouring to recollect his fainting ſpirit, till he might approach the ſhore for preſervation of his life. *Aurora* mov'd with a noble pitty, and tender feare to have him die before her eyes, commanded thoſe few that attended her, to relieve him: who putting to ſea in a little Skiffe, took him up and treated him moſt carefully; (for ſo *Aurora* had commanded them) beſides the perſon and civility of *Pauſanias* (for that was his name) mov'd them to reſpect and affection. Being recover'd from his rough uſage, (which had caus'd him to vomit much water) he ſhar'd amongſt them ſome Jewells, which hee had preſerv'd from the ſea in his late danger; telling them that he was nobly deſcended, and that until he ſaw his fortune amended, it was neceſſarie for him to live conceal'd; and therefore deſir'd the company to accept of his ſervice, for that poſſibly hereafter it might not repent them of that favour. His gold and perſon had purchas'd the affection of thoſe that heard him: they return'd thanks for the complement, promiſing to ſerve him to the utmoſt of their power. *Pauſanias* was glad, conceiving hee might ſecurely continue there, without being knowne; for that Iſland was little acquainted with other, then the watchfull Guardians of that beautie, which ſo unjuſtly ſuffer'd. Going forth one night when the bright Moon with her beames enlightned

enlightned the Wood, hee heard a voice that with a cheereful ſweetneſſe thus related its grief to the Birds and Waters:

From th'early Dawne untill the Sun retire,
I to theſe woods and hills my griefe expire;
My eyes with boundleſſe Rivers over-flow,
Like troubled Fountaines murmuring at my woe:
Perpetuall miſeries I ſtill deplore,
As they are mine: but as immortall more.
What is't by nature beauties wealth to owne,
If to theſe woods confin'd I live alone:
Or that my eyes have power to kill with love,
If neare me none but birds and beaſts doe move?
Too cruell heav'n that know'ſt my innocence,
Or with my ſorrowes, or my life diſpence.
Thou to torment me doſt forbid me die,
For death is pleaſing unto miſery:
Let thoſe that happy are enjoy their breath,
The wretched never live but in their death.
To each dull houre that ſlides through lazy day,
My griefes or memory of griefes I pay.
Thus live I, onely pleas'd with this reliefe,
Death is the lateſt remedy of griefe.
For patience failes where th'injur'd ſoule ſuſtaines
The rigour of unintermitted paines.

Pauſanias was aſtoniſht as well at the ſweetneſſe of the voice, as to heare it in ſo ſtrange a place, wondring who it could be, whoſe ſoule ſo feelingly deplored its owne misfortunes: and as well that he might not be ungratefull for the favour he received, (though

he were ignorant from whom) as to trie, if by this meanes he might come to know the divine owner of so sweet a harmony, to the suspence of the listning Nightingales he sung this song.

Torment of absence and delay,
That thus afflict st my memory,
Why do'st thou kill me every day,
Yet wilt not give me leave to dye?

Why dost thou suffer me to live?
All hope of life in life denying?
Or to my patience tortures give,
Never to dye, yet ever dying.

To faire Narcissa's *brighter eyes,*
I was by loves instruction guided,
A happinesse I long did prize,
But now am from their light divided.

Favours and gifts my suit obtain'd,
But envious Fate would now destroy them;
Which if to lose I onely gain'd,
What greater paine then to enjoy them?

The same wonder which before seiz'd *Pausanias*, surpriz'd *Aurora*, knowing none of her servants were of such extraordinarie parts, or could so sweetly complaine of the insupportable torment of absence. *Aurora* inquisitive to know, and incited by the curiosity that is incident to women, was desirous to see the *Orpheus* of those Rocks: but the shadow of the trees,

trees, the diſtance of place; and above all, the regard of her quality which detained her, repreſt this deſire, ſo that ſhe deferr'd it till ſome other time; and calling one of her attendants, demanded of him, if there dwelt any in that wood, beſides thoſe that came with her out of *Sicily*. The ſervant anſwered, ſhe forgot him, whom not long ſince ſhe commanded them to ſuccour, ſeeing him in danger of his life. *Aurora* ask'd if he knew who he were? He replyed, he knew no more then that he had ſaid he was call'd *Pauſanias*, concealing his quality and countrey, yet could aſſure her, that he ſeem'd to be of noble Parentage, or at leaſt his perſon and ſpirit deſerv'd to bee ſo. *Aurora* would not enquire further, leſt her curioſity might breed ſome ſuſpition; and although it bee true, that none can love what hee never ſaw, or convers'd with; yet Fame, Vertue, and Deſert incite a deſire to ſee whether that ſatisfie the eye, which had by the eare affected the ſoule. Wee will not ſay *Aurora* was in love, though her ſolitude might require it, her greatneſſe would not conſent to it: Yet ſhe had a deſire to know the man ſo well qualifi'd.

Pauſanias ſoon ſeconded this deſire, for not enquiring the myſtery incloſed in the Pallace, he continued to frequent the place where he firſt heardher: and *Aurora* had the opportunitie many evenings of ſeeing him paſſe by with ſuch a grace as might endanger the liberty of one leſſe reſtrained then ſhe was: for the afflictions of love are not for thoſe that have other misfortunes to reſent. *Pauſanias* could not behold the fair *Aurora*, the windowes and lattices debar'd him her ſight, neither would he diſcover himſelf

to

to thoſe hee convers'd with; ſuppoſing, that ſince they kept their buſineſſe ſo private, the ſecreſie much concern'd them, and therefore he conceal'd what he deſir'd: For it is a rule of diſcretion to know no more of any man then he is willing to communicate. Nevertheleſſe, deſiſted not to proſecute his intentions, hoping he might finde opportunitie to ſee that ſweet Syren. The morning often found him under her window, not knowing whom he courted, loving in ignorance; yet confident more then a private Lady was within thoſe Wals. Before the Pallace he us'd ſeverall paſtimes and recreations, that he might thereby obtaine a ſight of the Goddeſſe whoſe voice had enchanted his ſoule.

Pauſanias had good ſucceſſe in all things, having bin brought up in the exerciſe of arms, he hunted the wild Beaſts of that wood ſo fortunately, that he made their deaths acknowledge him Maſter of their ſtrength and furie. There was not any in the Pallace but applauded his gallantrie; only *Aurora* was peplext at his perfections; for every day he encreas'd her affection by new deſerts. And although ſhe lik'd all ſhe ſaw in him, yet the inequality ſhe conceiv'd was betwixt them diſpleas'd her diſcretion, thoſe that diſparage themſelves being unexcuſable. Hereupon ſhe adviſed, whether it were not expedient to have him kill'd; for when a meane perſon may occaſion extraordinary miſchiefe, his death is eſteemed mercy: but ſhe could not attempt it in earneſt: For, to take away the life of thoſe we love, becauſe we love them, is no good reaſon in the ſtate of affection; ſhee would have him depart the Iſland, but immediately ſhe repented: For it is

hard

hard to put that out of sight which is imprinted in the minde: In effect, seeing that to kill him were cruelty to *Pausanias*, to banish him tyranny to her self, she resolv'd to divert her sadnesse, passing her solitary houres with more delight; and that hee might never know that it was she that lov'd him, she exchanged names with *Celia*, to whom she imparted the Plot, that she might assist her in pursuit of it, and with her name dissembling her quality, she resolv'd to give entertainment to this new affection, untill she might know who he was that had won so much upon her heart.

Aurora might safely have admitted to her greatnesse the affection of *Pausanias*, for he was sole heire to the King of *Macedonia*; and being enamoured of of the fame of *Aurora's* beauty, which verses and pencills had extoll'd, whilst other Princes by Ambassadors solicited her marriage, resolv'd that his fortune should rely upon his owne diligence, and by going to *Sicily* to be both the Agent and the Lover: This desire made him put to sea, and forsake his owne Countrey; such is the power of a noble resolution, so did the imagined beauty disquiet the Princes minde, and attract his will and freedome, that he expos'd his life to the perrill of the waves, and his greatnesse to a meane lodging of Planks and Canvas, to see if truth were correspondent to fame But he was lesse fortunate then adventrous; for one evening the Sea being angry, or weary to sustain the weight of so high a Majesty in so little room begun to rage furiously, so that the valiant Princes life was in danger; the heavens were darkned, and the Aire so turbulent, that the company

company expected every minute, should end their lives, and without thought of saving themselves made him leap into the foaming Sea, fearing some worse event; and by embracing a planke, to use the most difficult means for his owne safety: Thus pass'd he two dayes befriended by the weather, at length arrived so neare the Island, that *Aurora* could relieve, and after love him so extreamly as we see.

Shee resolved at last to speake with him, but under the feigned name of *Celia*, which desire was encreased by *Pausanias*; for one night he amorously sung these Verses upon the curiosity of his love.

What wouldst thou have unquiet breast?
What is it thus disturbs thy rest?
Say not thou lov'st it cannot be,
Who never didst deserve or see.
Love, where the minde out-strips the eye,
Is onely Curiositie.

But thou wilt say, why dost pursue
Thine owne disquiet then? 'tis true;
And though this onely care expresse
Of an imagin'd happinesse,
Desire to see doth ever prove
A sure preparative to love.

An object so divine I frame
Within my breast, as doth inflame
My captiv'd minde: I love, subdue,
Desire, oblige, hope, and pursue,

Resigne

Reſigne my liberty, beſtow
My ſoule on one I doe not know.
And thus can Maſter be of none,
For I no longer am mine owne.

As ſoone as *Pauſanias* had made an end, *Aurora* call'd to him and ſaid, (though with ſome difficulty, by reaſon that the Balcon's were very high) that hee might leave his curioſity, and profeſſe love: For his addreſſes were not unacceptable. *Pauſanias* remain'd contented with this favour, ſince although hee had never ſeen the beſtower, yet at leaſt his afflictions were not ſo ill plac'd as he before imagin'd; and ſeeing it was not poſſible to ſpeak to her, hee determin'd to write, transferring his thoughts to the Penne, which uſeth to be the diſcreeteſt tongue, expreſſing more then is felt. The Letter was ſhort (though the ſubject did not require it) to leave her with the deſire of receiving another: and thus it ſaid:

Madam,

I May juſtly ſay you are obliged to favor me, having coſt mee infinite cares, without any recompence, although ever ſince the laſt night I have preſum'd to be more fortunate, and ſo am reſolv'd to dye rather importunate then baſhfull: for my birth is noble, and will not ſuffer mee

to

to flie from any attempt. That which I I now desire, is to see you, if perhaps my love have merited it; and since heaven suffers it selfe to bee lov'd, and you appeare such, bee like it in condition as in beautie: for if your beames inflame mee, it is but justice I should know the sphere from whence they come.

Pausanias repaired thither as hee used to doe, and having first courted her with a Song, which he had composed that day, as well sung as penn'd, he shew'd her the Paper, saying it was a piece excellent for Musick, and that he should be extreame glad to heare it set to the Gittarh. *Aurora* understood him, and was pleas'd with the deceit, because that which otherwise would have appear'd lightnesse, now past for civility, (for there are some so discreet in what they demand that by encouraging the crime, they seem to excuse the fault) and throwing downe a string of Pearle, *Pausanias* return'd it more weighty then before: *Aurora* read the Paper, and in part to satisfie his expressions, desiring him to expect a while, commanded *Celia* to write, not that shee could not her selfe, (for she was extreamly accomplish'd in every thing) but for the danger might ensue, if her hand were knowne; and betwixt them both they fram'd this Answer:

That

THat you may not when you return home to your Countrey accuſe the Sicilian Ladies of ingratitude; ſince your deſire is ſo reaſonable, as the ſight of a woman, I will perform me what you require me; though then your eyes will contradict your fancie: for it is certaine, that I am fairer in your opinion now, then I ſhall be afterward: I am call'd Celia, and attend a Lady of quality that lives in this Caſtle: Shee and I will be to morrow in this place, ſo that you may then ſee me; be of good courage, and thank me for being ſo ſoone quit of your love, if that can be love, which hath paſt no further then imagination: I onely entreat you to keep this indiſcretion ſecret, and to tell me your name, eſtate, and qualitie, for it imports us both.

Panſwias kiſt the Paper, and read it often: for a Lover is never ſatisfied at the firſt, and the day following went to ſee what he ſo much deſir'd. *Aurora* had commanded her ſervants to retire to another quarter

quarter of the house, and being alone with *Celia*, caused her to attire her selfe richly, and she stood beside her. *Pausanias* beholding, was exceedingly ravisht, in regard his fancy had come short of the truth; for *Celia*, besides her slender shape, was of a pleasing beautie; but her lustre was eclips'd by *Aurora's* presence, whose eyes were spheres of light, her forehead a plaine of Lillies, her haire the riches of *Arabia*; in her cheek Roses, her mouth Pearles, her neck of Alabaster, her breasts of Snow, and hands of polisht Ivorie; she was attir'd in green Tabey, wrought with gold, so that she appear'd like a Diamond enchased in Emralds, her Gowne Skie-colour, laid with black Buttons and Loops: in a word, she was altogether divine, her perfections many, and her years few. *Pausanias* was much astonish'd, yet fearefull the Sea should see her, lest he should wooe her for one of his watrie Deities; and thanking his owne perseverance, hee determined to gaine her that had got his soule, though at the expence of a long absence from his Countrey: for he found that the Picture of *Aurora* that he had seen was farre unequall to the divine *Celia*: he esteemed the time well imploy'd that he had spent in adoring those Walls, since within them hee had found so much more then expectation had promised.

Whilst *Pausanias* enjoy'd these favours passing the nights with them, and the day with hopes, it happened that *Dionysius* sent for one of those that waited on *Aurora*, and threatned him, that if either through his or his fellows fault, it should be known where his daughter was, they should instantly dye a shamefull death.

death. With this feare he returned to the reſt, and gave them notice how much it concerned them that *Pauſanias* ſhould quit the Iſland, ſince he might eaſily at one time or other, as he walked in the wood, ſee the Princeſſe, and occaſion all their ruines: So eaſie is it, replyed another, that I think he pretends, if he have not already effected it: for I have obſerv'd, that hee looks up very intentively to thoſe Balcones; and ſhe hath enquired of me who he is; and if he perſiſt, hee muſt of neceſſity come to know her, and we to loſe *Dionyſius* favour. In effect, feare overcame them, and all agreeing that hee ſhould not continue there, they advertis'd him that it concern'd his life to abſent himſelfe.

Pauſanias wondred at their ſuddaine reſolution, and after many conjectures began to ſuſpect that without doubt ſome one of them lov'd *Celia*, and would uſe that means to ſecure his jealouſie or envy: and thereupon hee determin'd to ſpeake to them all, that he might ſatisfie him who conceiv'd himſelfe injur'd, and to beſeech them againe not to offer him ſo great a diſcourteſie, as to conſtraine him to depart the Iſland, untill ſuch time as he had news of his ſervants, whoſe lives perhaps the Sea had pardoned. He plainly perceiv'd how difficult it was to reclaime them, ſeeing thoſe that before ſo kindly entertain'd him, now behold him diſtaſtfully (for ill will is diſcover'd by the eyes, countenance, and carriage) and one morning finding them altogether, hee ſaid to them:

"Gentlemen and friends, my birth is noble, and

" though I live where I am unknowne to all but my " selfe, I doe not think any here can complaine of " my demeanour, for men of my Parentage receive " not benefits unthankfully, (ingratitude and noble- " nesse differing as night and day) I came to this " Island, or to say better, my fortune threw me here, " not unhappily, since in it I have found both protecti- " on, and friends. Here I have liv'd a while, endea- " vouring to satisfie to my power, though not to my " desire, the favours I have receiv'd from all: but it " seems I have not sufficiently expresst my selfe; since " when I think you most my friends, you threaten mee " with death unlesse I depart: I have enquired what " might be the reason, but indeed can find none, un- " lesse some one of you being jealous, incites the rest " to this violence: which if it bee so, hee ought " to consider, that a man doth not offend, unlesse hee " know that he injures; for he who through ignorance " or innocence sollicits that whereunto another hath " right, can onely then be said to offend, when after " he knowes the truth he pursues his wish; and so to " have surveigh'd this Castle, with a desire to see " what it inclos'd, or by curiosity to have obtein'd " that sight cannot disquiet any one; for before this " present I knew not that it would give offence; " and if I conceive aright, there is more then one " Goddesse inhabits there; so that none hath reason " to complaine of mee, because I neither injur'd " him out of malice, nor can he know to which I am " enclin'd.

Pansanias thought by this to have appeas'd and satisfi'd

satisfi'd them, but the event was contrary, for the knowledg of this secret being their greatest feare, they needed no other information to draw their swords, and assault his life. But before they could dispatch it, *Aurora* and her gentlewomen hearing the noise, saw the treacherous mischiefe they intended to a single stranger, and forgetting her greatnesse, (for love considers not quality, when that which is esteemed is in danger) sent to command them all to desist, and informe her of their quarrell; who comming before her, related what charge her Father had given them, adding, that *Pausanias* for certaine either had already, or else meant to speak with one of the Ladies that attended her highnesse; which might give occasion to discover what *Dionysius* intended to keep so secret, that none but heaven and themselves should know, and therefore to excuse the danger that threatned them, it was necessary to take away his life.

"It would bee (replyed *Aurora*) impiety in "me to consent to it, and treachery in you to effect "it, because I am informed you have received curte-"sies from this Gentleman, and there is no reason you "should take away his life, whom you your selves "confesse to be of such estimable parts; especially "for that which may be remedied without bloud. I "understand that *Pausanias* saw one night one of my "women, whom either for the novelty, or opportu-"nity he courted, and she (I think) heard him not "unwillingly; For this reason it concernes me that "he stay no longer in this Island; and since his ab-"sence is sufficient to secure you, I take that and your

"danger upon my ſelfe; for *Pauſanias* is a gentle-"man, and can conceale what he hath ſeen.

With theſe hopes they were ſatisfied, and *Aurora* remained in a thouſand perplexities: for ſhe lov'd him ſo paſſionately, that there would bee but little difference betwixt loſing him and her owne life. And indeed ſo powerfull was his diſcourſe and converſation, that although he had been leſſe worthy of her beauty, yet to ſee and heare him would beget affection: And at laſt ſhee became ſo reſolute, that it would have grieved her to have been freed from her priſon, if ſhe ſhould thereby be deprived of his pleaſing converſation: for women, when they once fall in love, are ſenſible neither of paines or misfortunes which befall them in the company they affect: wherefore ſhe conſidered by what meanes ſhe might comply with her owne affection, and her ſervants feare. To keep him there againſt all their wills were to hazard her honour, and to give her enemies an occaſion of a more ſevere revenge. Having firſt adviſ'd with *Celia*, ſhe writ a Letter, wherein ſhe informed him of what had paſt, entreating him affectionately to preſerve his life, and to prepare for departure; two things in appearance contrary. When night was come, the faire Princeſſe went forth to take leave of *Pauſanias*, and delivering him the Letter, with a little Silver Cabinet wrapt in Taffata, not having power to ſpeak, ſhee withdrew her ſelfe, to lament her enſuing misfortunes. *Pauſanias* alſo retir'd, through the ſuſpition of the late quarrell, and kiſſing the Signature, which ſaid, *Your Celia*, he read it with much feare, on this manner:

Sir

SIr, I have had much care for you this day; I saw you draw your Sword, and I assure you it troubled mee: I think it was love, yet unfortunate, since it must dye as soone as borne. Wee are both the cause of it, because I ghesse our affection hath been discovered. My birth is more noble then you imagine; and it concernes us both that you immediately absent your selfe, that you lose not your life, nor I my reputation. Believe mee I am very sensible of it, for in a word, I love you, and must lose you. You may comfort your self with this thought, that it was impossible I should ever have been yours, not for love to any other, but for my qualitie too transcendent. I send you here a thousand Crowns to serve you in your journey, with a knot of Diamonds and Emeralds, which I did sometimes weare at my breast, that in your Countrey you may remember it was mine, and its owner yours.

Having read and deplor'd the rigorous ſentence of his death, hee reſolved preciſely to obey all that *Aurora* in it had commanded, and to let her know ſome part of his regret, hee took the Pen, and return'd this anſwer:

I Should have eſteem'd it a happineſſe if to day I had receiv'ed death by my enemies (ſince ſuch they were) that I might not have expected it from your hands; Before the mornings light breaks forth, I will abſent my ſelfe from yours, that you may ſay I knew how to love and to obey you: What I would not doe for my owne life, I will for your honour: I cannot expreſſe what I feele, becauſe I write perplexed, and can aſcertaine nothing; onely I aſſure you my bloud is ſo noble, that the King of Syracuſe *himſelfe cannot ſay hee is my better. I came out of my Countrey to marry in this Kingdome, and for your ſake will returne back. I give you infinite thanks for your Preſent, and will not excuſe my ſelfe from repaying it hereafter. The knot*

I will

I will keep as your favour; and since you have given me so much cause of griefe, give me time to lament it, though I hope so to resent it, that when you least think of it, you will heare newes of his death, who knew how to love you, but had not the happinesse to deserve you.

Aurora with much trembling made an end of reading the Letter, and not able to restraine her eyes, bath'd it in teares. *Celia* came to her, and took out of her hand the occasion of her griefe, but that little avail'd, for she took it not out of her breast; so that as shee went through a long Gallerie, shee wrung her hands, beseeching heaven to encrease her Fathers rigour, and *Arminda's* hate, that they might contrive her death. She went to look towards the Sea, imagining that her lost lover was already embarqued; and comming thither, so excessive were her teares and passionate expressions, that *Celia* fearing she might offer some violence to her selfe, amongst other reasons said thus to her.

"Is it possible Madam that a disproportion'd affe-
"ction should so extreamly work upon you! I should
"not have believ'd this of your reserv'd discretion,
"if I had not seen it. I confesse *Pansanias* deserves
"to be lov'd, but you know he is not a man equall to
"your condition, not can in reason be yours; what
"proofe have you of his discent, more then his owne

" relation? which may well bee doubted, for the
" meaner sort where they are not known, give large
" testimonies of their bloud. Alas (replyed *Aurora*)
" that uncertainty is my greatest trouble: If *Pausa-*
" *nias* be as noble as hee hath intimated, perhaps I
" might have attempted something you would little
" have suspected from my reservednesse; and I per-
" swade my selfe it might yet well be done, were
" it but to free my selfe from imprisonment: And
" though I should marry into a strange Countrey, I
" should not lose my right to the Kingdome after my
" Father; I believe his Subjects affect me so entirely,
" that if they knew I were here in prison, he would
" have little security either of his Kingdome or life.
" Tell me *Celia*, what can I hope for in this Castle
" but death? My Father is married, and in love: *Ar-*
" *minda* governes the Kingdome, and beares mee so
" much ill will, that I many times eate my meat in
" feare, suspecting shee hath sent something to kill
" me, though I shall now need no other poison then
" the absence of *Pausanias*. Oh *Celia*, you would ob-
" lige me, if you could contrive how I might speake
" with him, and be better inform'd of his quality, that
" I may not continue thus in suspence: If hee bee of
" meane Parentage, I will rather dye by mine owne
" hand, then admit a thought may staine my bloud;
" and if to my happy fortune he should prove (as is
" not impossible) some Prince cast upon this Island
" by accident, be confident, I would hazard my life
" for my liberty, though in all things I should first take
" your advice, that I might not erre through mine own
" opinion.

Celia

Celia was attentive to what ſhe ſaid, and compaſſionating her teares, began to conſider, if by any meanes ſhee might come to the ſight of *Pauſanias*, without endangering his life; ſhee had an acute and ready wit, but withall accompanied with ſo much diſcretion, that whatſoever ſhee undertook ſucceeded happily. After much deliberation ſhee concluded, that it was requiſite, (for feare of his enemies) not to ſee him for that time; but that he ſhould continue ſome dayes in the thickets of that mountaine, and then might cõme hither by night, having notice given him by *Libanius*, (one in whom ſhe repoſed truſt.)

"Thus farre, replyed *Aurora*, you have well "ordered it, but what meanes remaines to ſpeake "with him? for to diſcourſe from hence is very "dangerous. If you will not heare me make an end, "(replyed the diſcreet *Celia*) neither can I let you "know the deſire I have to ſerve you, nor you your "ſelfe obtaine your affection: I ſay, Madam, that "*Pauſanias* comming to theſe Walls, may get up, by "our aſſiſtance, and the help of a Ladder, to this part "of the houſe adjoyning to your lodgings: ſo that I "having the key of the outward doore, you need not "feare; and by the Balcones that look towards the "Sea, may diſcourſe with him till you are ſatisfi'd "concerning his birth. Conſider now, if you finde "within your ſelfe love enough to embolden you "for this contrivement: for my owne part I aſ-"ſure you that I am ready to loſe my life in your "ſervice.

Aurora was by this much comforted, and embraced *Celia* a thouſand times; who by Letter advertis'd

Pauſanias

Panſanias of her determination, ſhe charged *Libanius* to deliver him the Letter, and attend him as a guide. *Panſanias* had taken the road towards *Sicily*, to trie if he might finde in that way any of his loſt ſervants. *Libanius* over-took him, and deliver'd the Letter and Meſſage from *Celia*: *Panſanias* receiv'd it as one that ſaw his dead hopes revived, and having read it, & rewarded the welcome newes, *Libanius* informed him of what hee was to doe. So paſſing through the wide wood, they came to a poore Shepheards Cottage where *Panſanias* ſtai'd, and *Libanius* return'd to give his Lady notice of what had paſſed. He continued there foure dayes, favour'd and cheriſh'd by *Aurora*, who every day ſent *Libanius* to viſit him: and one night, as darke as the wiſh of any Lover could paint it, he came to the Pallace, (or rather to the ſphere of the Sun of that Iſland) and diſmiſſed *Libanius*, (for a ſervant may not bee witneſſe to every thing) then upon a ſigne given, *Celia* and *Aurora* came forth, and letting downe a Ladder of Cords, *Panſanias* in a moment got into the Balcone, and having kiſt *Aurora's* hands as his Miſtris, and *Celia's* as his Miſtreſſe's Lady, they led him through many rooms, ſo richly furniſht with hangings, chaires of State, and pictures, that it ſhewed no leſſe magnificence then what he had forſaken in *Macedonia*. And comming to a part that excelled the reſt, as being furniſh'd for ſtrangers, *Aurora* told him, that he might abide there, intimating how requiſite care and obedience were, and that to attempt the contrary, was to put his life in apparent danger. Then ſo farre replyed *Panſanias*, I ſhall preſerve it ſafe, having

having no will but your pleasure. *Aurora* gave him thanks, telling him, that because her Lady was present, she omitted many things which she reserv'd for more privacie; and taking her leave shew'd him the Balcone by which they might discourse.

Pausanias was well contented with his courteous entertainment, passing the greatest part of the day in contemplating that miracle of beauty; their mutuall affection increased equally (for by conversation love out-grows his infancy) and as one night they were both in dispute, whether lov'd more truely (a quarrell wherein it grieves none to be over-come) *Aurora* with some expressions of resentment, said thus:

"I have long desired my *Pausanias*, to know a "truth, though, for feare of exposing my selfe to "the hazard of dying, I have not demanded it; but "that I may not remaine ever in this suspence, I will "boldly adventure my life: It concernes me no lesse "then my honour and quiet to know who you are, "that I may dispose of my selfe with some resolution, "and hereof I require no other testimony, then to "know it from your owne mouth: for I have so great "an opinion of you, and repose so much confidence "in your worth, that I am sure you will not deceive "me. My birth is noble, and so noble that no woman "can boast higher blood: for this Lady on whom I "wait (though my Mistris) in this hath no advantage "of me, as, by the favour shee sheweth me, you may "have gather'd the inequalitie is not much. The "reason why wee dwell in this Castle, I will not "now let you know; though, if your answer suit with "my minde, you may: But in the meane time I con-

"jure

"jure you by my ſelfe, by the love you beare me, "and by that you owe me, to ſatisfie mee in this re- "queſt, which I aſſure you detaines my ſoule in extra- "ordinarie affliction.

Pauſanias obliged by *Aurora's* entreaties was ready to have diſcovered himſelfe; but that hee might with leſſe difficultie be believed, he anſwered, that he was onely Son to the Admirall of *Macedonias* a man ſo eminent and beloved of the people, and of *Timenides* his King, that he poſſeſt the firſt place in his affection, and in the government of that Monarchy. *Aurora* remain'd not diſcontented, ſince the inequalitie was not ſo great as might deface the pleaſing hopes ſhe had imprinted in her breaſt. Onely *Pauſanias* was angrie at himſelfe, being conſcious that to deceive her who relyed ſo confidently on him was a kinde of treacherie: yet this offence was not inexcuſable, in regard it is ſcarce eſteemed a fault to make uſe of a ſlight deceit to compaſſe our deſire. He ſucceeded ſo happily in his love, and ſo favour'd by the divine eyes of *Aurora*, that though hee were not naturally diſtruſtfull, yet was he fully perſwaded of her affection; and not without reaſon, ſince the expreſſions he had from her of this truth confirmed him in that beliefe.

Aurora communicated to *Celia* all that had paſt; reſolving at laſt to let *Pauſanias* know the true cauſe of her impriſonment, that he might deliver her out of it, and conveigh her where ſhee might be ſecure from her unkinde fathers ſeverity; Yet would ſhee conceale this happineſſe a while, to make triall of his conſtancy, whereof ſhe had no need to exact ſo many proofes;

proofes; for hee lived ſo contented onely in loving her, that hee ſcarcely employed any other deſire, though ſometimes he wiſht himſelfe elſe-where, that he might enjoy a nearer converſation, yet with all reſpect to her honour. As he continued in this minde, it fortuned that *Aurora*, through ſome indiſpoſition, could not be ſeen for foure dayes: *Pauſanias* bearing with much impatience this abſence (a long one to ſo true a lover) reſolved to ſee her; and though ſuch boldneſſe might violate the promiſe he had made, he ſuppoſed the occaſion would excuſe him; whereupon one night, forcing the lock, he came with as much feare as ſilence to the bed where *Aurora* lay, who had then yeelded to a ſhort ſlumber. He was aſtoniſh'd, not without cauſe, to behold the moſt perfect piece of Natures Pencill; and ſetting down the light he carried upon a little ſilver Cup-board, began to contemplate that dead beautie, and living patterne of Divinity. Her haire was looſe upon her ſhoulders, without more confinement then a green Ribband; her right hand under her cheek, and her left careleſly upon the bed, which with a lovers timerouſneſſe he took and kiſt. *Aurora* perceiv'd that ſomething did diſquiet her, with her eyes halfe open, like the Sun when he wakens the day, ſaw a man at her bed ſide; and as ſoon as ſhe knew it was *Pauſanias*, warm'd with a modeſt baſhfulneſſe, ſhe chang'd the Lillies of her Cheeks to Roſes: She asked him angrily, why he came thither; Hee anſwered, to ſee her. "I never thought (replyed *Aurora*) you had valued "me ſo low as to preferre your owne pleaſure before "my entreaties, and your curioſity before my honour.

I warn'd

"I warn'd you, that to ſtirre forth, concern'd the repu-
"tation and life of us both; which ſince you have
"done, judge what I may juſtly think of you. You
"will ſay Love was the cauſe: Preſumption deceives
"you; you know ſuch teſtimonies better conſiſt with
"the hazard of the man then of the woman. Reſerve
"this freeneſſe, or rather boldneſſe, for women of
"meaner quality: rudeneſſe is not pardonable with
"every one: and be aſſur'd, I am herewith ſo of-
"fended, that you cannot oblige me in all your life
"ſo much as you have with this one action diſpleas'd
"me. Returne to your lodging, and deſpaire not of
"liberty, if you eſteem it an impriſonment to be thus
"lockt up. To morrow I will ſpeak to my Lady, that
"with her leave you may returne from whence you
"came; ſo raſh a man is unfit for high deſignes.

Pauſanias would gladly have replyed to excuſe himſelfe, but *Aurora* would not ſuffer him, telling him of the danger ſhe incurr'd, if he were diſcovered. Being thus forced to retire, hee wiſh'd with griefe hee might expiate this enterprize with the loſſe of life. *Aurora* was not ſo much diſpleas'd as ſhe ſeem'd: Yet to let him know the reſpect due to her perſon, and to refine his affection, ſhe thought it diſcretion not to ſee him for a few dayes.

Meane while, the people (in *Sicily*) impatient of *Aurora's* abſence (whom they extreamly lov'd) began to murmur at her Fathers cruelty, ſaying: what mercy can Subjects expect from him that tyrannizes over his owne bloud? It proceeded ſo farre, that ſome with clamours, others with Armes, required the reſtitution of the Princeſſe: The peoples inſolency

affrighted *Dionyſius*, ſo that to diſmiſſe them, and to comply with the deſires of his Subjects, Friends, and Kindred, hee promiſed they ſhould all ſuddainly ſee her: Hereupon hee went out privately that night with *Clearchus* his Favourite, and arriving where *Aurora* was, excuſed his unkindneſſe, and related the reaſon of his comming; hee commanded that immediately ſhe and her company ſhould make ready, for they muſt with all ſpeed goe to *Sicily*.

Aurora was ſo diſmay'd as might have given occaſion of ſuſpition; *Celia* was ſtruck dumbe, and ſo ſuddaine was their departure, that *Aurora* had not time to weep. Nevertheleſſe, *Celia* ordered it ſo that ſhee ſpoke with *Pauſanias*, but with ſo much perplexity and feare, that ſhee was hardly underſtood, in interrupted expreſſions ſhee ſaid thus:

"Now, Sir, the time is come, that you may goe "out of this priſon, and enjoy the deſire you have "to ſee *Sicily*; there is a neceſſity that divides us. I "believe the love I bear you will ſeek you out where-"ſoever you are: One to whom my fortune hath "ſubjected mee (more ſevere then his relation "requires) enjoyneth me to live abſent from what "I moſt eſteeme; the occaſion is urgent, and he that "commands powerfull; ſo pardon me, and believe "it lies not in my power to excuſe it: a ſervant ſhall "come hither, to bring you ſafe into *Sicily*, though "not ſo ſoone as I could wiſh: more witneſſes "then ordinary ſee me. Heavens give you life to "my deſire.

Sad

Sad and amaz'd was *Pansanias* at this accident; Sad, because *Celia's* words seemed to imply that hee must lose her; and amaz'd, as being ignorant of the cause: hee could not apprehend the meaning of what hee had heard; sometimes imagining that hee was sentenc'd to depart in punishment of his late boldnesse; sometimes that she meant to absent her self; and that which held him in greatest suspence, was the reflecting on her words, That *one to whom by fortune shee was subject, lesse mercifull then his relation required, commanded her not to see him.* A thing which shee had ever conceal'd from him; but shee referred the discovery of this truth to time, the undeceiving Glasse. The day following past, and neither *Celia*, nor the maid appointed to attend him visiting him; the night came; when making his accustomed signall from the Balcone, he was answer'd by his owne eccho: then listning at the doores, and perceiving that all things were in deep silence, hee suspected one of these two things, either some strange accident had happened, or *Celia* dwelt no longer in that place; having surpast those doubts, he resolved not to suffer himselfe to languish, wherefore opening the first doore with a Dagger, hee went so farre till he came to the Chamber of his absent Mistris, where looking round about, and finding nothing but a dismall solitude, hee began to thinke all was illusion and witchcraft; and therefore confidently expected his death: Yet, being Master of no lesse valour then discretion, he drew his Sword, and went up and downe the Castle, to try if hee could free himselfe out of those enchantments: at length comming

comming into a Hall, which to his thinking was the laſt, he ſaw a ſmall light, and a little further foure men: Drawing neare them he ſaid, they muſt either ſuffer him to goe out quietly, or prepare for Death; for hee was ſo reſolute, that their lives ſeem'd but few to his indignation. They, amaz'd to ſee a man where the Sunne (the great Lynx of Heaven) could hardly enter, to doe their office, drew their timorous ſwords upon him: But he had endangered all their lives, if one of them, laying hold of a Halbert, had not held it to his breaſt. The valiant youth was mov'd; for feare is excuſable where the multitude of enemies may aſſault on everie ſide; Yet conſidering withall, that to render himſelfe, were to runne the hazard of being carried diſhonourably to *Sicily*, hee would rather undergoe the danger, then preſerve his life with the ſtain of Coward; He charg'd them to diſpatch him, or elſe hee would adventure to change fortunes with them. At theſe words they were all daunted, and through feare had not courage enough to ſtrike. At laſt they agreed, not onely to let him depart, but that one ſhould accompany him paſt danger of the way; becauſe that place was ſo encompaſt with Mountains and woods, that they who were beſt acquainted with the Deſart, often loſt themſelves.

Pauſanias gave them thanks for the curteſie, though it rather proceeded from feare then good will; and taking leave of them, went forth into the wood, with one that held himſelfe the moſt valiant among them: Before they parted, hee entreated him to tell him who was owner of that Caſtle; and

to oblige him the more, put into his hand a rich Diamond Ring; scarce had he receiv'd it, (though with many protestations that he needed not any reward to serve him) when he confessed that it was a house of Pleasure, where *Dionysius* us'd to divert his minde from the cares which attend affaires of State; though it were long since he had resorted thither, by reason his faire daughter *Aurora* had dwelt there privately, whom last night (mov'd by the importunity of his Subjects) he carried back to Court. "Had this Prin-"cesse (said *Pausanias*) no Ladies that attended her? "Yes, replyed the timorous Flatterer, but there is "onely one, called *Celia*, who deserves her affection: "For, besides that her beautie is as singular as her dis-"cretion, she is Daughter to the Prince of *Arsinda*, "one of the greatest and most eminent in all *Sicily*. *Pausanias* with this information was lesse afflicted: Hee dismiss'd the Man, determining to goe conceal'd to Court, to see his deare, though absent, *Celia*.

Let us leave *Pausanias* in this Mountaine, whilst *Aurora* seeks meanes to advertise him of the suddainnesse of her departure, and *Celia* writing (as she us'd) a Letter in her name, gave it to *Libanius*, commanding him to goe where he was, and to bring him thence unperceiv'd if't were possible. It succeeded not as *Aurora* and *Celia* desir'd: For *Clearchus* a Favourite of the Kings, had long loved *Celia*, and she favour'd him not onely by her eyes and affection, but by the Pen, assuring him by many Letters, that none but hee should ever possesse her beauty. Neither was she mistaken in her choice: for *Clearchus* in

in everie reſpect was her eqnall, and had ſo high a place in the Kings eſteem, that he was never from his ſide. This Love was kept ſo private, that none but her ſelfe and Heaven knew of it. *Clearchus* by chance asking *Libanius* whither hee went, he freely told him, On a Meſſage from *Celia*. Seeing a Letter in his hand hee began to miſtruſt her conſtancy: for long abſence occaſions ſuſpition of injurie. Diſguiſing himſelfe the beſt hee could, hee took Horſe and went after him; but could not gheſſe at the end of his journey, becauſe hee went directly towards the Sea. It was already night when he entred into a Fiſher-Boat; *Clearchus* quitting his Horſe, went over with him: when both were in the Wood, *Clearchus* bad him deliver what he had about him; *Libanius* ſuppoſing he was a Thiefe, drew forth the Crownes that *Celia* had given him, and laid them at his feet; then begun to ſtrip himſelfe, to ſhew that hee had nothing elſe about him. *Clearchus* finding the Letter, promiſed him his life, if hee would tell for whom it was; and ſo wrought with him, that poore *Libanius* confeſſed all that he knew. *Clearchus* confirm'd in his ſuſpition, reſtor'd him his Crowns, doubled; kept the Paper, and charg'd him to returne to *Sicily*.

Clearchus remain'd ſolitary, grieving that hee thought himſelfe undeceiv'd; and finding a poore Shepheards Cottage hard by, haſted thither, where taking a fire-brand in ſtead of a Torch, hee drew out the paper, broke the Seale, and read what followes:

I Have been very ſenſible of this abſence; the rather becauſe I am in ſuch a condition, that I cannot communicate my reſentment to you: My excuſe is the truth, which you ſhall hereafter know more at large. If upon ſight hereof you come to Court and diſcover your ſelfe to his Majeſty, I am confident his Nobleneſſe will eſteeme of you according to your merit. That you may the leſſe delay the performance of this requeſt, I ſay no more, but that I am (as ever) Yours,

CELIA.

Nothing can expreſſe the paſſionate furie, or the Arguments wherewith this miſapprehending Lover complain'd of *Celia's* ill uſage, and the injuſtice towards his affection. He was about to goe backe, with intent to teare him in pieces who was the cauſe of this jealouſie; but a compaſſionate Shepheard diſſwaded him, entreating him to paſſe the reſt of the night under that Shed: for to doe otherwiſe would ſhew indiſcretion.

Clearchus

Clearchus (though with ſmall content) yielded, and laying himſelfe downe upon a freſh bed made of Flags and Hay, ſaw hard by him a man ſleeping, who by his ſhape and perſon ſeem'd of the beſt quality: demanding who he was, the Shepheard anſwer'd, that foure houres ſince he came to their Cottage, and deſir'd to reſt under that Covert, to avoid the ſharpneſſe of the night. *Panſanias* (for it was hee that ſlept ſo ſecurely, having his greateſt enemy beſide him, and had been glad to finde this poore Cottage where he might repoſe himſelf, wearied with Travell) awaking, perceived that he was not alone, but heard him that was by him, with ſad complaints curſe his Love, Jealouſie, and Fortune.

Panſanias liſtning was troubled at what was ſaid, but much more at the mention of *Celia*, a name that diſquieted his ſoule. Obſerving him more diligently, hee heard him thus diſcourſe to himſelfe:

"Is it poſſible (ungratefull Woman) thou canſt "finde in thy heart to diſpoſeſſe an affection of ſo "many yeares and paines? could not thy quality "acquit thee of lightneſſe? Oh *Celia*, how doth "a deceitfull promiſe misbecome one that profeſſeth "ſo much worth? doſt thou ſo injuriouſly requite "ſo obſervant a Lover? I perſwade my ſelfe the "reaſon why thou enjoynedſt me to conceale my affe-"ction, was for fear of making thy *Panſanias* jealous. "But I vow never to returne home, till hee hath "ſatisfied my jealouſie. Ungratefull, I will begin "my revenge in killing him whom thou loveſt beſt; "I will proclaime thy lightneſſe: the World ſhall

"know, these six yeares that I have serv'd thee, I "have been in such favour with thee, that thou ne-"ver usedst Pen but to assure mee thou wert mine. "Thou hast deceiv'd thy selfe, false woman, defer-"ring mee for a stranger, that cozens thee with "profession of Nobility. What canst thou say to "excuse thy selfe, since this Letter under thine "owne hand speakes thy unworthinesse, and my "mis-fortunes?

Pausanias hearing this, was in such perplexitie that hee could not believe himselfe to bee awake. Impatient that any man should professe himselfe favour'd of *Celia* (to defend her reputation, and to chastize his fooliſh arrogance) hee arose and told him, that the part of his sorrowes which hee had heard troubled him as much as himselfe; but if a sight of *Pausanias* would allay his anger, the last night hee was with a gentleman of the same name, and perhaps they might finde him in the next wood. "I shall not be so happy, said *Clearchus*, for I know "my ill fortune when I desire a thing. Yes, I be-"lieve you may, replyed *Pausanias*. Then lighting a dry Olive branch, he invited him to come after, promising that within a few houres he would bring him to him.

Thus went they forth together, and comming to the most intricate part of the Wood, *Pausanias* stuck the light upon a Tree, and drawing his sword, resolutely said to him:

"I am *Pausanias*, thy greatest enemy; I love *Ce-*"*lia*, and must enjoy her, though the King of *Sy-*"*racuse* himselfe should oppose it. Since thou saist

that

"that thou ſeek'ſt mee earneſtly, make uſe of this ſud-
"daine occaſion which is offer'd thee. If thou re-
"fuſeſt to draw thy ſword becauſe thou know'ſt me
"not, bee aſſur'd, my quality is ſo noble, that who-
"ſoever thinks hee hath any advantage of mee, de-
"ceives himſelfe. I have ſerved *Celia*, if not with
"as much ſecreſie, yet with more affection: if ſhee
"heretofore lov'd thee, and now forgets thee,
"complaine of thy fortune, not her eaſineſſe; and
"ſince thou ſay'ſt the Letter which thou unjuſtly de-
"tain'ſt was ſent to me, give it me, for I will put it a-
"mongſt others that I have of hers; if not, Ile force
"it from thee.

"Doe not think (anſwer'd *Clearchus*) thy me-
"naces move me: my heart is form'd for higher en-
"terprizes, and e're long thou wilt repent this
"fooliſh raſhneſſe. Yet that thou maiſt know the
"cauſe why I ſought thee ſo earneſtly, and with
"what reaſon I complaine of *Celia*, heare her
"falſhood, and thou wilt confeſſe that I have not
"ſpoken very extravagantly of her. *Celia* and my
"ſelfe have theſe many yeares reciprocally exchang'd
"a pure and ſecret affection; but ſhee being neceſſi-
"tated to abſent her ſelfe from me for ſome reaſons,
"I was ſo unhappy that in that time ſhee ſaw and
"lov'd thee: if ſhe had neglected me for love of thee,
"I had had leſſe reaſon to complaine; but ſhee was
"ſo farre from neglect, that ſhee never favour'd mee
"with larger expreſſions then now; and that thou
"maiſt not think theſe calumnies, proceeding rather
"from jealouſie then the truth of one that reſpects
"his honour, ſee whether it bee falſe or no ſo

drawing out of his breast many Letters and Papers, he cast them at his feet.

Pausanias read some of them; amongst others his owne, and another which the same day she had written to *Clearchus*. A good while he tooke not his eye off from the Papers, it seeming to him impossible there should be in the world a woman so facile and so cunning: but at last being fully perswaded of her falshood, he gathered together all the cozening Letters, and threw them into the fire, as if hee could consume so many deceits at once. Thereupon *Clearchus* with his sword in hand bad him, if hee were a Gentleman, prepare to defend himselfe: for it was not fitting it should bee said in *Sicily*, that having had his enemy in the field he left him alive. Thou shalt not need to prevent me, answered *Pausanias*, for that was the onely reason why I drew thee out into this wood: and so assaulting him furiously, the Combate began, without any apparant advantage on either side. *Clearchus* was the more wearie, as being lesse dextrous in the exercise of Armes. *Pausanias* avoiding a blow that he made, falsifi'd another, and wounded him dangerously in the head. *Clearchus* having his face bathed in bloud, lost not his courage, but enfiam'd with revenge, assaulted *Pausanias* so desperately, that he was forced to use all his skill to guard himselfe. The clashing of their swords disturb'd the Shepheards that went whistling their Sheep together. They came in the instant, when the losse of bloud abated strength, but not courage in *Clearchus*. They all ran in to him, seeing him the more necessitated, and carried him home to their

Cottage

Cottage, where with medicinall Herbes they entertain'd and cured him.

The valiant Prince (no leſſe aſtoniſh'd at the courage of *Clearchus*, then at the lightneſſe of *Celia*) expected the approach of day, with intent to take ſhipping, and returne to his Countrey. Hee went towards the Sea, and diſcourſing with himſelfe on the various events of his fortune, ſaw a ſhip, which by its loſſe of tackling and ſailes, ſhew'd it had ſuffer'd the anger of inconſtant *Neptune*. He obſerv'd the Armes it carryed, and knowing they were his, drew nearer to ſatisfie himſelfe: but this doubt laſted not long; for *Leontius*, Sonne to the Admirall of *Macedonia*, leaping a ſhore with his Company, knew him, and gave thankes to Heaven for the favour it had vouchſaf'd them in preſerving his life.

They related to him, how that after a long tempeſt and imminent death, it pleas'd Fortune to appeaſe the Sea: But all of them bewailing their Princes abſence, reſolv'd not to returne to *Macedonia* without him, ſince hee might poſſibly eſcape alive. *Pauſanias* gratified their noble reſolution with favours and rewards. Hee cauſed them to repaire their Ship, determining to goe privately into *Sicily*; that they might not returne unſatisfied to *Macedonia*; to ſee if the Beautie of *Aurora* pleas'd him; and to revenge himſelfe on the inconſtant *Celia*.

With this reſolution hee went to Court; but his arrivall could not be ſo private, but *Dionyſius* had notice of it, and immediately gave him a viſit, beſtowing

ſtowing ſuch extraordinary favours upon him, that words ſufficed not to expreſſe his thankfulneſſe. *Dionyſius* carried him to ſee the Princeſſe; knowing her beauty to be the chiefe motive of his comming thither.

Pauſanias amaz'd when hee perceiv'd *Celia*, to whom he ſpake, to be by all call'd *Aurora*, was ready to have accus'd *Dionyſius* of impoſture; but *Leontius* (who had been Ambaſſadour before in *Syracuſe*) aſſuring him it was *Aurora*, hee was almoſt diſtracted; and not treating with *Dionyſius* any further in that buſineſſe, hee reſolv'd to returne to *Macedonia*, ſince a woman engaged to another in love, was not fit to be his wife.

Aurora's thoughts were very different from his, for perceiving her good fortune, that *Pauſanias* was every way equall to her, ſhee thought the time long till ſhee had ſome meanes to accompliſh her affection.

Celia already was inform'd of the quarrell that had been betwixt *Clearchus* and the Prince. And as *Aurora* was once complaining of him, for not comming to ſollicite that which he ſo much deſir'd, *Celia* told her, that the reaſon why hee was ſo coole in his Love, was the deceit of her Letters, and thereupon recounted all that paſt, advertiſing her, that this miſtake was as well cauſe of her loſing *Clearchus*, for hee was infected with the ſame jealouſie; ſo that it concern'd them both to diſcover the private deviſe her Love had made uſe of. *Aurora* excuſing the Princes indifferency, in regard it proceeded rather from his owne honour

then

then neglect of her, called *Clearchus*, and diſcover'd to him the whole buſineſſe, that hee might not ſuſpect any thing in prejudice of *Celia's* honour; ſhee commanded him to goe viſit *Pauſanias* from her, and to let him know the miſtake that had detained him in jealouſie.

Clearchus now freed from all former ſuſpition, obey'd, and having kiſs'd the Princes hand, ask'd pardon for drawing his ſword againſt him, though unknowne. *Pauſanias* told him, "he was engag'd "to love his valour, and to deſire his friendſhip. I "muſt requite this honour, anſwered *Clearchus*, with "welcome newes; and then related the occaſion of *Aurora's* living in the Caſtle; and how imagining hee was below her greatneſſe, ſhee had diſſembled her name, changing it for *Celia*, untill ſhee were fully inform'd of his condition; how to avoid the danger of having her Letters known, ſhe cauſed *Celia* to write for her; how the reaſon of his going to finde him in the Wood, was becauſe hee had for many yeares loved *Celia*, as hee had gather'd by his words, and ſeeing the Letter with her Seale hee was confirmed in his jealouſie, blaming the affection of guiltleſſe *Celia*.

The Prince was ſurprized with wonder and joy at this relation of *Clearchus*, and caſting his Armes about his neck, in ſigne of love and delight, ſaid, the newes was ſo conformable to his wiſhes, that onely time could expreſſe how highly he eſteemed it. Then went he to treat with *Dionyſius* concerning his love; who promiſed her to him, thereby requiting the complement of having left his Countrey; neither was

any

any more worthy of the Princesse, and immediately they writ to *Timenides* the Princes Father about their agreement.

Pansanias had now opportunity to visit her, and to expostulate the favourable deceit, whereby she had caused his jealousie. Their Espousalls were solemnized with the greatest Pompe that *Sicily* ever beheld, joyntly celebrating those of *Clearchus* and *Celia*, whose constancy merited a successe no lesse fortunate. Within a few dayes they embarqued for *Macedonia*, attended by all the magnificence of the Court.

Timenides received them with the joy of a Father, who supposing his sonne lost or dead, found him so much improv'd in all things; Then feeling himselfe burden'd with yeares, and through infirmities unable to be the *Atlas* of that weight, he transferred the Crowne to his Sonnes head: and that the pleasure of so true an affection might bee compleat, Heaven was pleased to bestow on their first yeare a Sonne. *Pansanias* and *Aurora* living and loving so unanimously that every day seemed the first of their marriage.

THE

The Prince.

FRom the top of *Caucasus*, a Mountain in *Armenia*, descended a man, savage in appearance, though not in minde; cloath'd with severall skinnes of wilde Beasts, his limbes strong and swarthy, his face scorch'd with the Sunne, his haire long; at his shoulder hung a Quiver of Arrowes, at his left side a Woodknife, and in his hand hecarried a yong tree, which (being stript of the boughes and leaves) was both his stay and defence; who sitting downe upon a Carpet of sweet though ordinarie Flowers, drew out of his breast a beautifull Picture, so lively in the obscure Tablet, that it seem'd to have more soule then it received from the Pencill; and beholding it as intentively as if it had beene the Originall, much troubled hee thus passionately discourst to it:

"Oh dear, though absent *Polixena*! it is long since "I enjoy'd thy divine sight in another condition: "but what assurance will not envy and fortune dis- "solve, where both conspire to persecute? when "I first caus'd *Tebrandes* to draw thy Picture in this "Tablet, I little thought that this unequall shadow

of

"of thy beautie ſhould ever have been my greateſt
"comfort. Who would have ſaid when in *Albania*
"I maintain'd a Tourney in a habit which thy faire
"hands had embroydered, that I ſhould ever have
"ſeen my ſelfe in an eſtate ſo different, the inhabi-
"tant of a mountaine, my armes naked, my feet
"covered onely with the skin of a Beare, a Trunk
"of a tree my Sword, my lodging a Cave, and
"companions a pair of Lions? But the heavens know
"that neither to be ſo expos'd to the injury of wea-
"ther, that the Sunne takes me for July, and the
"Snow for January; nor to bee brought ſo low,
"that I am forc'd every day to kill ſome wilde Beaſt
"to ſuſtaine mee; nor to live in this diſmall ſo-
"litude where I converſe onely with Flowers and
"Rivers; nor yet to conſider the ſmall hopes I have
"of better fortune, have power to make me ſad;
"but onely the feare that thou doſt forget me: for
"amongſt the troubles which an abſent Lover ſuf-
"fers, none but this is able to torment him. It is now
"twelve yeares ſince for thy ſake I firſt deſerted *Al-*
"*bania*, and were my ſelfe dilated to an age ſhould
"alwayes thus preſerve thee in my breaſt: but alas
"I feare thou doſt not requite mee: for women are
"ſaid to place their eyes and wills only on what they
"ſee preſent; becauſe what is paſt is no longer en-
"joy'd. Having ſo long diſappeared can I doubt my
"death is not believ'd for certaine? and ſome per-
"haps there are that affirme it, to comply with thoſe
"that hate me. Yet if I live in thy memory, nothing
"elſe can afflict or trouble mee. I often imagine, that
"as being but a woman, thou haſt prov'd unconſtant,

and

"though thy love might continue the firſt yeare of "my abſence, yet ſure the ſecond thou tookſt com- "fort, and the third didſt quite turne me out of thy "breaſt. However, this world hath had ſome, whoſe "conſtancy hath triumphed over the naturall imbe- "cilitie of their Sex; and thou maiſt bee one of "thoſe. The Dagger of *Lucretia*, the Coales of "*Portia*, and the Aſpes of *Cleopatra* teſtifie, that "Love is unapprehenſive of Death. Thy conſtancy "(faire *Polixena*) would have had no ſuch incon- "venience; it would not have hazarded thy life.

The tender-ſavage Lover would have proceeded in Diſcourſe to the Picture, had he not been inter- rupted by a young Shepheardeſſe, who paſſing by the skirts of a green Mountaine (imagining ſhee was heard of none but the Birds) as ſhe went along ſung thus:

Menga, *a Shepheardeſſe, neare theſe Brooks borne,*
(Wonder o'th' earth, and envy of the morne,)
Sad and aſham'd complaines of her hard fate:
For beauty ſeldome proves more fortunate.
Love whoſe ſoft chains ſhe freely did diſpence
To all, at laſt enſnar'd her innocence.
Anton, *a Swaine, that many other eyes*
Attracted, was to hers a ſacrifice;
Nor ſlights ſhe his affection, though ſhe feare
Their envy who for him like paſſions beare.
Tereſa's *love ſhe knowes to him enclin'd,*
A Nymph though faire, yet wanton as the wind:

Favours

Favours and gifts she never yet withstood,
Inconstancy deriving with her blond:
All that she sees her boundlesse thoughts desire,
For longing fancies greedy eyes require:
Once Menga *found her with* Anton *lesse coy*
Then she could wish, his but to rob her joy.
Shame did suppresse her anger, but her teares
Did unrestrain'd betray her jealous feares.
What have I done, false Shepheardesse she said,
That thou shouldst all my happinesse invade?
Thou lov'st another, me hast dispossest,
Because stolne pleasures are to thee the best:
I've seen thee many love, but true to none;
Thou dost hereditary lightnesse owne:
Enjoy thine owne, not my delights remove,
Thou wrong'st thy beautie to molest my love.
Thus Menga, *who against* Teresa *cries,*
When she begun to love, left to be wise.

Gesimenes (for so was this prodigie of fortune nam'd) was much astonisht to heare so sweet a voice in a wilde wood unfrequented by any. He arose and called to her, bidding her not feare, for he was a man rationall as others, though his habit expressed not his condition. The timorous shepheardesse, when she saw his savage appearance, giving her selfe for lost, fled from this counterfeit Satyr. till staid by wearinesse, shee fell at his feet, so afrighted and out of breath, that it pittied him he had overtaken her. When hee beheld her divine beauty, hee thanked Heaven that it had contracted its greatest perfections in a poore Shepherdesse. Neither did this admiration proceed

ceed from a forgetfulneſſe of his faire *Polixena*; but the reaſon which induc'd him to this liking, was her reſemblance of the other; ſuch as would confound a Painter in drawing them both: Hee took her in his armes and carried her to his poore Cave; where, having firſt recovered her ſences with water, which hee fetch'd in a Tortoiſe ſhell from the neighbouring Rock, hee ſet before her Cakes and dryed fruits; hee aſſured her that ſhee was not in danger; that his quality was more gentle then his appearance promis'd; that ſhee might continue there in ſafety; and, that her beauty had kindled in his breaſt ſo juſt an affection, that though hee had been ſavage indeed, hee ſhould not have been ſo to her: for at the firſt ſight of her an inclination did ſecretly invade his ſoule, which oblig'd him not onely to honour, but to engage his life for her. Therefore he entreated her by the great reſpect which, in ſo ſhort a time, ſhee had gain'd upon him, not to leave his company, but rather to help him to paſſe the tedioufneſſe of that ſolitude, then affliict his love by her abſence, which hee ſhould infinitely reſent.

'Truely, replyed *Iſmenia*, (ſo was the Shepher-'deſſe nam'd) what you require is not onely juſt, but 'due to that civility and protection you promis'd; 'beſides, it concernes my owne intereſt as well as 'yours: for I am fled hither to avoid a man, to whom 'my parents would have married me; one, they ſay, 'doth every way equall me; but, to ſay truth, though 'I was borne among the Rocks, and am of a low 'parentage, yet have I a ſpirit and thoughts ſo high, 'that I am not in my owne opinion inferiour either

'to the heire of *Albania*, or the King of *Armenia*. This morning I roſe with intent to ſubdue that ſelf-conceit, and love him in obedience to thoſe that perſwaded me; but finding I could not affect him, nor reclaime my ſtubborne will, I ſtole away and hid my ſelfe in this Mountaine, chuſing rather to be a prey to the wilde beaſts, then to one I could not without diſdaine behold: though many women are of opinion that converſation may produce affection; yet could not I expoſe my ſelfe to ſo apparent hazard, fearing the worſt: For the danger is great which ſhe incurs, who out of this confidence undervaluing her owne libertie, marries one that ſhe abhorres. But becauſe I finde within my ſelfe (beſides the thanks I owe your curteſie and entertainment) ſomething that moves mee to love and reſpect you; for though you appeare outwardly a ſon of theſe Rocks, yet your civill demeanour contradicts that appearance; I conjure you therefore by your ſelfe to tell me who you are, and the reaſon of your living in this Deſart; ſince we have agreed to dwell together, and I have given you an account of my fortune, it is fit you requite mee with the like. This requeſt (ſaid *Geſimenes*) will much afflict me: the remembrance of miſeries cannot bee renewed without teares, though I uſe often to repeat mine to the heavens, to the fields, and to this little river; yet becauſe in them you are my only comfort, and to ſatisfie in ſome manner for the favour you do me in dwelling (as you have promis'd) with me, I will relate my birth, condition, and misfortunes.

'I am

'I am naturall ſonne to *Pharnazes*, King of *Albania*, who dearely lov'd *Clorinda*, a Lady whoſe eminence and merit made her hope to bee his wife, and in that confidence reſigne her ſelf into his arms; but not long after was by reaſon of ſtate induc'd to marry *Rodantha*, who prov'd with childe at the ſame time that *Clorinda* my mother went with me: I would to heaven I had never ſeen the light, (for he that is borne to be unfortunate, begins not his life, but death.) So it happened that *Pharnazes* had in one day two ſonnes, one by his wife, the other by his Miſtris: and (though brothers) of a different fortune and quality, for *Lucanders* Mother was the more noble: but who would think that *Pharnazes* loving my Mother ſo affectionately, nay ſhee her ſelfe, forgetting the paines, and griefe I had coſt her, ſhould hate me: It was ſure the malignant influence of my Starres which arriv'd at that height, that I was conſtrain'd when I would obtaine any thing of my Father, to have recourſe to the Queen, who though ſhe had a juſt reaſon to hate me, pittied and favour'd me. *Lucander* and my ſelfe came to the ſtate of youth; I, as being the leſſe fortunate, was more beloved of the people; he of my Father, as heire to the Monarchy: Thus farre I cannot ſay I was very unhappy, for if he may juſtly bee called ſo who is borne indiſcreet, and lives hated, *Lucander* was the leſſe fortunate; but the originall of all my afflictions was the faire *Polixena*, at the ſame time brought up at Court, daughter to the Prince *Saga*, one of great power, and neare allyed to the King, without whoſe advice he undertook nothing

of weight: I would discourse more largely of her beauty and perfections, if my love would not make that seem passion, which heaven and my selfe know is but truth. I speak to a woman, and such heare with small delight the praises of others: She was the fairest in that Countrey, and from our tender yeares, we began to Court her: I with lesse hope then *Lucander*, as one not borne a Prince: but love both a childe, and blinde, often mistakes and stumbles. I did ill to say my birth was attended by no happy fortune, since *Polixena* fixed her eyes on me, and that so freely, that whatsoever I did she graced with esteeme, whatsoever my brother attempted displeased her. At the publike and solemne Exercises, her favourable eyes encouraged mee, and made me successefull; not without the envy of many Princes that ador'd her, especially of *Lucander*: truely I had the advantage of him in behaviour, discretion, and stature; yet few women would have consider'd those accidents, the qualities of the minde being in little esteem in the unfortunate. But *Polixena* either lesse ambitious, or more unhappy, inclin'd her affection to mee so farre, that after a long time she gave me leave to obtaine her embraces, which by a private way into her chamber I enjoy'd: *Lucander* had treated with her Father about marriage, engaging himselfe still further in his fond affection; knowing I was his rivall, hee was the more earnest in his solicitation, being next to see *Polixena* prefer mee, the illegitimate sonne before him the heire to the Kingdome. Her Father (transported with his in-

tereſt

'tereſt, and hope of ſeeing the Crowne upon his 'Daughters head) being diſpleas'd with my affecti-'on, look'd not favourably on me, and chid *Polixe-'na*, adviſing her to love *Lucander*; becauſe from 'thence more good then ſhe imagin'd might reſult. 'But this counſell was vaine; her election was no 'longer free; much leſſe when ſhee perceiv'd ſhee 'was with childe. This confirmation of our love en-'creas'd my Obligation, and her danger: for, this 'Diſeaſe being difficult to conceale, and her Father 'unwilling ſhe ſhould be mine, wee had reaſon to 'feare the event: ſhe diſſembled the miſhap ſo care-'fully, that not any of her ſervants ſuſpected it. The 'perplexity wherin I remain'd was as of one that ſees 'his Love in the power of enemies. If ſhe would 'have ſent me the childe, ſhee durſt not; for *Lu-'cander* had gained all or the moſt of them to be of 'his party. Thus every moment did theſe feares diſ-'quiet us, till one night ſuch extremity of paine 'wakened her, that ſhee preſently knew the reaſon, 'and putting on her cloathes in haſte, ſhee went out 'at the back gate of the garden, (having before pro-'vided her ſelfe of the key for that occaſion) with 'intent to retire to a houſe of an intimate friend of 'mine, whom we had made acquainted with our af-'faires: but ſhe had ſcarce paſt two ſtreets when ſhe 'was ſo ſurpriz'd that ſhee could not ſtirre a ſtep fur-'ther, turning aſide into the Porch of the next houſe, 'was there delivered of a Daughter; and ſeeing two 'men paſſe by muffled in their Cloaks, ſhee called 'to them, and delivered them the childe, deſiring 'them, becauſe ſhee was a woman and alone, that

they would doe her the favour to carrie it to *Gesimene* the Kings sonne, who would give them a better reward then they imagin'd. Their Civilitie oblig'd them not to follow her; so shee return'd back to the Court, and within two houres was laid againe in her bed, where complaining of a suddain indisposition, shee was attended and serv'd as one, whom all hop'd ere long to see their Queen.

But so unfortunate was my affection and *Polixena's* honour, that one of those to whom shee had deliver'd the childe was *Lucander* my brother and enemy; who devising with himselfe who the Mother of it might be, and seeing that *Polixena* fell sick that verie night, begun to think it was she; her extraordinarie affection to mee, making any conjecture seem credible; the childs countenance confirm'd this suspition, which like a Coppy could not deny the originall: Wherefore to revenge his jealousie, and to punish my boldnesse hee resolv'd to tell my Father, and my Wives, (for so I must call her so long as I live) what had happened; first commanding one of his servants to cut the child in pieces, hee sent it mee in performance of the promise he had made the night before. As I was in the morning making my selfe ready, there came into my Chamber a Gentleman of great trust with *Lucander*, and a Page bearing in a Bason the body of the little childe, so pierced with wounds, that the features of the face could hardly be discerned. Thou maist imagine *Ismenia* how I receiv'd this Present: My heart was instantly congeal'd at the bold impiety of *Lucander*, I then foresaw my misfortune,

misfortune, & mixing a Fathers teares with the yet warme bloud, I bath'd the mangled Limbes; diſſembling my paſſion as well as I could, I went to ſee him, and asked him the reaſon of ſo ſtrange a Preſent, which would have moved feare and pitie in the moſt cruell breaſt. My treacherous brother, as if hee had done mee an extraordinary favour, related the ſad accident, and told me his deſigne to ruine me, and perſecute the afflicted *Polixena*. 'It 'is not poſſible (replyed I) hee can bee of noble 'bloud that glories in ſuch baſe attempts. There is 'no reaſon to imbolden thee to injure my life and 'ſoule, but the lowneſſe of my condition; if it were 'otherwiſe, I would make thee feele my anger; if 'my love diſpleas'd thee, and thou wert jealous, why 'doſt thou not like a man rather kill me, then revenge 'thy ſelfe on a thing that had neither hands nor 'tongue to defend it ſelfe: But thou art ſo baſe a 'Coward, that thou feareſt mee, though of a deſpi-'cable fortune: from henceforward thou ſhalt have 'more cauſe to doe ſo: for I will ſurprize thy life 'when thou leaſt ſuſpect'ſt it: But heaven I believe 'not uſing to remit the puniſhment of ſuch wic-'kedneſſe to the next life, will prevent me in the re-'venge of that innocent bloud. *Lucander* knew not 'what to anſwer to ſo juſt an accuſation, but began 'to reproach my birth, ſaying, that his Mother not-'withſtanding was free from infamy. And as ſons are 'moſt ſenſible of thoſe injuries, though truths, that 'reflect on their Parents, I was ſo full of paſſion that 'the leaſt occaſion would have tranſported mee be-'yond reaſon, and drawing my Sword I ſtrook

him before he could cry out for help or defend himſelfe, and left him wounded and weltring in his own bloud; with this the Court was in a tumult, and the newes comming to the King my Fathers eare, he commanded that they ſhould ſeize on mee, and teare me in pieces; but eſcaping from the ſwords of thoſe that purſued me, I took horſe and fled into the covert of this mountaine, till my enemies had loſt ſight of me. After two dayes I arriv'd at this ſolitary place, where, to defend my ſelfe from the ſharpneſſe of the night, I made uſe of the ſhelter of this Cave, and being overcome with wearineſſe, I ſlept till the day following: So ſoon as the Sun enlightned this wood, awaking I ſaw a fierce Lyon lying at my feet, who having found mee aſleep, either imagining I was dead, or complying with his native generoſitie, granted me my life (for there is even in the moſt ſavage Beaſts, a kinde of naturall pitty) and not onely forbare to doe me hurt, but by fawning, and other expreſſions of love, ſeem'd to court me. Though the ſociety were dangerous my life being at all times in his power. I conſidered that my life was without doubt reſerv'd for ſome extraordinary end, ſince heaven had preſerv'd it from ſo many chances: Having found more kindneſſe in a Lyon then in a Father or Brother I made much of him, which he requites with his uſuall bringing me in his mouth the prey that he hath kill'd, to ſuſtaine my life, eſteeming me rather his companion then enemy: within a yeare I was ſo much maſter of theſe Mountaines, Cliffs, and beaſts, that all obey'd mee, like the firſt man, and for this reaſon would I not leave this

place;

‘ place; in any other I must meet my death: for the
‘ injuries that are done to the powerfull cannot (but
‘ miraculously) escape unreveng'd.

‘ Instead of a Palace I have here a secure, though
‘ poore dwelling; for a guard of souldiers two Lions
‘ to protect me: these Hives offer me honey; this ri-
‘ ver water; these mountaines a shady Covert; and
‘ these Trees their wilde fruits: The Beasts that I kill
‘ afford me cloathing, the Sea fish, and the Woods ve-
‘ nison: This is my life and storie; so that if thou re-
‘ solve to continue here, I promise to entertaine thee
‘ with as much care, as if thou wert my deare wife,
‘ or poore daughter, whose face I never saw, though
‘ I once handled it. Thou shalt have a fresh and sweet
‘ bed made of Rushes, Flags, and Thyme; in Win-
‘ ter wee will shelter our selves in the Bowells of this
‘ Rock, and in summer thou shalt enjoy the pleasant
‘ West winde, underneath the shade of these Hazell
‘ Trees: my disposition is gentle, my birth such as
‘ thou hast heard, and from this minute I sweare ne-
‘ ver to offend thy chastity so much as in a thought.
‘ We will spend the morning in praising heaven, that
‘ figuring it selfe in all its Creatures hath enrich'd a
‘ meane Shepherdesse with such perfections. The
‘ Evenings we will visit this Grove from whence we
‘ will borrow Boughes for fuell and light: The time
‘ that wee save from sleep we will spend in relating
‘ our past misfortunes, and by this meanes I may
‘ beguile my love, imagining that *Polixena* dwells
‘ with me: for thou so nearely resemblest her, that
‘ Heaven seems to have made thy Beauty as a coppy
‘ of hers.

Here

Here *Gesimenes* stopt (for the remembrance of his wife drew teares from his eyes, and *Ismenia* comming to him, comforted him, promising not to bee a minute from his side; for besides that his person deserved it, a naturall inclination induc'd her to esteeme, and to give him as much respect as if he were her Father: so that to divert some part of his griefes, shee took out of her Scrip an Instrument, and sung thus:

Narcissa *passing through a pleasant Mead,*
To coole her thirst was to a River led:
When she perceiv'd the lazie streame had lost
Its course, condens'd to Christall by the Frost;
Which had perhaps enamour'd of her sight,
Begg'd of December *chains to stop its flight;*
But the kinde Sun did with his warmer beames,
Dissolve the Ice into its native streames:
And th' angrie little Brook, deny'd by stay,
Was enjoy'd flying, wept, and went away.

The company of *Ismenia* was an extraordinarie comfort to *Gesimenes*, who recreated by her beautie and wit passed the houres of the day with lesse anxiety; loving each other with so true yet chaste affection as they never entertain'd one looſe thought. Thus lived they both secure and contented, especially *Ismenia*, because shee was not in love, nor acquainted with any cares that might disquiet her rest. But she could not long boast her liberty: for as one after-noon she beheld her selfe in that Christall Rivolet, when the dying Sunne was giving up his languishing light,

shee

she spied a young Gentleman who wearied in the pursuit of some wilde beast, having left his horse, slept upon the Flowers, (leaning his cheek on his hand) to the sweet Musick which the water made, playing with the blew pebbles. Having earnestly beheld him, (for his person was warlike, his aparrell Majestick, and his forme Divine;) she would have gone away, but could not; for love seizeth on free hearts, and like a flash of lightning suddenly scorches. In briefe, *Ismenia* found her feet fetter'd, and her soule inclined to stay. Thus suffering her selfe to bee vanquish'd by love, she softly approached him, and drawing the sword that hung in his Scarffe, suddenly awaked him, bidding him receive it, and acknowledge that he owed his life to her, who could so easily have taken it. *Perezes* (for that was his name) starting up, and admiring *Ismenias* exquisite beauty, answered, that he could not thank her pitty for 'not giving him death by the sword, if he must re'ceive it from his eyes; that she expressed thus more 'cruelty then mercy, for a sleep he should not have 'been sensible of the one, but it was impossible for 'him waking to escape the other. Her habit caus'd in him no lesse wonder then her beauty, wherefore he besought her by entreaties and promises to tell him the reason why she liv'd in that Mountaine, enricht with perfections that might become a Palace; unlesse she were some new *Diana*, some divine Huntresse, who disdaining to live amongst men, resolved to spend her time in that wilderness. *Ismenia* replyed, that she came thither to accompany her Father, one of a noble birth, and excellent qualities, though

'though throwne downe by fortune to a low eſtate, They were both as much entangled in love as if they had convers'd together many yeares, each of them ſo delighted with the others company, that *Iſmenia* had no power to retire up the Mountaine to *Geſimenes*, nor *Perozes* to deſcend to the valley to ſeek his ſervants, whom that afternoon hee had loſt in the chace: but the diſcreet Shepherdeſſe ſeeing the night threaten them, and being farre from home, thus ſpake unto him:

'Sir, I would to heaven, as you have engag'd my 'affection, ſo I had worth to deſerve yours; yet if 'love be begotten by ſympathie of bloud, what I 'have ſeene in your ſuſpence, your eyes and words, 'may at the leaſt bee good will: and that you may 'not thinke I participate of the rudeneſſe of this 'place, I will ſometimes deſcend to this ſeat, where 'you may ſee mee, with this caution, that you offer 'me no injurie: That would be both diſhonourable 'and unſafe; for my Father will at my call come 'downe, and to ſecond him a Lion to teare you in 'pieces.

'It ſeemes (anſwered *Perozes*) you doe not know 'me, ſeeing with ſuch unneceſſary care you inſtruct 'me in a reſpect that I am oblig'd to keep for both our 'ſakes: Yours, becauſe I adore you, and he that loves 'cannot injure; my owne, becauſe my birth is noble, 'which it could not be, if I had a deſire to tyrannize 'over women. When heaven hath cloath'd the night 'with Stars I will come hither with as much humi-'lity as love, and adore theſe Flowers, becauſe you 'have trod on them, and this river becauſe it hath 'been your glaſſe. With

With this they took leave of each other. The affection of *Ismenia* dayly encreas'd so much that *Gesimenes* might easily have perceived it, if hee had suspected there had beene more men in the wood to converse with: nor was *Perozes* her debtour; for every houre of the day shee was in his mind, and the nights hee waited in the Mountain expecting her; though shee could not come downe so often as shee would; for *Gesimenes* had chid her for comming home so late, little suspecting love to bee the cause, but rather her eagernesse of the chase.

Upon a time shee came thither unobserv'd by *Gesimenes*, and casting her eye aside found in a crimson Taffata a Picture of a faire Lady wrapt up in Paper, which serv'd for its case: this it seemes *Perozes* had through negligence the night before let fall amongst the Jesmines: *Ismenia* perceiving the Inscription was directed to him, moved with the curiosity of a jealous woman, read it, and found it said thus:

SIR,

I Am now come to Albania, *where I live privately, and have seen the Princesse, whose beautie I here send you drawn in this Tablet, though it be so excellent, that these Colours doe but injure it. May I know your pleasure that I may hasten*

my

my journey, and the contract of these happy Nuptialls, whereby the warres that have long infested both Kingdomes may have an end.

Ismenia would not proceed any further, nor indeed could shee for jealousie and anger; a lesse discovery might have been sufficient to have kill'd her: she accused her malicious fortune, and much bewailed the losse of *Perozes*, apprehending so many inconveniences, that it seemed impossible hee should ever bee hers. First, his Birth, and the distance between them; next, hee was to marry a Princesse, enrich'd (as the Picture shew'd) with extraordinary beauty; but hearing some body come, she dissembled her griefe, and perceiv'd it was her Enemy, who (as hee came along) sung thus:

As faire Ismenia *forth did goe,*
A Saphire sparkled in each eye,
And on her cheek did Jesmines grow,
Bath'd in the Roses Purple dye.

But when I nearer came t'have plaid
Within the Sun-shine of her light,
She scorch'd me, in her beames betraid
Like sportive flyes to losse of sight.

What

What feare and reverence doth beget
Th' approach unto so bright a flame,
Which can extinguish with its heat,
And makes both love and death the same!

An injur'd woman is not sensible of any thing so much as of flatterie from him that wrongs her; and *Ismenia* confident that *Perozes* love was counterfeit, took it more unkindly to bee deceiv'd, then unrequited; for disaffection may bee naturall, and out of our power, but dissimulation is not, being bred onely in malicious breasts. That *Perozes* might not boast he had forsaken her first, though for the Princesse of *Albania*, she went to him, and betwixt reason and jealousie said thus:

'*Perozes*, though you see mee in this Mountaine, 'so rudely attir'd, that my richest ornament is the 'spotted skin of a Tygretle; yet you may well per-'ceive, my soule hath more worth then my habit pro-'miseth. You say you love me so infinitely, that 'though you are of the best bloud in *Armenia*, yet 'you will hazard both life and fortune to be my Hus-'band; and as this expression must not either by the 'Laws of Civility or Affection be unacknowledged, I 'requited it with the like. But as those that love cannot 'dissemble, (for that's a crime) it grieves my affecti-'on to have hida secret from you. It is impossible we 'should ever enjoy each other. Doe not wonder that 'I undeceive you now, whereas I might as well have 'done it before. All women at first conceale their pas-'sions, unwilling to discover their imperfections to

'them,

'them they know not; for by open profeſſion of love 'they might beget too ſlight an opinion of them-'ſelves; but when we finde engagement we have a 'care to diſcover the truth to ſuch Profeſſors of affe-'ction, that they may ſee the danger they incurre: ei-'ther for avoidance or excuſe. The ſumme of all is to 'let you know I am anothers; he who I told you was 'my Father, is not ſo, but one whom misfortune 'hath baniſh'd *Albania*, and he has my promiſe to be 'his wife, though in truth hee hath yet had no other 'aſſurance then my hand; therefore love mee leſſe, 'and containe your ſelfe more: my deſcent is noble, 'and I muſt be his, having once profeſt it; for my 'Obligation cannot be diſcharg'd but by giving my 'ſelfe unto him, and he is of ſo excellent and gallant 'a minde that hee (thinke it not paſſion) ſurpaſ-'ſeth you.

Scarſe had the jealous *Iſmenia* ended, when without expecting an anſwer or ſatisfaction, ſhe ran away into the more invious part of the Wilderneſſe; *Perozes* being unacquainted with the place preſently loſt her, expreſſing ſo much paſſion as might have mollifi'd a Rock, if it could have heard him; but all in vaine; *Iſmenia* would not runne the hazard of relenting by hearing what he could ſay: For the tender diſpoſition of women is perſwaded to weep by ſeeing others do ſo: Yet was ſhe not without reſentment; for, retiring to the remoteſt corner of the Cave ſhee wept affectionate teares, and taking out the Letter that was directed to her lover, ſhee kiſt that name in the ſuperſcription which was engraved in her heart. Thus the two Lovers paſſed two dayes without

without meeting, not through *Perezes* neglect, but *Iſmenia's* obſtinacy, who ſtaying late one evening at the border of the mountaine to behold a tree, on whoſe barke both their names were engraven: 'What availes it (ſaid ſhee complaining to her ſelfe) 'that *Perezes* writeth himſelfe mine on the trees, 'when the Princeſſe of *Albania* may countermand 'it? what that he flatters me with ſuch kinde affe-'ction in this ſolitude, if at Court he adores a brigh-'ter beautie? Shee would have ſaid more, had ſhee not been interrupted by the Muſick of a ſweet voice from amongſt the Poplars: though ſhee knew it was her ungratefull Lover, yet ſhee was willing to diſpence a little with her reſolution, and hearken to this Song:

Iſmenia's eyes my ſoule divide,
A faire yet hapleſſe Shepherdeſſe,
In whom rich Nature all her pride,
And Fates their poverty expreſſe.

To move the ſuit I feare to miſſe
Her worth and my reſpect deny;
For where even hope endanger'd is,
Lovers in ſilence uſe to dye.

Thus the deſire I entertaine,
Neither ſhuns love, nor ſuit preferres;
For though ſhe to be mine diſdaine,
I'me bleſt enough in being hers.

and *Isminia* perceiving by the words and voice it was *Perazes*, sought to hide her selfe in the bushes, that she might avoid sight and speech with him; not that she was averse from it, but she would not give occasion to awake that love which slumbred in absence; but the rusling of the leaves betraid her: *Perazes* told her, "she had no reason (unlesse shee had with her "habit changed her humanity) to flie from one who "had not lost her through any offence of his owne: "But since he was so unfortuuate, that hee could not "be hers, he entreated her to informe her selfe by "that Paper of his extreame passion, that she might "at least know how much shee was indebted to him: so taking leave of her, hee left in her hand these Verses, which she imprinted as she read them in her soule.

Divineſt Syren, cruell faire;
Cauſe of my life, and my deſpaire;
Griefe that deſcends to words is weake;
But mine is full and cannot ſpeake:
For how can fate more cruell be,
Then to grant life, denying thee?
Yet I in death hope to adore
Thoſe joyes without which life is poore:
My reaſon's baniſh'd by my paine;
VVho can loſe thee, and it retaine?
How ſoon was my calme ſoule dejected,
And ruine ſuffer'd ere expelled!
But ſince that bliſſe which once was mine.
Thou to another wilt reſigne,

Be

Be happy in thy choice; whilſt I
In unregarded aſhes lye
Be happy in him; 'tis unfit
To wiſh thee joy and hinder it.
Then finiſh what thou haſt begun,
Encreaſe my griefe, and kill me ſoon.
And when I'me dead let pitty move thee,
But to remember I did love thee.

Iſmenia relenting would have read them often, had ſhee not been hindred by *Geſimenes*, who comming to ſeek her, and glad to have found her, intreated her to divert his continuall Melancho'y with a Song; whereupon, more to obey him then pleaſe her ſelfe, (diſſembling her griefe) ſhe ſung thus:

Why doth that foole unjuſtly love accuſe,
VVho through his owne feare did occaſion loſe?
To miſſe an offer'd happineſſe muſt be,
Or want of love, or too much modeſty:
Thy ſcorne Lyſarda I have juſtly won,
VVho wanted light when I embrac'd the Sun.
O look into my heart, thou wilt ſee there,
'Twas admiration onely caus'd my feare:
Reſpect curb'd my affection; let me dye,
(Diſpleaſing thee) by thy enflaming eye:
Such death will make thy cruelty confeſſe,
I never wanted love, though happineſſe.

When *Iſmenia* had ended her Song, it being late, they retired homewards; and as they were going up

the Hill, by a Lane fenced on either side with Willowes and white Poplars, they heard a great sound as of something that fell from an high; *Ismenia* was amazed, and *Gesimenes* laid hold of his Bow, thinking it might be some wilde beast; they searched all about, but could not find the cause; at last they perceived a Barke (for they were not farre from the Sea) neare the Shore; it was covered over, and had neither Helme nor Mariner to guide it; *Gesimenes* and *Ismenia* fastned it to Land, and were desirous to know what was in it; scarce were the Sailes and Coverture taken off, when such astonishment seized them, that for a good space they did nothing but look on each other: within it was a man bathed in bloud, and by his side a beautifull Lady, living yet so dismaid, that she wanted little of the dead body which lay beside her: They were both afflicted at so sad a spectacle, especially *Gesimenes*, who intentively beholding the Lady, fancied, he saw in her the face and person of his absent Wife. He gave the dead body buriall in the Sea, since there was no meanes to restore its life: hee tooke the Lady in his armes, and carried her to the homely Palace of his Cave, where he entertain'd her with such care, that in a short time he had good hope of her life.

When she had recovered so much strength as to open her eyes, and found on either side of her a man and woman: At first she was afraid of them, though their behaviour and hospitality had exprest more pietie then her severe father and kindred: She wondred much that *Gesimenes* so constantly fixed his eyes upon hers; and hearing *Ismenia* sometimes call him by

by his name, ſhe ſaid to him. 'Two things hold me 'in this ſuſpence, you may do me a favour to inſtruct 'me in them: Is it true that you are called *Geſi-* 'menes? Why ſince I opened my eyes have you ſo 'ſtedfaſtly beheld me often ſighing, and ſometimes 'weeping? you may aske the ſame of me, becauſe 'when I firſt heard your name, it ſtruck mee to the 'ſoule; For I loved a Gentleman of the ſame name, at 'the expence of ſo many afflictions, that this hazard 'of my life was the leaſt; and ſhould I ſay, that this 'Geſimenes (whom I cal husband) was ſon to the King 'of *Albania*, truth would not accuſe me.

Geſimenes was ſo tranſported with joy, that hee could ſcarce expreſſe his minde. 'If (ſaid hee) I 'am the unfortunate Sonne of *Pharnazes*, and thy 'Husband; if thou art *Polixena*, and my eyes deceive 'me not, how can I behold thee without an extaſie 'of content? how can my heart but break with the ap- 'prehenſion of the misfortunes thou haſt ſuffered for 'my ſake? *Polixena*, I am *Geſimenes*; and will be 'thine, till heaven deprive me of this life, which I 'eſteem now I enjoy thy ſight and embraces. Hence- 'forward I ſhall deſire life, which I thought I ſhould 'never have done: for during the time I have dwelt 'among theſe Rocks, the riſing Sunne never found 'mee not ſuing to heaven to be eaſed of it; for life 'is not a pleaſure, but a torment to the unfortu- 'nate.

Words are not full enough to expreſſe the con- tent of theſe two Lovers; for language is too narrow to cloath great paſſions; ſo that with their eyes and ſoules they congratulated their ſtrange and happy

meeting. The beauty of *Iſmenia* and *Geſimenes* care of her, might well have given *Polixena* cauſe of jealouſie; yet when ſhe was informed of the occaſion which brought her to live with him, ſhee eſteemed her with as much affection as if ſhee had been her owne daughter. Thus being all three equally contented, *Geſimenes* deſired her to inſtruct them in the afflictions ſhee ſuffered during his abſence: for the relation of paſt miſeries in proſperitie doth delight more then diſconſolate: wherefore to comply with their requeſt, ſhe ſaid:

'So many, my deare *Geſimenes*, have been the troubles that oppreſt me in your abſence & ſo continuall, that 'tis impoſſible I ſhould either then have reſented them, or now relate them fully. I was left as your ſurety, to ſatisfie the hurt you did *Lucander*; who ſeeing hee could not revenge himſelfe on you, reſolv'd to doe it on your other ſelfe, divulging my weakneſſe, and giving it out that I was delivered in his armes: My Father in ſtead of puniſhing the infamous cruelty he uſed to the innocent Infant, forgetting the relation it had to his blood, encouraged him, and commanded I ſhould bee ſhut up in a Tower, where for a long time I neither ſaw the face of the Sunne, or of any humane creature; untill at laſt the King your Father mov'd with pitty, permitted one that had been brought up in my Fathers houſe to viſit mee, for they repoſed truſt in him. With him I recreated the tedious houres of my impriſonment, relating to him my misfortunes. One day he telling me that you were for certain in a Village neare *Albania*, I earneſtly begg'd of him to afford

'afford mee ſome private meanes of writing to
'you, which hee did: Then did I ſigne the death
'of us both; For I writ a Letter, wherein I inform-
'ed you of my ſad condition, and of the great affe-
'ction of the people to you, who continually pitied
'you as much as they wiſht *Lucanders* death, for
'being not poſſeſt of the Crowne, he oppreſt them
'with tyranicall injuries. I adviſed you to make uſe
'of the protection of ſome other Prince, by whoſe
'aide you might compaſſe your revenge; In the mean
'time, that I would (if it were needfull) poyſon the
'Prince, that the Subjects ſeeing him dead, and hea-
'ring you were alive, might be neceſſitated to ſeek af-
'ter you, lawfully to poſſeſſe the Kingdome after the
'deceaſe of *Pharnazes*. Theſe, and other things of im-
'portance did I write in that unhappy Letter, to eaſe
'my heart and redreſſe your miſeries; but there is no
'ſucceſſe where Fate oppoſeth; ſo unfortunate were
'*Arneſtes* and I, that as he went from my chamber
'to ſeek you out, he met *Lucander*, who queſtioned
'him concerning mee; whereupon hee was ſo con-
'founded, that your Brother began to ſuſpect ſome-
'thing, and cauſing him to be apprehended and ſear-
'ched, found this Letter, by which he confeſt more
'then he knew: this put the Court into a tumult. My
'Father (who would be ſingular in Loyalty, though
'at the expence of my life) executed on me the grea-
'teſt cruelty the world ever ſaw. He gave order
'for a Barque, ſo cloſed that the aire had no paſſage;
'into which, having kill'd poore *Arneſtes* with many
'wounds, he ſhut him dead, and mee alive, to the
'intent that I might with the horrour miſerably end

'my life. Then ſetting the Barque a drift, he com-
'mitted us to the mercy of the waves, pitied of as ma-
'ny as beheld us. Thus we floated until heaven (mov'd
'with my prayers and teares) was pleas'd to caſt me
'on this ſhore, where your care hath brought me once
'more into the light, and reſtored that happineſſe
'which from my infancy I deſir'd, though it hath coſt
'me ſo deare.

Iſmenia and *Geſimenes* congratulated *Polixena's* good fortune; for though it were Eclips'd with troubles and diſcontents, yet the event being happie it cannot bee called adverſe. Thus lived *Geſimenes* with his wife more contented then if hee had been Lord of the whole world, enjoying her beauty and company without fear or interruption, endearing to himſelfe that bleſſing which heaven after ſo many yeares of affliction had reſerv'd for him. *Iſmenia* and *Pezozes* paſt the time with leſſe delight, complaining each of the others affection; ſhee as thinking he was contracted to another, and he as having the ſame opinion of her: But *Iſmenia* weary of concealing her jealouſie, was unwilling that *Perozes* ſhould accuſe her of inconſtancy, when ſhe had juſt cauſe to condemne him: wherefore ſhee found him out amongſt the Laurels and Jeſmines, and ſhew'd him the Picture and Letter: She told him, 'That the rea-
'ſon why ſhe had belied her owne affection and con-
'ſtancy, was not that ſhe lov'd any elſe, but that ſhee
'was of opinion he was anothers; that thoſe two
'witneſſes would prove it; and that he could not won-
'der at her cruelty, ſince his falſehood and ill requitall
'deſerved it.

'I con-

'I confeſs (fair *Iſmenia*) replyed *Perozes*, that be-
'fore I ſaw you, I treated of a marriage with the Prin-
'ceſſe of *Albania*; but I aſſure you, after I beheld your
'divine Beauty, and belived that I had obtained ſome
'place in your affection, I alterd my reſolution (though
'to the diſcontent of my Father and his Subjects, who
'earneſtly deſire the accompliſhment of that match, to
'put an end to the wars between the two kingdoms)
'To comply with your affection, I engage my faith
'never to marrie as long as I live, unleſſe with you;
'nor ſhall you be, (if ſtories ſay true) the firſt Queen
'that was bred up amongſt Woods and Rocks; but
'be ſure that hee, whom you call your Father, bee ſo
'indeed; for if you deceive me, and he prove a Lo-
'ver, I will ſo revenge my ſelfe on both, that my love
'ſhall wonder at my ſeverity.

Iſmenia was ſo well ſatisfied and pleas'd with *Perozes* promiſe, that to confirme what ſhee had ſaid, ſhe plac'd him ſo, that he might ſee *Geſimenes* in his Wives armes; and as Lovers ſeldome conceale any thing from one another, notwithſtanding ſhe had told him that hee was her Father, ſhee related, to him their true ſtory; to which *Perozes* hearken'd with much content, ſeeing how nobly his beloved *Iſmenia* was deſcended if *Geſimenes* and *Polixena* were her Parents, for then ſhee was Niece to the King of *Albania*, a good reaſon to excuſe his unadviſed love, ſince he married though not the Princeſs, yet one of her bloud. With theſe joyful hopes *Perozes* took his leave, but *Iſmenia* was troubled when ſhe conſidered that ſhe had done ill to feigne her ſelfe the daughter of *Geſimenes*, knowing how eaſie it

was

was to disprove it: for though her affection and resemblance made it probable yet shee was conscious that their births were extreamly different.

Perozes, devoting himself wholly to the affection of *Ismenia*, and resolving to marry her, refus'd the match with the Princesse of *Albania*, and sent to give *Pharnazes* notice he was already married, who was sensible of this affront, believing that this neglect was in contempt of his alliance; and without expecting either Letters or Ambassadors, with his Sonne *Lucander* he raised a great Army, binding themselves by a solemne Oath not to returne to *Albania*, till they had either taken or slaine *Perozes*.

On the other side *Perozes* was not negligent; for having notice of the intention of *Pharnazes*, hee desired of his Father a commission for that warre, and leavied sufficient forces to resist the proud *Albanians*. Meane while, visiting *Ismenia*, he desired her to perswade her father *Gesimenes* (who was a great souldier) to command his Army; as well to protect the cause which was his owne, being his daughters, as to revenge himself upon *Lucander*, who now came insolently with *Pharnazes*; besides the *Albanians* might hereby know he was alive, and had power to oppose them. *Ismenia* was much perplext to foresee her imposture would bee soone discovered; but committing all to time and fortune; shee determined to speak to *Gesimenes*, and thereupon informed him of the Princes affection, the occasion of the warre, and the opportunity which heaven had offer'd him to returne from that miserable kinde of life to his first estate.

Gesimenes

Geſimenes diſliked not the meanes which *Iſmenia* in *Perozes* name offered for attaining the deſired end of his affaires. Hee was willing to ſerve him; but not thereby to injure his father: a relation (though hee were ungratefull) not to be diſpenc'd with. His hope was to bee the inſtrument of peace, and of the death of his treacherous brother, upon whoſe death he might returne to *Albania* and enjoy the Crowne. *Iſmenia* told him, that it would be requiſite for ſome time to acknowledge her for his daughter. *Geſimemenes* replyed, that he ſhould not onely for a time, but as long as he lived eſteem her ſo: For the love he bare her, and the reſemblance ſhee had to *Polixena* was ſuch, that if her Parentage had not been very meane, it would eaſily have bin credited. *Iſmenia* broght him to *Perozes*, the two Princes convers'd together with great expreſſions of affection. *Perozes* wondred to behold him ſo alter'd, and different from what he had knowne him before; and enquiring after *Polixena*, he intreated him to bring her along that ſhe might beare his ſiſter company. They were honourably received by the Nobility and Commons of that Kingdome, with reſpect due to perſons of ſuch Eminence. The King conferred the Generalls Staffe on *Geſimenes*, who changing his Habit, appear'd ſo gracefull and majeſtick, that they could hardly perſwade themſelves hee was the ſame whom the day before they had ſeen in that wilde ſhape: ſo much do ornaments adde to exteriour Beautie.

By this time the proud *Albanians* were come ſo neare, that the mountaines reſounded with the eccho

of

of their Warlike inſtruments: At night *Geſimenes* went out in his old habit, to eſpy in the Campe with what force his father came; hee was ſo well acquainted with that place that hee feared not to loſe himſelfe, and wearing ſo ſtrange a habit it was improbable they ſhould ſuſpect him: One night as he went downe from his Cave to the bottome of the Hill, with intent to returne to the Court, hee heard ſome not farre off conſulting privately together; withdrawing himſelfe behinde a tuft of Oakes and Pines, he beheld from them thence a young man in Armour, whom all the reſt ſeemed to reſpect and honour as their Maſter; *Geſimenes* by reaſon of the darkneſſe of the night could not diſcern who he was, but he gather'd that from his words, which ſufficiently troubled him, for he was ſpeaking to them to this effect:

'Though here are but a few that heare mee, yet 'I may well ſay here is the greateſt part of the Nobi-'lity of *Albania*; for there is not any one can equall '*Lucander*, or ſtand in competition with you. I 'am as you know, the Kings onely ſonne: for 'though I lately had a Brother, I believe either the 'Sea or Land by this time hath hid him in its Bow-'ells; or if hee were alive, yet being a Baſtard, hee 'could not oppoſe me the lawfull Heire; nor hath 'he the right I have. My Father is old, and uſeth 'both you and mee too harſhly. Indeed I am ſorrie 'hee hath liv'd thus long: It troubles mee to be a Sub-'ject, being now fit for government, which ſo long 'as he lives I cannot enjoy. I have at other times

'advis'd

'adviſed with you about this buſineſſe. The cauſe that 'mov'd me now to cal you together is an opportunity 'of effecting this deſigne, which offers it ſelfe unto 'you. My Father is ſo induſtriouſly carefull in this 'Warre, that though his yeares diſſwade him, hee 'often goeth forth alone to view both his own Camp 'and the enemies. This night I eſpied him; and if I 'miſtake not, he is now comming along that Path, ſo 'that if you pleaſe now to follow me, wee may this 'very inſtant aſſault and kill him; and wee will teare 'his garments, that it may bee thought the wild 'Beaſts of theſe mountaines were his Murderers. The 'Souldiers then being deſtitute of a King, muſt of ne-'ceſſity transferre the Crowne on me; of which 'when I am poſſeſt, and the Scepter in my 'hand, I will by degrees deſtroy all that favour'd *Ge-'ſimenes*. You ſhall not bee my Subjects but my 'friends, my companions, on whoſe Shoulders I will 'lay the weight and care of the whole Kingdome.

The Pietie of *Geſimenes* could ſcarce believe the villany which *Lucander* intended againſt him to whom he owed his being: but giving thanks to heaven for the favourable opportunity of preſerving his Fathers life, he went that way by which *Lucander* ſaid hee was to paſſe. He had not gone farre when hee found him compleatly arm'd, going about to informe himſelf of the ſtate of the Camp, who ſeeing him drew his ſword, thinking he was a wild man & aſſaulted him to kil him: But *Geſimenes* in token of peace throwing downe the young Tree which he had in his hand, told him,

him that he might see he was a man as himselfe, that he came to advise him, not to goe that way, because his sonne with some of his Subjects, who it seemes would be advantaged by his death, lay in wait to kill him.

'If thou dost think, said *Pharnazes*, by this deceit 'to injure me, know thou art mistaken, for at my call 'twenty thousand men that I have in the field will 'come forth, against whom neither thy swift-'nesse nor strength can availe thee; besides I am 'able to defend my selfe not onely against thee (who 'art a poore conqueit) but against as many wilde 'Beasts as this Desert nourishes.

'That you may be assured, (replyed *Gesimenes*) 'I neither deceive, nor desire to injure you, goe down 'by this little hill, and you will see to whose trust you 'commit your selfe: be confident I would not suffer 'you to passe any further, or consent you should put 'your selfe into so imminent danger, were I not cer-'taine my owne strength could sufficiently defend 'you: Believe your selfe secure in my faith, for I 'love you more then you imagine, though not out 'of obligation, for you have used me with severity, of 'which some other occasion shall informe you, if my 'unfortunate stars permit.

Pharnazes was amazed at this Speech, and was the sooner inclined to credit it, when he cald to mind the ill disposition of *Lucander*, and some others that hee convers'd with: he was unwilling to returne to his Tent before he had satisfied himselfe; wherefore hee descended the bottome of the Hill, and *Gesimenes* after

after him, earnestly desiring the Traitors would sally forth, that he might have an occasion to oblige his Father, and be reveng'd for all the injuries had been done him. *Lucander*, so soon as *Pharnazes* came neare, gave notice to the rest and assaulted him, crying, Kill the Tyrant of *Albania*. *Pharnazes* called to *Gesimenes* to performe the promise, and protect his life. Hee needed not much entreaty, for as soon as he saw the Ambush appeare, he came up to him, and so laid about him on everie side with the young Oake, that hee dispersed them, and if any oppos'd him, hee paid for his boldnesse, by measuring his length upon the ground. *Lucander* adventured, for the defence of one blow, to trust to his Buckler, thinking to get in with his sword; but with such furie did *Gesimenes* let fall upon his Enemie, that he felled him to the ground: the assistant Conspirators affrighted at his fall, left him and ran away: *Pharnazes* leading away *Lucander*, sent him to prison, but concealed the cause, fearing the souldiers might mutiny: Then being alone with *Gesimenes*, entreated him to let him know who he was to whom he owed life. *Gesimenes* yet unwilling to be knowne, answered, hee was the son of that mountain; but the reason which oblig'd him to his defence with such earnestnesse was the intimate friendship he once had with one called *Gesimenes*, who profest himselfe his unfortunate sonne.

'Alas, said *Pharnazes*, drowning his face in teares, 'had he liv'd, this Traitour *Lucander* durst not have 'attempted so impious a Treason. 'He not only lives '(answered *Gesimenes*) but ere many dayes passe, I 'shall

'shall be able to let you see him, as obedient still, as 'if you had never us'd him unkindly. 'Then believe 'me, (replyed *Pharnazes*) that very instant will I set 'the Crowne of *Albania* upon his head; the Kingdom 'will not be sorrie for it: though they think he be not 'heire while *Lucander* lives, yet there is more in 'this then they know. You are his friend, and will re-'joyce at his happinesse: that therefore you may 'seek him with greater diligence, bee attentive and 'heare what a low condition his Fate decreed him, 'even before he was borne. *Gesimenes* with wonder observed what his Father said, and giving him time to wipe away the teares of his affliction, heard him proceed in this manner:

'Know that in my youth I lov'd a Lady, with so 'unreasonable an affection, that I forgot both Heaven 'and my selfe for her: This blinde passion arriv'd at 'such a height, that the Queen and she, being at once 'both with childe, and delivered of two Sons both in 'one day, to make a transcendent expression of my 'love to her, I caus'd the children to be chang'd, un-'knowne to any except heaven, and one who was my 'Favourite. By this meanes *Lucander*, the sonne of 'my Mistrisse (suppos'd the Queens) was esteem'd 'heire of the Kingdome, and I had a better pretence 'for my affection. *Gesimenes*, wo was indeed my 'lawful Son, had *Clorinda* (the Lady I most esteem'd) 'assign'd for his mother. The whole Kingdome won-'dered I should hate *Gesimenes*, the son of her I ado-'red; and esteeme *Lucander* whose mother I hated. 'I will not relate how cruelly I us'd *Gesimenes*, it cannot

'cannot but grieve you to heare it, if you love him:
'my diſaffection proceeded ſo farre, as to baniſh him
'*Albania*: If he be alive (as wee had newes of his
'death) he hath lived many yeares miſerably abroad
'in ſtrange Countreyes. But the nature of man is un-
'conſtant, the love I bare *Clorinda* vaniſh'd, and my
'undeceived underſtanding, perceiv'd its errour; then
'began I ſo much to diſlike *Lucander*, that I intended
'to have diſcovered his Birth; but I forbore, conſide-
'ring the Crown would be without an heir, ſeeing *Ge-*
'*ſimenes* was wanting. But ſince *Lucander* proves ſo
'ungratefull, as by treaſon to deprive me of life and
'Scepter, & you aſſure me *Geſimenes* lives; if you per-
'form your promiſe in bringing him, you ſhall ſee him
'King of *Albania*, that he may have his owne, and
'you in part be paid the debt is owing you for my
'life: His happineſſe cannot but reflect on you who
'are ſo much his friend.

Geſimenes was not able to containe his joy, but falling downe at his Fathers feet diſcovered himſelf, ſaying he was *Geſimenes*, and that he was well content with the miſeries Fortune had inflicted on him, ſince he had been baniſht from his ſight; Now ſhee had beſtow'd on him the happineſſe to reſcue his gray haires. *Pharnazes* tranſported with ſuch joy to ſee him alive, as the ſtrangeneſſe of the accident required, embraced him moſt affectionately, and told him that he ſhould goe along with him, for on the morrow his Commanders ſhould kiſſe his hand, and his preſence would animate the Souldiers, for they all loved him extreamly, and knowing his valour would undertake the warre, with the greater reſo-

lution. In this *Geſimenes* could not obey, excuſing himſelfe with the acknowledgement of many favours received from *Perozes*, of whoſe Forces he was Generall, yet that he had taken Armes againſt his Father, was not to offend him (as he had ſhewne) but to be a meanes of peace between both Kingdomes. *Geſimenes* at parting enquired of him for his Wife *Polixena*; he much troubled, deſired him not to ſpeak of her; for it would afflict his heart to remember the cruelty which her Father and *Lucander* had us'd in her death.

Let it not grieve you ſo much, ſaid *Geſimenes*, For ſhe is living; and although it may ſeeme impoſſible, I have long enjoy'd her company in this Deſart: for Heaven doth favour innocence, and protect thoſe Lives which Power and Fortune doe unjuſtly perſecute.

Hereupon *Geſimenes* departed joyfully: And *Pharnazes* was no leſſe glad for having found his ſon, and with him his owne life, which had that night been loſt, had it not been preſerved by *Geſimenes*. Then communicating this ſtrange event to his Counſell, he determined to treat with the King of *Armenia*, and Prince *Perozes* concerning Peace, and the former Marriage. The evening following a place of meeting was appointed for the two Kings. The firſt thing they did was the proclaming of *Geſimenes* King of *Albania*, and the ſame day *Polixena* was confirm'd his Wife; the King and Queen of *Armenia* offering themſelves to give her at the Temple. *Perozes* told *Pharnazes* that the reaſon why he rejected the propounded Marriage with the Princeſſe, was becauſe he

was

was already married to *Iſmenia*, who was Niece to him, and Daughter to *Geſimenes* and *Polixena*. Hereupon, they both to informe him of the truth, replyed that they had no further knowledge of her, then that ſhe had been brought up ſome yeares in their company; that the buſineſſe was now of ſuch conſequence, that it would be unjuſt to deceive him; and though they had reaſon to love *Iſmenia* as well as if ſhe were their Daughter, yet in truth ſhe was but of poore and meane Parentage.

This ſtruck *Perozes*, as if he had heard the ſentence of his death, but it troubled him more, when he underſtood *Iſmenia* could not be found; for ſeeing a neceſſitie that her deceit muſt bee diſcovered, and that ſhe muſt loſe *Perozes*, ſhame would not ſuffer her to appeare; ſo ſhe retired into the woods, flying from him ſhe loved, and intending to end her life in that ſolitude. The Nuptialls were deferred till they might have newes of the loſt *Iſmenia*; for the married couple were ſo diſcontented at her abſence that their reſentment gave occaſion to many to ſuſpect ſhe was indeed their Daughter, and that they denyed it onely becauſe they were unwilling to give her to *Perozes*: The truth was, they lov'd her ſo extreamely, that if *Geſimenes* had not knowne *Iſmenias* Parents might have contradicted it, he would have owned her. *Perozes* in great paſſion offered a great ſumme of money to any that ſhould bring newes of her. *Geſimenes* calling to minde that ſhee had often told him the place where ſhe was borne, inſtantly diſpatched Meſſengers to informe themſelves with all diligence of her Parents, and to ſee whether ſhee were not re-

turn'd to them: After enquiry they found them, and upon examination they confeſs'd, That *Iſmenia* 'was not their Daughter, though they had profeſſed 'her ſuch almoſt ever ſince ſhee was borne; that a 'Gentleman of *Albania* named *Artaſpes* one night 'brought her to their houſe, to be brought up by them, 'charging them upon forfeit of their lives, not to re-'veale the ſecret to any; that three yeares agoe having 'a deſire to match her with a Kinſman of theirs, on 'the day intended for marriage ſhee ſtole away, ſince 'which time they could never know whether ſhee 'were alive or dead.

This encreaſed the admiration of all; ſeeing *Artaſpes* had brought her thither, they ſuppoſed ſhee muſt be his: He being at that time in *Albania*, they ſent for him to declare what he knew concerning *Iſmenia*: Being come he deſired a little privacy with *Geſimenes*, and thus ſpake unto him.

'What I ſhall affirme of her that you call *Iſmenia*, 'concernes none ſo much as your ſelfe to know; not 'to keep you in ſuſpence; Prince *Lucander* and my 'ſelfe, walking late one night in the City, as wee 'were returning to the Palace, a woman with her 'Face vailed called to us, and addreſſing her 'ſelfe to *Lucander*. hee ask'd her, (being well nigh 'dead) if ſhe would goe along with him, or that hee 'ſhould doe her any ſervice. I would beſeech you (an-'ſwered the Lady,) delivering a Childe into his 'armes) to carrie this Infant to *Geſimenes*, who will

'eaſily

'easily know from whence it comes: and (believe
'me) we may both be able to requite this favour: so
'giving it to *Lucander*, (whom if shee had knowne
'she would sooner have given it to a Lyon) she went
'away, desiring us not to follow her, because it con-
'cern'd both her life and honour: Wee both stood a-
'mazed, devising who this Lady might be; for know-
'ing how intirely you did love *Polixena*, we could
'not perswade our selves, that you should have any o-
'ther affection, and *Polixena* living so carefully
'watched, we as little suspected it could be she. In the
'end we carried the child to my house, & he gave me
'order to deliver it to a Nurse; the next day he under-
'stood *Polixenas* sudden sicknes, & viewing the childs
'countenance, was fully perswaded it was hers and
'yours. The rage of his jealousie was incited by cru-
'elty, and relying on his power he commanded me to
'bring it that he might kill it, and performe the pro-
'mise he had made to send it you; when I understood
'this unjust intent I was as much perplexed as if the
'Childe had been mine owne, so divine was the
'beautie of it. I was (to say truth) afraid: If I obey'd
'him not I lost his favour, (for Princes for one dis-
'pleasure forget the services of our whole life) and
'to obey him was contrarie to my pietie: at last I re-
'solved to bring it to him, not to displease him; but
'as I was going to this bloudy Sacrifice heaven see-
'med to applaud my compassion, offering mee an
'opportunity to save it: for understanding that a ser-
'vant of mine had a childe borne two dayes before,
'newly dead, I took it; and wounding the innocent
'breast, besmeared it with the congealed bloud, and

carried

'carried it to *Lucander*, who thinking it had beene 'that which cauſed his jealouſie, commended my cru-'eltie, and perfected his furious revenge on it, tearing 'in pieces the poore Infant, and thus was it ſent to 'you, the more to afflict you, that the griefe of ſeeing 'it might kill you: Hereupon enſued the misfortunes 'that you know; when night was come I departed 'privately from *Albania*, and in a private place en-'quired for a Nurſe with whom I left the Childe, tel-'ling her it was requiſite, that it ſhould not be known 'that I brought it to her, and giving her two hun-'dred Crownes, I took my leave of her; ſince which 'time, leſt *Lucander* might come to knowe it, I 'never ſaw her but twice; This is all I know concer-'ning *Iſmenia*.

Geſimenes amazed to heare theſe things, doubted whether the prodigie of his owne ſtorie and *Iſmenia's* life were a Dream, or true: for according to the Relation of *Artaſpes* ſhe was his Daughter: And her face had been ſufficient to prove it, if there had been no other teſtimony. He flung his Armes about *Artaſpes* neck, and promiſed him ſuch requitall, that hee ſhould not repent his curteſie. He preſently related all to *Pharnazes*, *Perozes*, and *Polixena*, and as great was the joy of all, as their grief that *Iſmenia* was miſſing. They went to ſeek her, *Geſimenes* as her Father, *Perozes* as her Husband: *Geſimenes* went to the Hill where he had formerly lived with her, and at the ſide of a Wood, he ſaw a man lying along upon the graſſe: comming neare, and asking what hee did there, hee anſwered, he was a poore Souldier, that hearing a Proclamation, promiſing ten thouſand Crownes to

him

him that ſhould finde *Iſmenia*, out of a deſire to better his Fortune he went to ſeek her, and was not out of hope to finde her, becauſe he had the ſame day ſeen a woman on the top of the mountaine, cloathed with skins of wilde beaſts, whom he ſuſpected to be *Iſmenia*; for as ſoone as ſhee heard that name, ſhe made away ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible for him to overtake her.

Geſimenes rewarded the ſouldier for his information, and both aſcending the mountaine, they reſted not untill they came to a Spring dreſt up with Ruſhes and Flags, where under a Cypreſſe Tree they found her aſleep. *Geſimenes* related to his Daughter her happy birth; at which ſhe rejoyced more for being worthy of *Perozes*, then for being daughter to the Prince of *Albania*. Returning to Court, ſhee acknowledged thoſe for her Parents whom ſhe ever lov'd, as if ſhee had knowne them to be ſo. And her Marriage with *Perozes* was immediately Celebrated with much Solemnity.

FINIS.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Or a Congratulatory Ode to the happy Marriage of

Thomas Stanley Esq; and Mris *Dorothea Exton*,

(*May* 8. 1648.)

Good Morrow.

1.

GOod morrow to the day: Let me begin
With that which all expected joy lets in,
And while it rises
Do you not see, what modest blush surprises
The mornings cheek, as if she also were
To be a Bride, fairest of all the yeer?
Lose not thy smile, Bright day,
Throw thy cold Dews away,
Thou shalt no more a Virgin be.
Triumph it self, with all his train, is come to marry thee.

2.

But Childe of Time and Nature, make more haste,
Another Bridegroom wonders why thou stay'st:
Since all thy bliss
Depends upon that hour, which ripens his;
And as thy Husband waits on him, thy pride
Shall be, to ope the Curtains of his Bride.
But steal behinde, 'twill be
Too dangerous to see
A face, that on the sudden may,
Perswade thy self not up, to see a sudden break of day.

3.

Whilſt I am talking, the ſweet Bride is dreſt,
And with her Bridegroom waiting on the Prieſt.
The Pine now flames,
And calls the holy Man to twiſt their names,
And equal hearts: A Quire of Angels hover
To ſing this pair of Souls into one Lover.
And now they loſe and finde
In each the others minde.
To ſee them thus embrace, and move,
Tigers would ſtop, and loſe their prey, by theſe two
(ſtruck in love.

4.

Now my Ambition is at eaſe, whoſe thought
At price of my own bleſſing, would have bought
This change; for I
Before did envy thy Virginity:
And we that knew what Magazine of Art
And worth was truſted to thy ſingle heart;
Would think leſs ſin to aid
Thee, with a Wife or Maid,
Then let thee die, to make us poor,
Without ſome hope of more like thee, like whom was
(none before.

5.

But let the day go on, the Gueſts would dine.
Imagine every heart is crown'd with Wine.
And the Feaſt done,
I ſee the Ladies feet are all in Tune;
They dance, and think not of the joy behinde.
I wiſh it night, the Bridegroom's of my minde.
And now the genial Bed,
The Curtains doth unſpred,

And

And call for Ceremonial Light.
The Nymphs attend, 'tis high time now to bid them
both good night.

Good night.

6.

Goodnight: without which, the whole pomp and mirth
Of day is Tympanous, or Abortive birth.
Now kiss, embrace,
And lead your Souls into a nearer place
Of happiness, whilst we that know no fame;
But what your Vertues breathe, expect your name,
Should grow from this white hour,
Into a Tree of Fruit and Flower:
And after every Branch be made a pair,
As full of Bloom, as *Stanley* now, and his fair *Enyon* are.

James Shirley.

Epithalamion.

On the Nuptials of my honored Friend *T. S.* Esq; and Mris *D. E.*

1.

VVElcome thou wish'd for light,
Welcome, as are those hearts thou shalt unite
Unto each others Brests,
A day that love hath vow'd to celebrate
Above all his Feasts.
A day which he intends to set
The highest in his Calendar, and call
It *Loves Dominical.*
Meaning from thence to date
His future *Æra*, while
He writes thus with his Diamond-pointed stile.
This day with equal flames, two happy Lovers met.

2.

Arise fair Bride, arise,
The Sun to do his homage to your eyes
Is long since up, he stayes
But until you shall please, to guild the Skies
With brighter rayes,
He then will take his leave, and set.
Come forth and see, another to attend,
But for a Nobler end,
Who thinks time slowly flies,
(Unwilling more to waste)
In contemplation, Joyes he fain would taste,
Till both with equal flames (as Lovers should) are met.

3. She's

3.

She's up and ready since,
And cloath'd in Beauty, and in Innocence,
Breaks forth like glorious Light,
The gentle Youth in whom all Graces flow,
And mixt unite,
Which are in others singly set.
Meets and salutes her, as soft winds the morn.
And now toth' Temple born
They plight the Faith they ow,
And make an interchange of hearts,
He gives her his, to him she hers imparts,
That 'tmight be said, no Loves with flames more equal
(met.

4.

Now haste, O welcome night,
More welcome then this days long-wisht for light,
Whose length is now envi'd.
Dispatch the tedious solemnities,
And bed the Bride:
She'l shine more bright, when she is set.
See like a Virgin Rose-bud, steep'd in Dew,
That fears toth' Sun to shew
Her blushing pride; she lies
Till he his active heat displayes,
And makes her spred, then tastes those pleasing joyes,
Which Lovers feel, when they with equal flames are
(met.

5.

Now leave them Muse, yet stay,
In wishes first those blessings tell: Fates, say,
Shall crown this happy pair;
May they so love, that Saints may emulate,
And yet despair
To shew a more divine chast heat.

May they so live, as their whole life may be,
Varied felicity:
Blest with increase of Issue, state;
And when they fourscore yeers have told,
May yet seem then, as far from being old,
As when they Loves first with equal ardor met.

Edw. Sherburn.

Epithalamium.

Upon the Nuptials of *Tho. Stanley* Esq; with Mistris *Dorothy Enyon.*

SEt, set, O set, unpleasing Sun,
Thou hast too long a journey run:
To day when we expect a night
Enamel'd with a Nobler light:
Such as the mutual flames, which live
In glowing brests of lovers give.
While their pure Spirits, by divine
Reflection in each other shine;
Yielding like pleasures as may be
In neighboring Stars when they agree,
By one bright intermixed ray,
New Luminaries to display.
The Sun retires, behold a pair
Of *Phœnixes* that ready are.
In their own Aromatick fire,
Their chastly amorous desire
To melt into a Sacrifice,
That a new *Phœnix* thence may rise.

Here

Here Love and Beauty, meeting by
Conjunction, knit this marriage tye;
And in harmonious mixture dwell,
Which did before run parallel,
Within the ſoul of the fair Bride,
All graces, Beauty owners reſide:
Theſe through their Ivory temple ſtream,
Diffuſing their Celeſtial beam,
And by a ſweet Magnetick art,
Unite the Bridegrooms willing heart;
In this bleſt Union both appear,
One Angel in a double ſphere,
One Soul, one Love, this night makes even,
Two Conſtellations in one Heaven.

Riſe long wiſht *Heſperus*, and lend
Thy welcome Taper, to attend
Upon their genial embrace,
The Eaſt with light, and Love enchaſe,
With thy milde ſhade Loves Myſtery,
Invite this happy pair to try.
May both their equal flames like thine,
For ever unextinguiſht ſhine:
Increaſing in ſuch light and heat,
As may another Sun beget.

Wil. Fairfax.

Upon the marriage of my dear Kinſman *T. S.* Eſq; with Mris *D. E.*

WHilſt the young [illegible] was in minority,
Much was indulged, nor proximity
Of equal blood, could then ſtile marriage
Inceſtuous: But in riper age,
Nature a Politician grew, and laid
A ſin on wedlock, that at home was made,
That Families being mixt, the World might ſo,
Both iſſue propagate, and friendſhip too.
How will you two, then *Natures* frown abide,
That are in worthineſs ſo neer allied:
(For ſure ſhe meant, that other Vertues be
Inlarged thus, as well as Amity.)
Civility you might have taught the North:
She, the South Chaſtity; but now this worth
Is wanting unto both, 'cauſe you ingroſs,
And to your ſelves communicate this loſs.
But ſince beſt tempers Vertue ſoon admit,
Your two well tun'd Complexions, may ſo fit
Young Organs, and them natural goodneſs lend,
That *Nature* ſhall not thus miſs of her end.
On, matchleſs couple then, *Hymen* ſmiles, on,
And by a perfect generation,
Reſtore to future Ages Loyalty,
Humanity, Truth, Learning, Piety,
Religion, Juſtice, with her Champions dead,
And what this mad age elſe hath forfeited.
Be thou the *Adam*, ſhe the *Eve* that may,
People a true real *Utopia*.

Will. Hammond.